JULY.

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By P. F. WARNER

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F.WARNER.

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Vol. XIII. No. 76. JULY, 1905.

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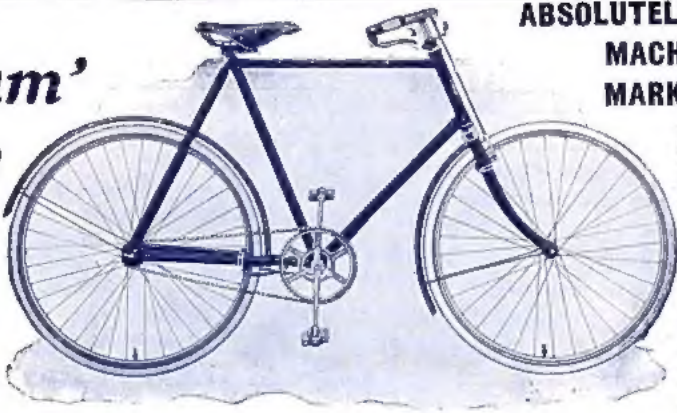

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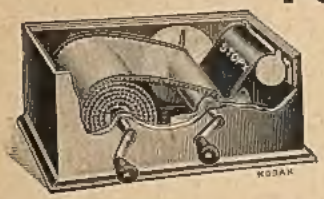

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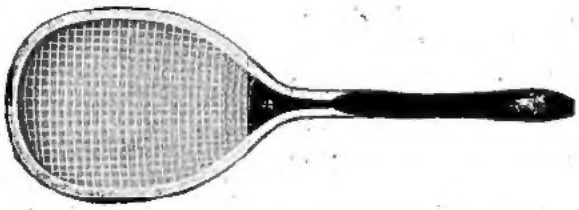

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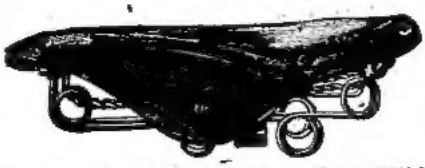

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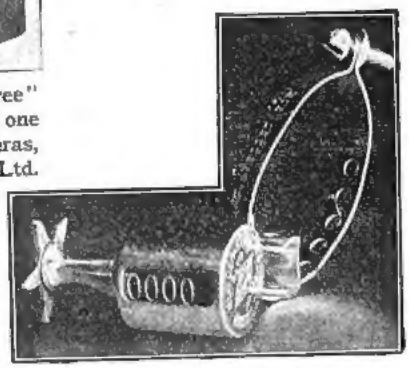

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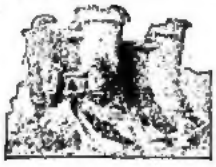

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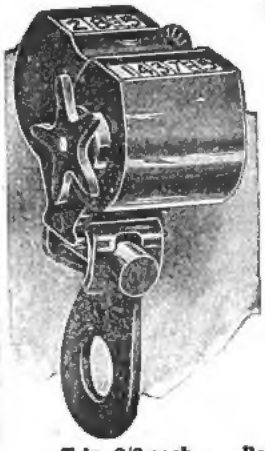

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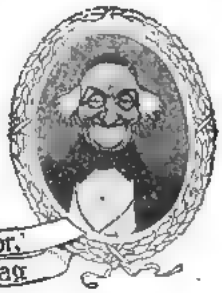

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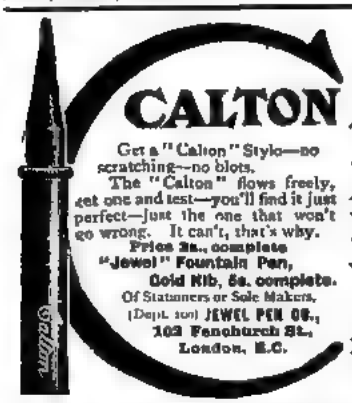

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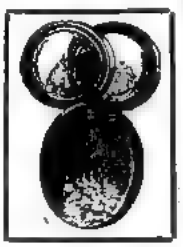

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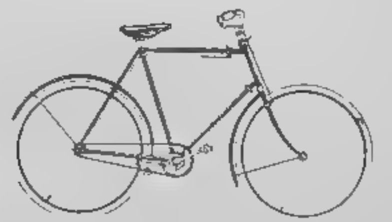

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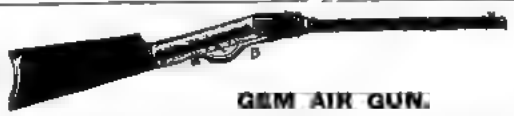

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THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, A.D. 1910.

OLD LADY FROM THE PROVINCES: "And 'oo's this 'ere gentleman, Mr. Policeman?"

POLICEMAN (*who often has to answer this question, as if reciting a task*): "The above statue represents the only gent cricketer what don't write about cricket. The statue was erected as a token of gratitood and esteem by the workin' journalists of London—now then, you boys, pass along there, pass along!"

[*Drawn by Our Tame Artist.*]

SEIZING A CUTLASS, LANHAM JUMPED RECKLESSLY FROM THE BRIDGE DOWN ON TO THE LINER'S DECK.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII. JULY, 1905 No. 76.

"O. H. M. S."

BEING NAVAL YARNS OF TO-DAY.

By GEORGE ELLBAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

No. 4—THE FIGHT IN THE FOG.

A Sequel to "The Death Trap."

I.

THE play was a musical one, the music and the girls very pretty, the jokes excellent, the chief comedian in rare form. In a box in the crowded house, Lieutenant Robert Lanham, M.V.O., of the Royal Navy, sat contentedly enjoying the brilliant scene. When a man has spent three years grilling in a flat-bottomed gunboat, on interminable, ever-changing rivers in the heart of China, where the sight of a white man—Consul, trader, or missionary—is an event of joy, he finds it good and gracious to be "home" again.

The curtain rang down, and a general stir in the stalls marked the *entr'acte*. Lanham did not move, but leant forward on the edge of his box to survey the floor of the house more comfortably. Among the many charming girls, typically, refreshingly English-looking, with their upstanding, clean-built men folk, were there any that he knew? Ah, yes, there was Carleton of the Foreign Office, and his sister. And Brett the barrister, and, why yes, old "Sawbones" Smith. Good old Sawbones! Must call and see—"Why, who is that?" wondered Lanham. "I know his face."

A tall, square-built man picked his way slowly along the line of stalls. His iron-grey hair, together with the lines in a face whose distinguishing features were an aquiline nose and a heavy, black moustache, showed that he had well reached middle age. The features were good, and marked a strong personality, yet their expression was saturnine and not pleasant to look upon.

Lanham sat pulling at his pointed Navy beard, and racking his memory ineffectively. Time and time again he glanced at the man below but always without result. He knew the face, he felt certain of it, yet for the life of him he could not recollect who the man was, or where he had seen him before.

The play drew to an end, and as Lanham drifted out with the crowd he was still wondering idly who could be the unpleasant-looking man in the stalls whose black moustache and heavy jaw had seemed so familiar. Outside the theatre he caught sight of him again, waiting, with a cigarette between his lips, for a cab. Lanham heard the order given—"Carlton Hotel"—clear and sharp above the bustle around. Then, as the cab moved away, the stranger leant forward, and with a quick motion of his hand flicked the ash from his cigarette.

As he did so, a suppressed cry escaped from Lanham's lips. With the simple little action the stranger's identity stood revealed.

Instead of the throng of departing theatre-goers, the uniformed attendants, the shouts and whistles for carriages and cabs, the roar of traffic, and all the light and movement of

theatre-land by night, there rose up before Lanham's eyes the sumptuous saloon of a large steam-turbine yacht, where he, a young midshipman, sat as a guest with his brother officers of H.M. sloop *Narwhal*, at dinner. The skipper of the yacht, the man he had just recognised, was telling a story, a legend about the little South Atlantic island, the Isle d'Eau, near by where his vessel and the sloop lay anchored. And as he spoke, from time to time he flicked his cigarette ash away, just as he had done in Lanham's sight a moment before.

The story ended, and Lanham remembered the sensation among the officers of the yacht, inexplicable at the time, caused by the half-joking suggestion of the *Narwhal's* first lieutenant that the Isle d'Eau should be used as a target for firing practice. Lanham's thoughts ran rapidly over the events that followed—the dinner-party's abrupt conclusion, the anonymous message of warning from one of the *Zephyr's* crew, the actual shelling of the island that followed, and the narrow escape of the *Narwhal* from destruction by submarine mines, electrically connected with the island, which a shell from the sloop exploded. Then came the dramatic death of the *Zephyr's* owner, known as the Baron von Vold, the running fight with the yacht, and the ultimate escape from her slow pursuer of the fast turbine vessel with her murderous crew, never to be seen again.

"Ten years ago," mused Lanham, "and here is the second chief villain again. What became of the yacht, and what devilry has he been up to since?

"The *Zephyr* could not have gone into any known port, for the description circulated would have led to her capture at once. As the months went by, and neither she nor her crew was ever heard of or seen, every one thought and hoped they had gone to the bottom. Yet here is her captain again, and if he escaped, why not more of the villainous gang—why not the ship, although it seems so highly improbable?

"What's the best thing to do?" wondered Lanham. "Put the police on his track? No, the affair is too old, and they would only bungle the business. I'll keep my eyes on the beggar myself, but I must first find out some more about him. Now, I wonder who could help me?"

He pondered for a few moments. Then an idea came, and, fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a card. "Norris and Son," he read, "Government Lighterage Contractors, Deptford."

Todmorden Norris, the very man! Good old Toddy, how he would stare to hear that one of the *Zephyr's* crowd had turned up again!"

Ten years ago Todmorden Norris had been a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and as an officer of the *Narwhal* had taken part with his chum, Lanham, in the fight with the pirate yacht. Since then, however, he had dutifully entered his father's business, and settled down soberly to life on shore.

Next morning found Lanham picking his way down the dusty High Street of Deptford. Norris and Son's offices were not difficult to find. Lanham sent in his card, and shortly was ushered into a small room where, at a very big desk, sat a stout, clean-shaven, jolly-faced young man who, as the lieutenant entered, jumped up and came forward, his good-humoured face broadening out into a genial smile.

"How d'ye do?" he said. "Why, with that chin tuft I shouldn't know you from Adam. Sit down, sit down."

Lanham dropped into a chair, and regarded his old friend solemnly.

"You disgusting object," he said slowly; "you are as fat as a prize pig at show-time. Shore life," and he wagged his head in mock sorrow.

"Ha, ha," laughed Norris, "hard work and worry, my boy. That's what it is—hard work and worry."

"Looks like it," commented his friend. "Well, how are Mrs. Norris and the boy?" And so they fell to talking.

Presently Lanham brought the conversation round to Norris's naval reserve days, the old *Narwhal* and the *Zephyr*. Then suddenly he told of the yacht captain's reappearance, chuckling with delight at the startling effect his news produced on his hearer.

"Great thunder!" cried Norris. "You don't say so. When, where—tell me all about it."

Lanham did.

"What do you think of doing?" asked Norris, when he had finished.

"Don't quite see. First thing I should like to find out is what he professes to be now. That's where I thought your advice might come in useful, old man."

Norris leant back for a few moments, thinking. Then he stretched out his hand to the telephone at his elbow.

"049, Holborn. . . . Is Mr Bankes there? . . . Can he come down this afternoon? . . . Two o'clock? Right!"

Norris twirled the handle, and turned to Lanham.

"Just time for some lunch before Bankes is due."

"Who is Bankes?"

"Joseph of that ilk—the smartest inquiry man I know. Unless I'm much mistaken, he'll find out all you want to know about the ex-captain of the *Zephyr* by to-morrow morning—perhaps before."

Lanham and his friend had hardly returned to the latter's office, when the door opened, punctually on the stroke of two, to admit a small, sharp-featured little man—Mr. Joseph Bankes, private detective. Norris introduced him to the lieutenant, and the latter, quickly explained what it was that he required. The detective nodded here and there, asked a few questions, made a few rapid notes, and then jumped to his feet.

"You shall have a report, sir, by to-morrow morning without fail." He bowed to Lanham and his friend. "Good afternoon." The door swung to and the detective was gone.

Lanham smiled at Norris. "Doesn't waste much time?"

"Not he," replied Norris. "You can rely on Bankes. Let me know how things go, won't you?" he added, as Lanham took his leave.

Sure enough, next morning a neatly typed envelope marked "Personal" was waiting beside Lanham's breakfast plate. He ripped it open eagerly, and a typewritten note dropped out. "Dear Sir," it ran, "I have ascertained that the name of the gentleman at the Carlton Hotel is Colonel Ludovic Ateler. He is an American of wealth, and is at present engaged in fitting out his yacht, the *Valda*, at Messrs. Hamer's shipbuilding works, for a pleasure cruise round the world. Awaiting the favour of your further commands. . . ."

"Whew!" exclaimed Lanham, dropping the note, "fitting out a yacht! Can it possibly be the *Zephyr*? This grows exciting."

He made a hasty breakfast, his brain busy with ideas. Then he quickly changed into his oldest suit of clothes, tied a muffler round his neck, and set out for that salubrious riverside region known as the Isle of Dogs.

"HULLO, MATEY, DOWN ON YOUR LUCK?"

After some little trouble he found Messrs. Hamer's works and proceeded to take stock of such vessels in various stages of building or repair as he could see from the vicinity of the yard.

Presently he drifted among a small crowd of loafers, congregated on a swing bridge at the entrance to a dock. Within the latter, some little distance up, lay a fair-sized steamer, and Lanham's eye brightened as he caught sight of her appearance and build. He lined up alongside the idlers, and lounged against the parapet of the bridge.

"She's about the tonnage of the *Zephyr*," thought Lanham, regarding the docked vessel, "but she's certainly *not* the *Zephyr*. Her stem is straight, and she has only one funnel, while the *Zephyr* had two funnels, and, I am almost certain, a clipper stem. Queer her funnel is so far forward; makes her look a bit ugly."

Turning to a man near him, he casually inquired the name of the boat. By way of reply the latter indicated with a nod a row of cases, lying on the edge of the dock, on which Lanham read the name *Valda*.

"So you are Colonel Ateler's yacht, are you?" thought Lanham. "Now, I wonder what your owner's little game is this time!"

He was deep in an inspection of the *Valda* when a gruff voice at his elbow broke in across his thoughts:

"Hullo, matey, down on your luck?"

Lanham started and looked up, to encounter a searching glance from a pair of eyes set deep in a face which, for the most part, was a very jungle of hair—all, beard, whiskers, eyebrows, a glaring auburn red. Some impulse prompted the lieutenant to return a curt affirmative.

"H'm"—the red-haired man nodded as one who has found a surmise prove correct. "What's your ticket?"

Taken aback, Lanham, who had no Mercantile Marine certificate, shrugged his shoulders.

"Lost it, eh?" Lanham's interlocutor stole another keen glance at the lieutenant's sinewy frame and bronzed features, and then said abruptly:

"Come and have a drink."

Still acting on his former impulse, Lanham followed the stranger.

What passed between them is best explained in the account which Lanham gave of his adventures to Norris that evening. "I don't know what whim made me go with the fellow," he said, "but I did. Somehow he'd got the idea that I'd helped to pile up a ship, or worse, and my efforts to draw him, without giving the game away, were put down to natural reticence on the subject. He jawed a lot about some men having all the luck and others none—said he'd had a bit of the rough himself—and suggested that there were more ways than one of making money, and making it quick, too. Then, of course, I smelt a rat. I say, Norris, do I look like a wrong 'un?"

"Well," laughed his friend, "that depends."

"Humph. Anyway, if I didn't look it I did my best to appear as if I shouldn't mind being one, I must have been pretty successful, too." Lanham grinned. "To cut a long story short, if I can bring him evidence to-morrow that I'm a good seaman, I'm to form one of a crew of treasure-seekers——"

"Treasure-seekers!"

"Yes, treasure-seekers. I'm to go as second mate with a good share in the proceeds, provided I do my whack of the finding, and am not squeamish as to the method."

"But—but I don't understand. What and where is this treasure, and what has all this got to do with the ex-captain of the *Zephyr*?"

Lanham smiled joyfully. "My boy," he said, "the ship is Ateler's ship, the *Valda*, and when I say that Rufus, whose name, by-the-bye, is Schwartz, is picking up as rough a looking lot of sea scallywags as you'd see in a day's march to man her, you can guess the rest, eh?"

"Surely not the old submarine mine game again?"

"I don't suppose so. That would be too risky. But something deep and shady, you can bet. Anyway, I'm goin' to smash it if I can."

"But you're not——"

"I am though. Surely you can trust me to look after myself now, Toddy. I want you to help though. D'ye think you can get the pater to write me out something that will satisfy Rufus that I'm a competent seaman? His name would do it."

"I'll ask him," said Norris. "I don't suppose he'll mind—for you."

Mr. Norris, senior, after some little hesitation, was persuaded to inscribe his opinion that William Vance, although under a cloud, was a thorough practical seaman. Thus it came about that Lieutenant Robert Lanham, M.V.O., R.N., having obtained permission from the Admiralty to travel abroad for six months on half pay, made that fact known by sundry letters to his friends and relatives, and promptly disappeared from their ken. But the same day one William Vance met a man named Schwartz in a disreputable public-house hard by the Isle of Dogs, and, after the passing of a certain document, and some conversation, agreed to sign on as second mate of the pleasure yacht *Valda*—bound, somewhat vaguely, "round the world."

"IF I HAD THOUGHT YOU WERE A SPY I WOULD HAVE SHOT YOU LIKE A DOG."

II.

Lanham had not been on board the *Valda* ten minutes before he had assured himself of three facts—that, for a yacht, the *Valda* was most uncommonly strongly built; that, like the *Zephyr* of evil memory, she was both screw and turbine driven; and that, in addition to a very large supply of stores, there were a number of mysterious cases in her hold, marked in red letters: "Not to be opened without permission of the Captain."

The latter turned out to be, not Schwartz, as Lanham had expected, but another Ateler, a brother of the owner. However, he left all the work to Schwartz, who was first mate, and spent most of his time shut up in the state-room aft, with his saturnine brother, the Colonel.

This delegation of duty was so obvious, that Lanham ventured a remark upon it to Schwartz; but was met with such a decided hint to keep his mou'h shut that he did not pursue the subject. And before long he found plenty of other matters wherewith to occupy his thoughts.

On the second day out Lanham sent one of the deck hands below for a spare block. The man came back empty-handed, and another being equally unsuccessful, he went down himself. While rummaging about he noticed a large, flat package, that spread against the ship's side. Curious to see it nearer, he seized one of the mysterious bales that lay in the way, when it burst in his grip, and to his astonishment a number of lifebuoys marked "*S.S. Atalanta*" fell out.

"This is a rum go," he thought. "Gear marked "Atalanta" on board the yacht *Valda*." Much puzzled, he roughly fixed up the bale again, and climbed over to the object of his curiosity.

He tore aside a fold of the canvas in which the package was wrapped, and found underneath a sheet of metallic substance, painted the same cream colour as the sides of the yacht. "Aluminium," he muttered, flicking it with his finger; "well, I'm hanged!" The canvas had fallen further back, revealing the letters "NTA"—the end of the word "Atalanta."

"No—shot," said a suave voice, and, wheeling round, Lanham found himself confronting Colonel Ateler, whose livid face utterly belied his quiet tones. With his black moustache drawn up under his heavy nose, showing

the ugly, gleaming teeth beneath, he looked the very incarnation of rage. His curt remark evidently had reference to the revolver which he held ready cocked for use.

For a second the two stood motionless under the glow of the electric bulb. Then the owner spoke again, still in quiet, polite tones:

"Well, Mr. Mate, what have you to say?"

Lanham had decided on his line of action. Looking Ateler full in the face, he straightway answered:

"Only this, sir, that it must be necessary sometimes for the *Valda* to have an *alias*."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Mate."

"You want bold men, Colonel Ateler."

The owner smiled grimly.

"You can go," he said abruptly. "If I had thought you were a spy I would have shot you like a dog—do you hear?"—his voice rose in a snarl of anger—"like a dog."

Lanham touched his cap, and obeyed. When he reached the open deck he breathed a sigh of relief. "Whew! is the man mad, or am I dreaming?" he thought. He looked round the grey expanse of ocean, and sniffed the clean salt air. "No," he said, "it is no dream. Piracy is the programme, and there isn't a man on board, barrin' perhaps myself, who doesn't look capable of the business."

Truly, the crew were a picturesque lot of villains. From Schwartz downwards they were all big, fierce-faced men. Continually quarrelling among themselves, they went about their ship duties well enough, although they had at first seemed inclined to take liberties with Lanham. But the latter's determined manner and heavy fist quickly inspired respect. For the owner's brother, however—the Captain of the ship—Lanham soon found they had little regard. Indeed, it became increasingly evident that Schwartz was the Colonel's real lieutenant and right-hand man. And from stray remarks which the first mate let fall Lanham gathered that he deeply resented the nominal superiority which the owner's brother had on board.

Although first mate and thorough master of the turbulent crew, by whom, in fact, he was held in real awe, Schwartz knew little navigation. Consequently this duty was practically in Lanham's hands, which gave the lieutenant the clue to his selection for the post of second officer.

For a day or two matters continued as usual. Lanham went about his duties as if the incident in the hold had never taken place. The Colonel took no more notice of him than formerly, and Schwartz gave no sign of the matter ever having reached his ears.

It was on the fourth day out from London that the climax came. They had run into one of the thick fogs that sometimes form over the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, through the onset of the cold northern air currents. With a fog-horn going continuously, the *Valda* was steaming dead slow. For some time Lanham, his eyes straining into the misty void around, had noted anxiously the close proximity of another vessel, similarly shrieking un-melodiously her snail's pace through the fog. The Colonel and Schwartz were also on the bridge.

Suddenly there came a lift in the fog, and through the smoke wreaths the three men saw distinctly, some few hundred yards away, a large, two-funnelled steamer, flying the green cross flag of the Outspan line. Then the fog closed down thicker than ever, and she disappeared from sight.

"The *Havildar*, Outspan liner, I'll take my oath," grunted Schwartz in his thick voice.

The Colonel said nothing, but remained for some moments gazing out intently into the blank, where the liner had been. Then he turned suddenly to the mate.

"Come below to my cabin." Schwartz shot a quick look of inquiry at his master, and followed him below.

A few minutes after Lanham received word to call all the men aft. Astonished and vaguely alarmed, he did so. Hardly had the truculent-looking crew gathered on the spar deck, when the Colonel came up, followed by Schwartz and the owner's brother, the nominal Captain. The latter was talking quickly, expostulating, with waving hands.

"I tell you, Ludovic, it's madness," Lanham heard him say, as the three came upon the bridge—"it's sheer madness so close to New York." The Colonel took no notice, but brushed past Lanham, and went to the after rail of the bridge, his brother, still protesting, following close behind him.

"Men," Lanham heard him say in cool, even tones, "I have decided on a certain line of action, but one of my officers chooses to thwart me. See what the man gets who stands in my way."

He deliberately lifted his fist and struck the shrinking Captain a great blow between the eyes. With a cry the latter staggered back and, overbalancing the wet brass rail, pitched heavily down on the deck among the awe-struck crew, not one of whom dared to move.

"Listen," resumed the Colonel after a deadly pause. "That ship yonder"—he raised his hand, and the mournful sound of the syren came whooping through the mist—"is the *Havildar*,

full of rich passengers and specie. Its wealth is to be ours—do you hear?—ours. As the *Atalanta* we shall sheer alongside and board her, take all we want, and escape. There is not the slightest risk—to us." He smiled grimly. "Our rush will be quite unexpected, our escape certain, and the prize great. Is everything clear?"

"Ay, ay, sir," came in a low chorus from the assembled gang, and Lanham could see their eyes gleaming lustfully at the thought of the coming loot.

"Then, Schwartz," the Colonel turned to the first mate, "remove that man," he pointed to his brother, "and carry on."

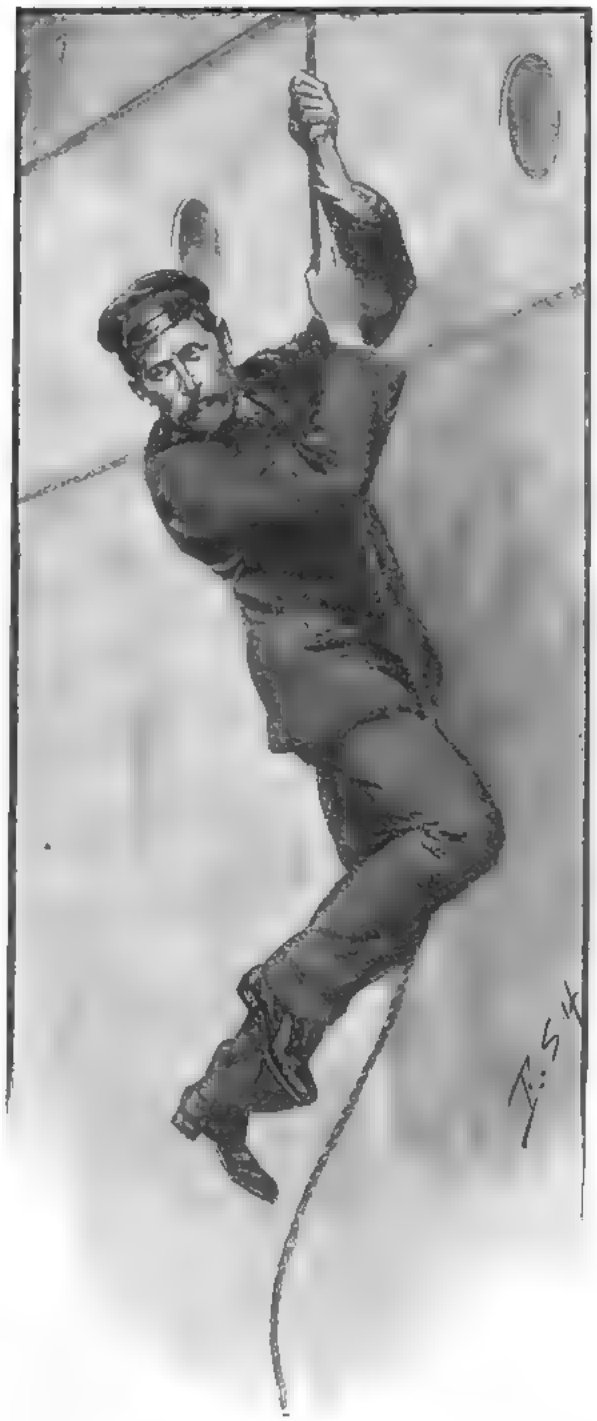
With an ugly grin the red-haired mate ran down the bridge ladder. The fate of his superior officer evidently was not to his distaste. While two men roughly removed the injured Captain, the others, under Schwartz's direction, began a series of manœuvres which Lanham, in spite of his agitation of mind, found extremely interesting.

While some brought up the sheets of aluminium from below, others hauled out a bowsprit, with an under- and side-framing attached, which they fixed in place over the *Valda's* bows. Then, from each side of the yacht's stem, the sections of aluminium were clamped on to the side-framing of the bowsprit, and Lanham saw a dummy clipper stem growing under his very eyes. At the same time another party of men produced a telescopic dummy funnel, which they rigged in a prepared bed-plate astern of its working sister, and stayed into position. In a very short space of time, Lanham saw the one-funnelled, straight-stemmed *Valda* transformed into the twin-funnelled, clipper-stemmed *Atalanta*.

But during these manœuvres Lanham's brain had not been idle. He was there to spoil their game, and spoil it he must somehow. He shuddered to think of what might happen on board the unsuspecting liner. It was difficult to know what to do, but there was just a chance, and he had decided to take it.

During the bustle on deck the Colonel had remained leaning against the far end of the bridge. Presently he straightened himself, and came towards Lanham.

"You are ready for your part?" he said, giving his second mate a searching look. Lanham knew what was meant. He was to steer the yacht softly alongside the unhappy liner, and manœuvre her, then and after. He admitted to himself that it was



HE DROPPED WITHOUT A SPLASH INTO THE OILY SMOOTH WATER

possible so far as the yacht was concerned—she was built like a battleship.

"Yes," he said coolly, "I am ready for my part."

"Good! Then mind you play it well."

III.

The Colonel stepped down from the bridge. Lanham watched him go into his cabin, then shot a hasty glance around the yacht. Now was his time; the first mate and all on deck were busily occupied, and no one was looking in his direction. He slipped quietly to the end of the bridge, swung himself over, and dropped without a splash into the oily smooth water.

He struck out at once without coming to the surface. When he could hold out no longer, he came up and looked round. The *Valda* was just visible, a dimly seen shadow looming through the fog. Another half-dozen strokes and she had disappeared.

He swam on with a chuckle. The absence of any outcry told him that his disappearance had not yet been noticed. When they did find out, he did not expect they would guess his purpose, which was the wild enough one of swimming to and warning the liner. If they did, so much the better if they gave up their design. But from what he had seen of the Colonel's nature that was not likely to happen.

He struck out steadily. It was eerie, cleaving through the still water, with nothing but blank mist around, and nothing for guide save the intermittent and monotonous groaning of the liner's fog-horn. He wondered how far she was away—sounds were deceptive in the fog.

Presently he began to grow puzzled. In addition to the *Valda's* syren there appeared to be two fog-horns sounding through the mist. Were his ears deceiving him?

A little later his apprehension deepened into alarm. The three sounds made confusion in his mind, and he began to feel afraid that he had lost his bearings. Nevertheless he set his teeth and swam steadily on. Suddenly the thought struck him—suppose he was swimming in a circle and were to run up against the *Valda* again?

Staggered at the idea, he stopped, and drifted aimlessly for a few moments. Then suddenly to his aching ears there came the long howl of a syren right close on to him—and it was not the *Valda's*, of that he was sure.

Shouting, he struck out with renewed hope, and had not gone thirty yards when a great object bulked up black before him, and he found himself clutching wildly at the side of a ship.

He shouted again hoarsely, struggling against the suction caused by the moving mass. At once voices answered from above, and then a rope came coiling down about his arms. He clutched it as only a drowning man clutches, and, slithering against the ship's plates, damp with mist, was drawn up on deck.

For the moment he felt done up, and glad of the strong arms supporting him. Rough-voiced but kindly expressions of sympathy and astonishment fell almost unheeded upon his ears. But his weakness was only momentary. Straightening himself, he dashed the salt water from his eyes and looked about him just as an authoritative voice rang out clearly:

"What are you standing there for like a lot of helpless lubbers? Take him below to the sick bay."

Lanham's eyes sought the speaker, and he started violently. His uniform—what did it mean? He looked round and, behold! there were the fog-dimmed but familiar outlines of gun-shields, high after-bridge, boat-davits—it was the quarter-deck of a British cruiser!

Lanham pressed forward. "What ship is this?" he cried.

"The *Ione*, of the Royal Navy," answered the officer kindly.

The *Ione!* Then her Captain was Murray Aston, a man he knew well. Of all the luck—but the officer was moving.

"One moment," urged Lanham; "strange as it may seem, I am in the Service—Lieutenant Robert Lanham, late of the *Hawk*, and I know Captain Aston well. It is most necessary that I should see him at once."

The *Ione's* commander strove to hide his astonishment. "But——" he began.

"It is a matter of life or death," Lanham broke in. The commander hesitated and then gave way. Lanham, drenched and dripping, was led to the captain's quarters.

"Lieutenant Lanham," he heard the Captain repeat wonderingly as he entered the cabin, and then burst out a familiar voice:

"Bob Lanham, by all the gods!"

The speaker, round-faced and impetuous, subsided somewhat abashed—was he not in the presence of the "old man"? But he sent a hearty grin of recognition to Lanham, who remembered at once who he was—"Gunnery Jack" Glanville, an "old ship." This was indeed luck!

Captain Aston showed his recognition of the lieutenant more staidly, as befitted his rank,

and without more ado Lanham plunged into his story.

Never had a man more intent listeners. Save for an exclamation here and there, they heard him out in silence. Then Captain Aston asked sharply:

"What do you suggest?"

"Make for the liner, sir. She's the centre of attraction."

"But the risk," ventured the commander—"in this fog?"

"Must take it," rapped out the Captain; "see to it, Prade." The commander saluted and disappeared.

Lanham smiled cheerfully in spite of his damp misery. Things were in good hands. Captain Aston was of the dandified type, scented, and groomed to a hair, but a smarter officer did not exist.

Glanville hurried Lanham through the ward-room, where they created a mild sensation Changing into a spare rig of the Gunnery Lieutenant's, and with a nip of something warm inside as well, Lanham felt fit for anything when they again went on deck and climbed the bridge.

The fog-horn had been stopped, and although the cruiser's revolutions were but little increased she was steaming into the fog at a most unlawful speed. The captain and officers, and, in fact, every one bar the engine-room party, were on deck, eagerly looking out into the mist on the port bow. There, somewhere, growing louder every second, was a syren mournfully shrieking. With a glow of satisfaction Lanham noted that every man on the boat deck wore side-arms and cutlasses—evidently a boarding party—ready. The only thing that worried him was, would they be in time?

The syren ahead sounded again, very near. Captain Aston raised his hand and the telegraph rang back to "Stop." In dead silence the cruiser surged on by her own impetus. Suddenly there came a loud yell from the half-dozen look-outs in her bows. Back swung the telegraph to "half astern," and the man at the cruiser's little wheel worked like a nigger as, with startling rapidity, there loomed up ahead the outlines of a dark object. "Two funnels," noted Lanham, "long spar deck,——and what was that, lower down, beyond——"

"By heaven," he shouted, pointing, "the yacht is there, too!" And on the moment there burst out a medley of shouts and cries from the two locked vessels, now sheering perilously close on the *Ione's* port beam.

Crash!—they had touched. "Boarders!" yelled the commander in stentorian tones. Seizing a cutlass that some one put in his hand, Lanham jumped recklessly from the bridge down on to the liner's deck. At the same instant, from the boat deck beneath, the vanguard of the boarding party swarmed up over the higher liner's rail.

They were just in time. The *Valda's* crew had made their rush, and so unexpected was the attack that in another minute they would have had possession of the ship. As it was, they had practically overcome the crew on deck—indeed, one or two of the scoundrels were already on their way to the plunder below—when the *Ione's* party cut in.

With a shout, Lanham and the bluejackets made straight for the struggling groups, and for the moment it looked as if they would sweep the pirates down by sheer impetuosity. Then the rogues rallied and a desperate contest followed, for, to give them their due, the scoundrels could fight.

From the beginning Lanham, the fighting fury hot in him, had one set purpose. The cowardly blow which the arch-scoundrel Ateler had dealt his brother had stirred him deeply, and he was bent on coming to grips with the party chief. For a few moments, however, he was too busily engaged cutting free some of the liner's crew to carry out his object. Then things cleared a bit and he was able to look round.

He had not far to seek. There, by the liner's after-funnel, was his man, the centre of a knot of the *Valda's* ruffians, evidently fighting back together with the object of regaining the yacht. "Come along!" yelled Lanham, and with Glanville and half a dozen others he charged at the gang.

The rush told; the robbers broke and scattered, and suddenly Lanham found himself face to face with the man he sought. The latter's recognition was instant.

"Ah, the mate," he cried with an oath. "Take that, my bold man," and levelling a revolver he fired point blank at the lieutenant.

But, luckily, at the same moment, Lanham's foot slipped on the wet deck and he pitched forward on his knees. As he went down, striking upwards desperately with his cutlass, he felt something like a hot iron score his neck. Then he was overborne and swept aside by the following bluejackets. When he found his wits again Ateler was gone.

"He's regained his ship," thought the lieutenant, "but he can't escape." He leaped down on the yacht's deck, where he was just in time to see Schwartz laid flat by a brawny bluejacket. The fight was practically over.

What were left of the pirates were under a guard on the spar deck; but, although he looked everywhere, Ateler was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly a man, whom Lanham recognised as one of the *Valda's* crew, came running aft, his face white with fear. "Back, back to the liner," he cried; "he's locked himself in the magazine.

As the man spoke, a shriek of demoniac laughter came faintly from the forepart of the yacht.

"Steady men!" cried the *Ione's* commander. "To the liner, but no flurry. Wounded first."

Then, leaping up on to the bridge, he shouted in a tremendous voice:

"Liner and cruiser ahoy!"

"Ay, ay—ay, ay," came through the mist.

"Get under weigh. Then full speed ahead—*at once*—when I call"

Just then another burst of wild laughter floated up from below.

Lanham sprang up to the commander's side. "What about the engine-room?" he whispered.

"They're all up."

The throb of the liner's screw began and she made a slight movement, grating against the yacht's quarter.

The commander glanced quickly at her and then to the deck below. "It's touch and go," he muttered.

But the *Ione's* men were working like silent demons. A few seconds more and all the wounded had been transhipped by willing hands.

"*Full speed ahead, both ships*," roared the commander.

Like monkeys the *Ione's* men were swinging up on to the now moving liner. A yard's space lay between as the last few men jumped out.

"Get along, you two," said the commander, and Lanham and Glanville sprang off the bridge—they knew it was the commander's privilege to be the last off the ship. As Lanham turned round after his jump some one pitched plump against him, bowling him over like a ninepin. It was the commander.

"Sorry." He gave the lieutenant a hand and they both made for the liner's rail.

They were nearly clear; but how long would the madman wait? The commander turned to the liner's skipper.

"Better get your pumps ready, Captain; there'll be great danger of fire."

"I say," whispered Lanham to his friend, "he's a good man—listen."

A shout sounded quite clearly from the yacht, now fading into the mist astern. All turned in her direction, where suddenly a great lurid sheet of flame burst out with a crash like thunder, illuminating and bringing out for an instant every line of the doomed vessel. Then, as the liner heeled right over under the shock of the concussion, the mist around seemed full of flaming splinters and masses of *débris*.

But, thanks to the intervening space, and the commander's forethought, little damage was done. One or two threatening fragments of blazing wood were quickly stifled, and in a few moments all danger was over.

"Close shave, that," said Glanville. "Why, good heavens, man, what a mess you're in—you're wounded."

Lanham glanced down. "I had forgotten," he said, feeling for his handkerchief.

As he staunched the graze on his neck, he smiled at a thought that crossed his mind.

"And this," he was reflecting, "is the way I spend my leave"

Well Done, Hurlingham!

THE civilisation of the British sportsman is slowly proceeding. On Saturday the horrors of pigeon-shooting were abolished at Hurlingham. The humanitarian majority was decently large, 158 votes over the necessary two-thirds being recorded. We congratulate the members of the Hurlingham Club and its president, the Earl of Ancaster, who brought forward the resolution. We also congratulate her Majesty the Queen, to whose influence this tardy reform is directly due. The Queen had refused to visit Hurlingham because on one occasion she had been tortured by the spectacle of a wounded bird writhing in agony. It is worth while being a queen when you can put your queenship to uses so good as this. But it is a pity that the humanity of some sportsmen requires to be stimulated by royal displeasure.—*The Star*, May 22, 1905.

THE STAMPS OF JAMAICA.

THE history of the island of Jamaica is a checkered one from start to finish. It has had more ups and downs, buffets by nature and buffets by man, than any other of the British possessions in the West Indies.

It was discovered by Columbus, and became the birthright of his family for many generations. Indeed, it is a nice point with some people whether in taking possession of the island we seized private property, or captured the territory of a Power with which our relations were strained.

Columbus first sighted the island on his second voyage as he was coming from Cuba in May 1494, and in his wholesale annexation manner forthwith declared it to be henceforward a portion of the Spanish dominions. He named it St. Jago, after the patron saint of Spain, but the native name Xaymaca (Jamaica) has outlived the Spanish.

In 1503 Columbus, on his fourth and last voyage, again visited the island, this time ill and in great distress. He had been caught in a storm and was forced to run his battered ships aground on the northern coast of the island. The spot on which he took refuge is to-day known as Don Christopher's Cove. Here, Lucas tells us, the great voyager remained in sickness and want, deserted by Ovanda, the Governor of Hispaniola, with his own company in mutiny against him and befriended only by the natives of the island. At last relief arrived and he left Jamaica for the last time in June 1504.

The Spanish occupation of Jamaica lasted for 150 years, during which time they exterminated the native Indians and did little or nothing to develop the resources of the country.

At the close of the Civil War, Cromwell, wanting an outlet for the restless spirits of his time, especially for those of the Royalist persuasion, picked a quarrel with Spain, fitted out expeditions with Royalist soldiers, and took possession of Jamaica in 1655. Attempts were made to retake it, but ten years later the Treaty of Madrid recognised it as a British possession.

The early settlement of the island by the British was stormy and troublesome. The population consisted only of 1500 white settlers and about the same number of slaves. Many of the latter fled to the mountains and formed themselves into lawless bands. They were known as Maroons or mountaineers, and harassed the British for many years.

The island also suffered from earthquakes and hurricanes. In 1692 an earthquake destroyed Port Royal, causing immense loss of life and resulting in the rise of Kingston, on the other side of the harbour, into the position of chief town.

In 1838 the emancipation of the slaves in the teeth of bitter local opposition led to trouble and unrest. The colony received £6,161,927 as its share of the compensation, but the difficulty of procuring labour after emancipation practically ruined the sugar-growing industry. The negroes grew idle and insolent. They endeavoured to suppress coolie immigration, and some even proposed the expulsion of the whole white population. The discontent culminated in 1865 in a revolt, which was so vigorously suppressed that the Governor had to be recalled, but the representative constitution which had been so rashly conceded to the negroes was withdrawn, and the island was for some time governed as a Crown Colony.

Thenceforward matters took a turn for the better. Now the negroes are not idle, crime has diminished, new harbours are being constructed Cuban refugees are rapidly developing the neglected sugar estates, and a fruit trade is being fostered with the mother country. The population is increasing rapidly, and in 1904 stood at 786,500. The revenue generally

balances the expenditure, and though the island has not recovered its former prosperity its friends are hopeful of its future.

Its Philatelic History.

The first postage stamps of Jamaica were issued in 1860, and were watermarked appropriately with a pine-apple. This first series consisted of *1d.*, *2d.*, *3d.*, *4d.*, *6d.*, and *1s.* values. Ten years later, in 1871–1872, the watermark was changed to Crown and CC and a *½d.* stamp was added to the list. In 1875 two high values, a *2s.* and *5s.*, were issued. After the lapse of another ten years there was another change of watermark, this time to Crown CA; the *½d.* was changed to green, the *1d.* to carmine, and the *2d.* to grey. In 1889 there was another change of colours, the *1d.* being changed in design to a small head in a circle with a large tablet of value underneath and printed in lilac and mauve. The *2d.* of the same design was printed in green. In 1890, to provide for the introduction of the Postal Union rate, a provisional *2½d.* stamp was issued, the *4d.* orange brown being surcharged with the words "Twopence Half-Penny." In 1890–1897 a *2½d.* stamp was issued of the same design as the *1d.* and *2d.* of 1889 with small head. It was printed in purple and blue. The *6d.* was changed to yellow, the *2s.* to venetian red, and the *5s.* to violet, and all were watermarked Crown CA. A picture *1d.* stamp with a view of Llandovery Falls made its appearance in 1900 printed in red, which was changed in the following year to red, with the view of the falls in black, and the framework in red. And, lastly, we have the beginnings of a series of special design with the arms of the colony as the central feature. Of this design only the *½d.*, *1d.*, *2½d.*, and *5d.* values have been issued. The higher values still preserve the designs of the first issue of forty-five years ago. The laureated head of Queen Victoria is a noticeable characteristic in the stamps of Jamaica.

1860.—Six values, all of separate designs, laureated head of Queen Victoria, engraved and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., and watermarked with a pine-apple. Perforated 14. Of this first issue fine unused copies are very scarce.

Wmk. Pine-apple. Perf. 14.

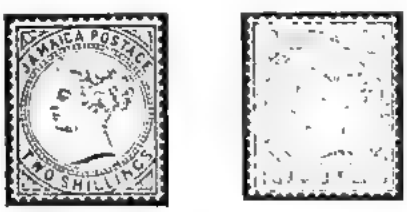
	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1d., blue	2 6	..	0 6
2d., rose	16 0	..	6 0
3d., green	12 0	..	3 6
4d., brown orange	12 6	..	5 0
6d., lilac	30 0	..	2 6
1s., brown	12 0	..	2 0

1871–1872.—Watermark changed to Crown CC. Same types and perforation as before, with the addition of a *½d.* stamp. For an old CC issue the catalogue prices range low, the *4d.* being the only really high-priced stamp in the series.

Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
½d., marone	0 9	..	0 6
1d., blue	2 6	..	0 2
2d., rose	2 6	..	0 1
3d., green	8 6	..	1 6
4d., brown red	16 0	..	0 4
6d., lilac	5 0	..	0 6
1s., dull brown	3 0	..	1 0

1875.—Two high values, *2s.* and *5s.*, of separate and fresh designs, watermarked Crown CC, but perf. 12½. With the curious exception of these two values, all the stamps of Jamaica are uniformly perf. 14, from the first issue to the last.



Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 12½.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
2s., red brown	4 0	..	4 0
5s., lilac	15 0	..	16 0

1883–1886.—Watermark changed to Crown CA. Perforated 14 as before, but three changes of colour; the ½*d.* from marone to green, the 1*d.* from blue to carmine, and the 2*d.* from rose to grey. No change in the designs. The 1*d.* blue CA and the 2*d.* rose CA are scarce stamps.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.			Used.	
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
½*d.*, green	0	1	..	0	1
1*d.*, blue	12	6	..	0	4
1*d.*, carmine	0	6	..	0	6
2*d.*, rose	20	0	..	0	1
2*d.*, grey	4	0	..	0	3
3*d.*, sage green	0	8	..	0	4
4*d.*, orange brown	0	6	..	0	2

1899.—New design, small, diademed head of Queen Victoria with tablet of value underneath.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.			Used.	
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
1*d.*, lilac and mauve	0	2	..	0	1
2*d.*, green	0	3	..	0	3

1890. PROVISIONAL.—"Twopence Half-Penny" in two lines surcharged in black on 4*d.* orange brown. This provisional is the only surcharge ever indulged in by the colony, and was made to provide for the Postal Union rate.

Provisional.

2½*d.* on 4*d.*, orange brown.

1890–1897.—A 2½*d.* stamp of the small, diademed head type added. The 6*d.* was changed from lilac to yellow, and these two values, with the 1*s.*, 2*s.*, and 5*s.*, were all watermarked Crown CA. The designs, with the exception of the 2½*d.*, remained unchanged.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.			Used.	
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
2½*d.*, lilac and ultramarine	0	6	..	0	1
6*d.*, orange	0	8	..	0	4
1*s.*, brown	1	4	..	—	
2*s.*, venetian red	2	8	..	—	
5*s.*, violet	6	6	..	—	

1900–1901.—A picture stamp of the value of 1*d.*, with a view of Llandovery Falls, printed first in red and then, a few months later, in red and black, the view being in black and the frame-work in red. At the time it was thought that this picture stamp was to be the forerunner of a series illustrative of the scenery of the colony, after the style of New Zealand, but the crudity of the design and workmanship probably settled the question of venturing any further. Being a large size stamp, it had to be printed on the Crown CC paper used mostly for large-sized high values.

Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.			Used.	
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
1*d.*, red	0	2	..	0	1
1*d.*, red and black	0	2	..	0	1

1903–1904.—New design; arms of the colony printed in two colours; watermarked Crown CA and perf. 14. This series has a very effective appearance. So far only four low values have been issued, ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, and 5*d.* Whether the old designs are all to be superseded with this arms type remains to be seen. The increased catalogue price of the 5*d.* may be interpreted as indicating news of a change to the multiple CA watermark.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.			Used.	
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
½*d.*, green; centre black	0	1	..	0	1
1*d.*, carmine, centre black	0	2	..	0	1
2½*d.*, ultramarine; centre black	0	4	..	0	2
5*d.*, yellow, centre black	1	0	..	1	0

Reviews.

Collectors resident in and around London or visiting the metropolis should not miss the opportunity of inspecting the grand collection of postage stamps, now on view, which the late

Mr. T. K. Tapling, M.P., bequeathed to the British Museum. Mr. Fred. J. Melville has provided a neat little handbook to the collection, which visitors will find very useful, as it gives the countries in their alphabetical order, and the numbers of the slides containing the stamps, with numerous notes designed to help the tyro to spot the varieties. By way of preface the author tells the story of the formation of this grand collection, which was commenced by Mr. Tapling when a boy of ten years of age. The publishers of this handy little guide are Messrs. Lawn and Barlow, 99 Regent Street, London, W., and the price is 1*s.*

Notable New Issues.

Belgium.—Some of the long-talked-of new portrait series have at last been received. We have before us three values, all of different design, but all having the same up-to-date profile portrait of King Leopold. The Sunday label is attached to each stamp. Of this new series the *Manchester Courier* says that although competition was not invited, artists in many lands, including several in this country, submitted designs for the new stamps, which are to be issued in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Independence of Belgium.

New Portrait of King Leopold.
Perf. 14.

20c., olive green
25c., blue.
35c., brown.

Cayman Islands.—All the stamps of these little West Indian islands have unexpectedly appeared on the Multiple paper except the 1*d.*

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½*d.*, green.
2½*d.*, blue.
6*d.*, brown.
1*s.*, orange.

Ceylon.—Most of the values of this colony have now been issued on the Multiple CA paper. The 75c. has at last appeared on the Single CA paper. Here is the list up to date:

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

2c., orange brown.
3c., green.
4c., orange; value, carmine.
5c., purple.
6c., carmine.
12c., sage green; value, rosine.
15c., ultramarine.
25c., light brown.
1r., 50., grey.
2r., 25c., brown; value green.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

75c., blue; value, carmine.

Gambia.—Some months since we quoted a report that this colony was likely to add some curious values to its series, and we now learn from *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* that specimen copies have been seen by a Spanish philatelic journal. The stamps are reported to be as follows:

New Values.
Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

5*d.*, grey and black.
7½*d.*, green and carmine.
10*d.*, olive brown and carmine.

Wmk. Crown CA. Single.

1*s.* 6*d.*, green and carmine on yellow.
2*s.* 6*d.*, violet and marone on yellow.
3*s.*, carmine and green on yellow.

Southern Nigeria.—Further values have to be added to our list on the Multiple paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½*d.*, green.
1*d.*, orange-brown; centre grey-black.
2½*d.*, blue; centre black.
6*d.*, mauve; centre grey-black.
1*s.*, black; centre green.
2*s.* 6*d.*, brown; centre grey-black.
5*s.*, yellow; centre grey-black.
£1, violet; centre green.

Servia.—A new value, 30 *paras*, has been added to the series with portrait of King Peter, chronicled by us in April, making the full series as follows:

Perf.

1 para, pale grey; centre black.
5 „ light green.
10 „ rose-red.
15 „ magenta.
20 „ yellow.
25 „ blue.
30 „ dark green.
50 „ deep brown.
1 dinar, buff.
3 „ blue-green.
5 „ mauve.

Spain.—We have no great love for Commemorative Issues. As a rule, they are mere labels turned out by the million with the sole object of swindling gullible stamp collectors. But who will dare cavil at the Commemorative issue just sent out by Spain to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of Don Quixote! A series of ten long oblong stamps, each depicting, crudely though it be, some strange or laughter-provoking scene in the immortal work, has been engraved and printed on white paper with control numbers on the back in blue. Portrait of Cervantes on the left. We illustrate the complete series:

First setting out of Don Quixote.

Tilting at the Windmill.

The Village Maidens and the Hero.

Sancho Tossed in a Blanket.

Knighting Don Quixote.

Charging Sheep with Lance.

Knight Riding Hobby-horse.

Adventure with the Lions.

Don Quixote Riding in a Waggon.

Meeting the Enchanted Lady.

Perf. 14.

5c., green; first setting out of Don Quixote.
10c., scarlet; tilting at the windmill.
15c., violet; the village maidens and the hero.
25c., blue; Sancho tossed in a blanket.
30c., green; knighting Don Quixote.
40c., rose; charging sheep with lance.
50c., blue; knight riding hobby-horse.
1p., red, adventure with the lions.
4p., violet; Don Quixote riding in a waggon.
10p., orange; meeting the enchanted lady

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:

EWEN: Ceylon, single CA, 75c.
STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.: Belgium, 20c., 25c., and 35c. Spain, Don Quixote set.
WHITFIELD KING AND CO.: Cayman Islands, multiple CA ½d., 2½d., 6d., and 1s. Servia, 30p. Southern Nigeria, multiple CA 2s. 6d.

And we have to thank Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for the loan of five unused Jamaica stamps from their stock for illustrating our article on the issues of that country.

Tales of the Far West.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 16.—IN THE SCROGS.

BEGINNING at twelve years of age, I herded my father's cattle for three seasons upon the grasses of an uninhabited township of marsh and gravel knolls. It was a lazy, lonesome business, but was enlivened in the later months by the coming of my cousin, Aleck Forster, an athletic boy of about my own age, whose father kept a store in a distant Mississippi town. In lieu of a gun, for which his father thought him too young, Aleck brought an abundance of stout, elastic rubbers and large shot.

I have never seen a boy so expert with the sling-shot. He had the weapon of all sizes; and with one especially large, which he called his "cannon," he frequently crippled plover and duck at twenty to thirty yards' range, and often killed the birds outright. Indeed, he threw buckshot from his "cannon" with the precision of Indian archery.

In September, when geese, brant, and crane came down from the north in great herds, Aleck was wild to kill a goose, but this game proved too wary for his short-range weapon.

From the top of a high gravel knoll we could look down upon the Scrogs, a famous peat marsh, and see myriads of great birds hovering upon and over its labyrinthine strips of water. Into this slough many of the big birds went to roost at night, and to puddle and lie about at mid-day.

The Scrogs had an evil reputation. Only one hunter and trapper had ever been known to go inside its dense fringes of rushes. This was old Jim Harned, who had a trapper's hut on the Little Sioux. He had named the treacherous slough, and he kept a dugout canoe at the Scrogs. The whole tortuous shore line was a floating peat bed, into which no boat could be pushed, except at one spot, for the feet could not tread elsewhere.

For more than a week Aleck and I watched crowds of geese and brant come and go at the Scrogs; then temptation got the better of us. If we could find Harned's canoe, and once get inside that big slough, we could, we thought, kill geese with the sling-shot.

Knowing that we could safely leave the cattle for some hours at mid-day, we set out for the Scrogs one forenoon with an extra ration of bread and butter, and our pockets loaded with shot. My qualms of conscience at deserting my post were soothed by the hope of bringing six or a dozen fat geese home.

Bevies of big birds heavily flying from their morning's feed upon the fields enlivened our two-mile tramp. *Ok-kud-dr-dr-dr!* shrilled the great flapping sand-hill crane. *Killilla-tata-tata!* chuckled the crop-full brant, and above all sounded the boom of the Canada gander: *Gaw-loough-gaw-loough-g'luh!*

Soon we were wading through swampy cornstalk grass higher than our heads. When we neared the first fringe of rushes, the sod began to sink beneath our feet, and we were obliged to turn aside and skirt the rushes. Then, hunting for the canoe, we tramped on amid clusters of fire-stunted willow and tangle of bog, roots, and high-water *débris*.

We could hear the big water-fowl, ducks, and mud-hens puddling, flapping, and quacking just beyond the rushes. Now and then we saw strips of open water, alive with geese and brant. When the distance was not too great, we fired buckshot at them. Almost entirely hidden, as we were, the birds paid no attention to us. At length Aleck knocked over a white-faced goose by a chance shot upon the skull, which elated us beyond measure.

After an hour of hard tramping over quaking bog we stumbled on the canoe. There was a long paddle in it, and the trail, over which the old trapper had dragged the craft, was easily traced.

At first it took our combined strength to move the canoe, but as we advanced, the sod sank, water came up, and we slid it along easily until we could get in and shove it forward with the paddle.

Soon we slipped in among the rushes, and here the difficulties should have furnished enough warning. Through a bottomless mass of tangled roots, water-weed, and floating peat we struggled, often getting the paddle-blade stuck. We were half an hour or more in moving a dozen yards.

A great flock of geese arose; ducks and grebe fled flapping and squalling in all directions, as we entered open water. Then, when the canoe was fairly settled and afloat, a leak near the bottom began filling it with water. We drew the craft upon a muskrat-house presently, and turned the water out. The "house," of woven flags and rushes, sank nearly to the level of the slough before we had finished bailing.

Nothing daunted, we paddled on, firing buckshot at clouds of big birds which rose before us, but this proved a waste of ammunition.

Progress was tedious. The canoe had to be bailed every ten or fifteen minutes, and now and then the rat-houses sank with us before we could overturn the craft. After an hour or two thus poking around we found the goose which Aleck had killed, and proud we were as we lifted the big bird into our canoe.

"Tell you what," proposed Aleck, "let's run the canoe into the rushes and shoot among their necks as they swim around."

"That might do," I answered, "if the canoe didn't leak. I think we'd best go back to the cattle now."

Aleck reluctantly submitted, and we paddled about upon the narrow strips of sedgy water, affrighting birds and muskrats, trying to return the canoe to the landing whence we had taken it. We supposed we had well noted the place, but after another hour of paddling and bailing, we concluded that we could not find it. So we determined to make a landing somewhere else, mark the spot, and tell Harned where to find his canoe.

We were nearly swamped in the first attempt to get ashore. In the second we fared no better. Twice the canoe was half-filled before we could get back to a rat-house. Everywhere we met the same mazy tangles and masses of floating peat, of roots and sedge, with mire beneath, in which the paddle stuck and hung. When we succeeded, now and then, in forcing our prow upon a strip of bog, it promptly sank, and progress was blocked.

There were places where I think we could have made an exit with a light canoe and two paddles, but in our leaky, hollow log it would have been impossible to force a way through at any point we tried.

It was long after noon when we found a very large and apparently stable rat-house, on which we lodged for dinner, and ate our bread and butter. Neither of us dared express the fear that we were hopelessly caught in the Scrogs. Instead, we talked bravely, now and then, of the fine goose we had killed, and smacked our lips at the prospect of to-morrow's feast. Of course the goose would be stuffed and baked for supper.

After eating and resting, we attempted landing upon boggy points free of rushes, but nowhere could we force the dugout upon the bogs or into them. When we tried to tear out a path with our hands the canoe became wedged and nearly sank with us.

After an hour or two of tedious work we returned to the prominent rat-house. Weary and dejected we flung our bodies upon the flags, knowing we must spend that night in the Scrogs. We were four miles from any habitation, and hallooing would be waste of breath.

Would any one search this slough for us? We thought it unlikely.

"They'll just think we've run away," was Aleck's gloomy comment, "and they'll look for us everywhere but in this hole."

Yes, they were likely to think I had run away, for I had grumbled much at my lot as a herder.

We dressed our goose, cut strips of breast steak, and half roasted them over a blaze of dry rushes, laid upon the wet edges of the rat-house. We ate the meat, with a morsel of bread, and drank sparingly of slimy water. Then we made nests to lie in among the flags and rushes, upon a slope of our strange domicile.

The geese and brant which came tumbling into the Scrogs after sunset were beyond account or conjecture. Their roar and clamour shook the air. After this incoming flight there was the constant puddle and spatter of fowl. Their calls and cries were mingled with the marsh notes of smaller fry. Listening to these, and with muskrats swimming all about us, we fell asleep.

The weather was warm and dry, and I awoke but once in the night, startled by the yapping of wolves upon a near gravel knoll. Their dismal music was accompanied by the call of loons, the pumping of bittern, and the cries of grebe, rail, and other night-squawkers.

It was broad day when I next awoke, sat up, and instantly saw two dead geese lying upon their backs some thirty feet away. Much astonished, I awoke Aleck and got an explanation. Unused to the racket of wolves, he had lain awake for a long time, and as flocks of geese hurtled by, craning their necks in the starlight, he had fired buckshot at them. So we should not soon starve.

"We may have to stay here until Harned comes to trap," I said to Aleck, "and if he doesn't come until the slough freezes over, if we run out of shot I know how to snare these muskrats in their holes."

Now that we had spent a night in the Scrogs, we seemed to feel that we could not get out. We no longer attempted to deceive each other or ourselves, and we felt better for it.

"I haven't really believed any of the time that we'd ever find our way out the way we came in," Aleck admitted, to my surprise. "The canoe didn't leave any trail among the water-rushes. Your old trapper knows the lay of this plaguy slough, and we don't, that's all."

We worried and bailed all that forenoon, and got so far away from the big rat-house that we were completely done out, twisting and turning among the waterways, in finding it. Never have I had such a sense of coming home to rest and safety as when we finally landed on that floating heap.

We did not stir again that afternoon, but ate our half-roasted meat and lay and watched the birds and talked. Aleck killed a venturesome mallard toward night. Then we gathered rushes for fires and scorched all our meat to preserve it.

That evening the big fowl came tumbling in again. What intimate sense of nearness we had as they sloped down, craning their necks to cock single large eyes at us, every broad wing-feather clearly sketched, and red legs and webbed feet dropping to strike the water! We lost the hunter's instinct in a new sense of kinship, and then we slept again.

I awoke the next morning to find my feet in water—the rat-house had begun sinking. I awoke Aleck. Then we looked at each other with white faces and narrowing eyes. This mound, of matted rush and flag, was our only refuge. Nowhere in the sloughs had we found another footing good for five minutes' tenure.

Something must be done, and quickly. Gathering calmness from the imminence of our peril, we began to think. Soon we hit upon the plan of piling rushes and flags, torn from other rat-houses, upon this one. This would bear us up until our loose stuff should be set afloat; after that, survival would be limited to the few hours of our endurance. We shouted and hallooed, and determined to repeat this, as a forlorn hope, at intervals.

Soon we had our mound piled with a stack of loose stuff several feet in height. Then we ate our goose meat in silence, but thinking hard. At last a plan of escape seemed to have been thrust into my mind by some extraneous force; it was alive in my brain with such suddenness—make a rope!

Make a rope of those tough, white rushes, sprinkled among the common sort. Fourteen strands of split reed would make a rope to hold a yoke of oxen. There was the boggy cape, free of rushes, with a clump of sprangling willow stumps, at the point of a strip of land, near its centre. Something could be done with a rope! And I could make hundreds of feet of rope if there were time enough.

I swallowed my meat in gulps while I poured this plan into Aleck's ears. Aleck was hopeful. If I could really make a stout rope, and one long enough, there was a chance on that boggy point, he admitted.

Then Aleck gathered reeds and I began to braid with all speed. It was a tedious

business; every inch of rope needed careful work. When I had produced several feet we tested the piece by our united strength. The result was satisfactory. At sunset I had more than thirty feet of rope on hand. Our rat-house had sunken several inches during the day. At intervals we had shouted.

That night we slept without sense of security. The wolves howled again, but Aleck killed no birds. Our mound was still lower in the morning, and we piled more loose stuff on top. We put in the day working, with a kind of feverish care, Aleck splitting and wetting the reeds while I braided. At night we had about eighty feet of stout and fairly pliable rope.

In the meantime our foundation had gone down until we saw that we had not many hours left. Gradually, as by clock-work, the big rat-house was sinking into the bottomless sponge of the Scrogs. Aleck made rush fire-lights and I worked until far into the night. In the morning we calculated that we had about twelve hours of stable foothold left us.

"LIE PERFECTLY STILL, TILL I CAN CUT A CLUB!"

We worked on until noon, testing every foot of rope as it was produced. We then had something more than one hundred and fifty feet, the least we could hope to work with successfully. We had but little time to spare. As we set out finally from our domicile, the top of the original heap was nearly at the level of the slough.

We reached the boggy point, where lay our hope of escape, in a few minutes' paddling; and here we set to work in a kind of cool excitement. There was a good-sized rat-house near one edge of this cape of peat. Thin grass, but no rushes, grew in the bog, and a narrow strip of marsh land jutted into the centre of the cape. At the extreme point of the strip grew the scraggy willow stumps.

Reaching the rat-house, we bailed the canoe, and then drove the small end of the paddle, sharpened for that purpose, through the centre of the rush-heap until only the blade projected. Then Aleck stood on the top of the house, with legs astride the paddle blade, which gave him bracing foothold, while I took the canoe, tipping it over to the sound side, and pulled round the edge of the bog.

The rope was tied in a slip-knot over and under my shoulder, and Aleck held the stiff coil, paid it out, and swung it above the bog, as I toiled slowly round the point.

At last we had our rope stretched across the peat to within ten feet or so of the willow clump, but now Aleck had sunk, paddle and rat-house, until he stood to mid-legs in water.

"You'll have to hurry," he called, "or my feet'll be fast in the mud!"

I worked the canoe round a little farther, gave the rope a flirt upward with a swoop sideways, and looped the willow stumps fairly at their base. Then I began, frantically, working back toward Aleck. But the rope, no longer handled at both ends, of course

caught upon the bogs. As I wriggled about, too, the canoe began filling, and Aleck was shouting for help.

We had planned making a kind of bridge by tying both ends of the rope round the dugout at the edge of the bog. Seeing this could not be done, I shouted to Aleck to pull himself across to the willows, hand over hand, and I would do the same. I had hardly finished speaking when there was a tug at the rope, and pulling against each other and the willows and bogs, we scrambled for dear life over the shaking mire and peat.

I could not see Aleck, but was going famously and had come within a dozen yards of the willows, when my legs sank in a strip of soft mire and roots, and, strain as I might, I could not pull them out. The more I struggled the firmer I was stuck.

I threw one arm over a bog and tried with the other hand to free my feet. I worked in a fury of fright, sinking deeper and also feeling my bog give way. The water rose around me, and I saw that a whole section of bog was going down with me.

Then I heard Aleck shouting: "Lie still, I tell you—perfectly still, till I can cut a club!"

Above the tops of thin grass I could see the crown of his bare head, as he bent at work among the willow stubs. I lay, for what seemed a frightful space of time, slowly, steadily sinking into the mire pit. Then Aleck spoke again. "Is your rope tight around you?" he asked.

"Yes! yes!" I gasped.

Presently I felt the loop tighten suffocatingly upon my chest, and then, inch by inch, fighting to keep my face out of mud and water, I was drawn out of my pit, until I could again help with my legs. Aleck, clever river-lad, had "snub-twisted" me out of the last deadly gripe of the Scrogs.

A moment later we stood by the willows, a pair of hatless, beslimed, but joyful youngsters—free and safe, after five days in the Scrogs!

At home they had hunted the herd ground over for us, and then, recalling certain preparation and fluster on the morning of our departure, they had felt certain that my city cousin had coaxed me to run away. They were doing their best to find us, but no one had dreamed of looking in the Scrogs.

THE HIGH-MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

By An Old Pauline.

[From the *Daily Chronicle*.]

THERE are great rulers of boys who are so mainly because they are "boys themselves." Such, one gathers, was Arnold. There are others, great none the less, who are so in spite of the fact that to all appearance they never were boys, and certainly never will be.

Such, to the youthful fancy of the average Pauline, is the case with that wonderful personality which is soon to be lost to public-school life by the resignation of Frederick William Walker, for close upon thirty years High-Master of St. Paul's.

To the small boy, and more especially to the new boy, it could hardly help being a terrific personality. Sombre, rugged, impassive—with shaggy grey beard and grey hair brushed roughly across the high brow—the figure of the High-Master, standing bareheaded behind the spruce Head of the School at prayers, is a presence not to be put by, even as a memory.

The voice is in keeping with the outward man. It is deep and reverberating, like "thunder heard remote."

An Impressive Personality.

Even to larger children of all ages Mr. Walker's personality remains something of a mystery still. How shall one reconcile, for instance, the intensely practical, masterly organiser who brought to the old school in the Churchyard, with all its crusted institutions, the enterprise and business methods of the "man from Manchester," who initiated the move to West Kensington, who first put "science" into line with classical culture, who launched forth even into the establishment of an associated girls' school in Brook Green—how shall one reconcile him with the scholarly recluse who devoted his scant leisure in the old Oxford days to researches in Sanskrit, and still finds his recreation in dissertations on philology?

Above all how shall one reconcile both with

a schoolmaster who, though apparently utterly without any juvenile sympathies whatever, has managed to gain—first at Manchester Grammar School and afterwards at St. Paul's—the affection and reverence of at least two generations of the "soaring human boy"?

As to the last matter, there is, at any rate, one secret that old Paulines do not need to discover. This is that, for all his gruff exterior, Mr. Walker has the kindest heart in the world. He knows about and cares for every one of the seven hundred boys in the school.

Insight and Sympathy.

It is this knowledge and insight that all Paulines have come to know and recognise in the end. In which connection, one may, perhaps, quote an actual instance. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago a very tall, shambling boy, in quite a low form at St. Paul's, began to show remarkable literary tendencies. He wrote the prize poem for several years in succession. He contributed wild prose to an unofficial school magazine. Still, he proved quite unable to do justice to himself in the regular school work. He towered in stature above the rest of his form, and there were those that scoffed.

Mr. Walker took up the cause of the poetic youth. He posted up a notice that this boy should rank with the head form. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has not discredited his first champion—the High-Master.

There remains, however, this to be said. With all his strange genius for understanding boys, the High-Master of St. Paul's has not been essentially a believer in the maxim that "boys will be boys." He recognises that boys are boys, but that they will be men. He has permitted—nay, encouraged—cricket and football; but he has not gloated over them. One can, indeed, hardly imagine his ever having played either the one or the other.

With him "the career" has been all-important, and the obvious opening to that career presents itself in a scholarship at the university. Hence St. Paul's does triumphantly send up to the universities year by year boys who "clear the board" scholastically.

St. Paul's—the new St. Paul's that Mr. Walker created in West Kensington—is young yet. A gallery of distinguished men is not produced in a decade or even two. As it is, not only literature, but the army, the Church, and particularly the Civil Service, are full of Paulines whose names will be familiar enough before the century is very much older.

In some instances it is perhaps true that they have not the distinctive "tone" cultivated at the great boarding-schools. That is their parents' fault, not Mr. Walker's; and "tone" is at best a difficult flower to rear at a day school in the neighbourhood of Olympia and the Earl's Court exhibition.

In any case, there is not a single old Pauline who does not owe more than he can express to the sage and curiously practical counsel of the profound High Master. He has presided over the destinies of the school of Milton and Marlborough, throughout a period of universal transition. He seemed to have been framed specially for that office—a strong man, a magnificent product of the old scholarship, foreseeing and welcoming the new.

MR. F. W. WALKER, M.A., HIGH-MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S FOR NEARLY THIRTY YEARS.

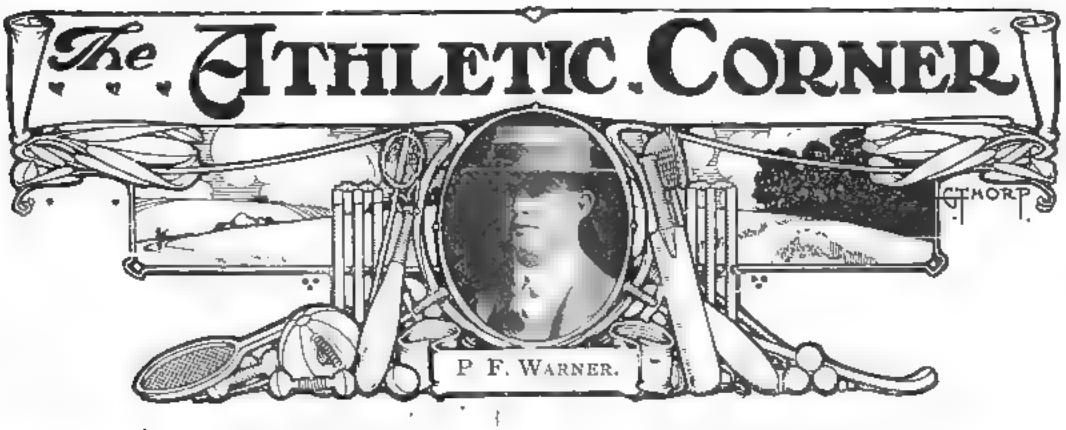
By permission of *Vanity Fair*.

There is much to be done, much to be created; but even the Pauline poets of the future—among whom, by the way, one may include Mr. Lawrence Binyon—will remember that "old Damœtas loved to hear their song."

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI,

who was top of the batting averages last season for the third time. He is the son of Jam of Navanagar, and was born in India in 1872. Receiving his early education in India, he eventually came to Cambridge. He has played for Sussex since 1895, and maintained his position at the top of the Sussex averages until 1902.

Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.



SOME HEROES OF THE TEST MATCHES.

GOOD batsmen can be counted by the hundred; really great batsmen are as rare as Melbas or De Reskés. Opinions differ as to whether K. S. Ranjitsinhji or Victor Trumper is the finer player, but as we are only discussing English batsmen in this article that question does not for the moment concern us. It may, then, without hesitating, be said that Ranjitsinhji is, *par excellence*, the foremost English batsman of the day. In two respects, namely, keenness of sight and wrist work, he is the superior of any one, and when he is playing a long innings he has the effect of making one feel that batting is the easiest thing imaginable. There is a complete absence of apparent effort; the ball flies off the bat like a bird on the wing; and one would at once jump to the conclusion that the bowlers were bowling very badly were it not for the obvious difficulty the batsman at the other end had in staying in. There is no batsman for whom it is more difficult to set the field, and I have heard it remarked that the best bowlers require thirteen fielders when Ranjitsinhji is in form. Every one has heard of his superb leg glances—a stroke which had its origin, I believe, in the fact that when a boy, instead of running away from the wicket, as most boys are apt to do when they begin the game, he ran towards the wicket in the direction of the off stump—his wonderful late cuts, and his almost supernatural quickness in judging the length of a ball. The state of the wicket seems to matter less to him than to others, some of his greatest scores having been made on pitches that the rest of his side had no use for. He has played so many wonderful innings that it would be difficult to pick out the absolute greatest, but probably his 154 not out for England *v.* Australia at Manchester in July 1896, was the finest of all. On that occasion no one else scored over twenty runs except A. E. Stoddart, who got 41. But this is not the only big innings Ranjitsinhji has played in international cricket, for in Australia with Stoddart's second team he did splendidly in spite of a good deal of ill health, and in the test matches in 1899 he played one or two great innings. And then for Sussex what deeds he has wrought! Indeed, he and C. B. Fry, many people say, are the Sussex XI. so far, at all events, as the batting goes. It used to be thought that Ranjitsinhji was purely a hard wicket batsman; but I once saw him make 202 on a very difficult wicket against Albert Trott and Hearne when the next highest score was 13, and on anything like a crumbled or fiery wicket he is a long way the best batsman I have ever seen. Indeed, to see him at his highest point is to watch him playing a very fast bowler like Lockwood, or Richardson,

HE SOMETIMES FIELDS IN THE SLIPS.

"WELL HIT, CHARLES."

or Jones the Australian, on a bumpy wicket at Lord's.

It is a fact not generally known, but Ranjitsinhji holds the record for quick scoring. This was in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1896, when in the first innings he actually made *forty-seven runs in nine minutes*, scoring 18 off the first over he received from Richardson. When the Gentlemen went in on a fiery wicket with 224 runs to win the match, Ranjitsinhji (51 not out) and F. S. Jackson (40 not out) hit off the last ninety runs in three-quarters of an hour. The Gentlemen have probably never been represented by a stronger eleven than on that occasion, the side consisting of W. G. Grace (captain), A. E. Stoddart, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, L. C. H. Palairet, F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, Sir T. C. O'Brien, S. M. J. Woods, A. O. Jones, E. Smith, and G. MacGregor.

HE CAN BOWL A BIT, TOO.

SAVING THE FOUR.

AT POINT.

Much has been written of the prowess and skill of C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson, and A. C. MacLaren, but it is rather as bowlers than as batsmen that one considers professional cricketers, for the fact that the bowling strength of England lies almost entirely in the hands of the professionals is apt to make one a little slow to realise that, to-day at any rate, the professionals can put forward rivals to our most famous amateur batsmen. To my mind, the two professional batsmen who stand ahead of all their comrades are Hayward, of Surrey, and Tyldesley, of Lancashire; and in saying this I am not forgetting the rise of Iremonger, of Notts, and the brilliant forcible play of Knight, of Leicestershire. But Hayward and Tyldesley have, year after year, found themselves at the end of each cricket season in the first ten or twelve in the batting averages, and both of them—and especially Hayward—have illuminated the story of England and Australia and Gentlemen and Players matches. Which is the better batsman of the

HAYWARD.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

two under all conditions it is not quite easy to say, for on a perfect wicket Hayward, for the reason that he takes fewer risks, is probably a more consistent and sounder player than Tyldesley; while on a bowler's wicket, good as Hayward proved himself to be in Australia, Tyldesley is without a doubt Hayward's superior. Indeed, there is no better bad-wicket batsman in the world than the Lancastrian. But, given an equal season—and by an equal season I mean a fair proportion of good and bad wickets—Hayward and Tyldesley should not be far separated from one another. So we may say "honours are easy," and leave it to their individual partisans to fight out which is actually the better.

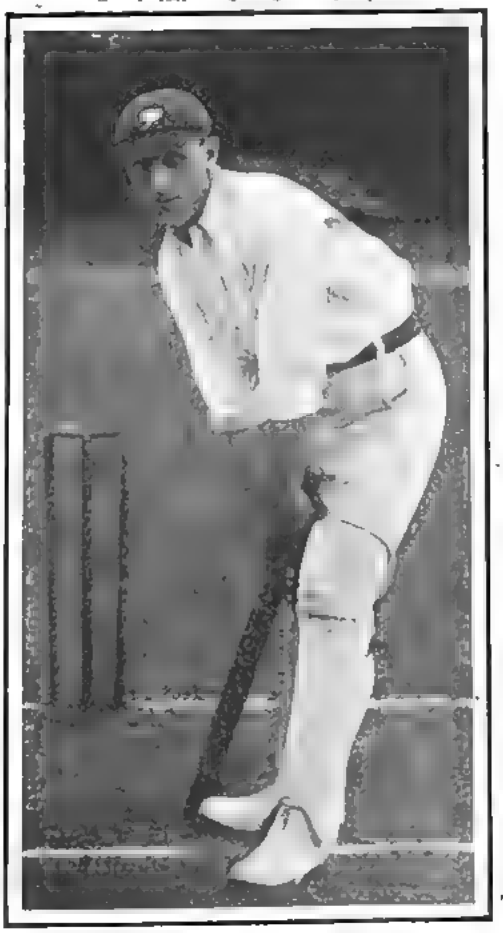
No two batsmen differ more in style. Hayward never takes an undue risk; Tyldesley the moment he gets to the wicket begins to go for the bowling. Hayward is not actually a late cutter; Tyldesley revels in the cut. Hayward does not hook; the hook is one of Tyldesley's most productive strokes. Tyldesley is, on the whole, a better leg-side player than Hayward, and his treatment of short balls on the wicket is more certain and forcible than Hayward's. Briefly, Tyldesley has more strokes; but for all practical purposes Hayward has every stroke, and he does not gamble with the off ball as Tyldesley does. Perhaps it is because Tyldesley feels he must give the poor bowler a chance that he occasionally flicks a little rashly at a wide ball.

Spectators, as a rule, do not like slow scoring, but Hayward's style is so easy and graceful, and so abounding in all that is sound and polished in the art of batting, that even when scoring slowly he is, to me at any rate, always delightful to watch. And then he can, when he makes up his mind to have a go, hit so strongly and cleanly and with such masterful power in the placing of his stroke. Moreover, he carries as straight a bat to the wicket as any other man in the world, and here lies the secret of his splendid defence, for his bat is never out of the perpendicular. A great many players are somewhat ungainly in their defensive strokes—there is something of an effort about them and a certain awkwardness when they are stopping a good-length ball. Not so Hayward; and to the close observer of the game many of his best strokes are those from which no runs accrue, as, for instance, when he plays forward with easy movement to the good-length ball, or, again, when he goes right back on to his wicket and plays the ball hard back to the bowler or forces it past mid-on. A great many runs, indeed, does Hayward make on either side of mid-on, and then his off-drive, and treatment of good-length balls outside the off stump generally, are things of beauty. There is no effort, just an easy poise of the body and the ball is being returned by a

TYLDESLEY.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

spectator on the off-side boundary. And occasionally, and especially to a slow left-hand bowler, Hayward will jump out and hit the ball over extra cover's head first bounce into the ring—a stroke which Tyldesley, too, uses frequently, though in his case the hit is made firm-footed. If he had so chosen, Hayward might have been a great hitter, but he prefers to blend the two, with possibly

a tendency to err too much on the defensive side. But, after all, the man himself is the best judge of his own abilities, and to know just how much one may attempt, or what one may not attempt, is the very root and branch of successful batting. And apart from all inherent skill, Hayward has all those qualities of grit, courage, and determination without which no one, however accomplished



RHODES.
Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

as a batsman pure and simple, is really great. His record in test matches is as good as, if not better than, that of any other living cricketer. You see, I have been lucky enough to be near him on one or two big occasions, so I may be excused for thinking him almost an ideal batsman. In Australia he was the mainstay of the M.C.C. team. He never got a hundred in a test match, but he went very near to it once or twice, and not half enough has been said about that splendid 91 of his in the first test match at Sydney. We went in on a worn wicket to get 190 odd runs. Four were out for 81, but Hayward never faltered in the certainty of his defence, and, helped by George Hirst—him of the big heart and the cool head—we pulled through all right. It was a *magnificent innings*, that 91.

But, as I have said, very near him comes Tyldesley, equally determined and a trifle more resourceful on a bad wicket. Him, too, I have seen over and over again play a big part in adverse circumstances, and of all his great innings none was better than that 53 on a shocking bad wicket at Sydney. How he hit Saunders!—who had the impudence to bowl to him without a man in the country. After an over or two Saunders did not know where to pitch the ball, and that awkward fifty minutes before lunch—when many expected the Australians would get four or five of us out—was safely tided over. But, as if to show Australia, Tyldesley, that you revelled in bad wickets, you batted even better in the next test match at Melbourne—97 and 62, was it?—the last half of your first innings and the whole of your second being played on a wicket on which the ball not only turned very quickly, but as often as not got up straight. I shall never forget how you hooked Trumble off your face. It was splendid!

It is a moot question amongst cricketers whether Briggs, Peel, Peate, or Rhodes is the greatest slow left-handed bowler England has ever had. To my mind, Briggs was the least great bowler of the four; Peel on a hard wicket the best of the lot; and Peate the most difficult on a sticky wicket. Still, on all sorts of wickets, day in and day out, Rhodes has many supporters who regard him as the best slow left-hander that has yet appeared. In saying this, these critics are not judging Rhodes on his form of last season, when he was, except on rare occasions, probably below himself. Great as Peate was in the early part of his career, he was favoured with several exceptionally wet summers, and when the fine weather returned he was probably on the wane.

Rhodes has had quite a different experience. Appearing for Yorkshire in 1898, he bowled with extraordinary success through four of the driest summers we have had, but, curiously enough, he has scarcely ever done well at Lord's.

Before Rhodes went to Australia with the Marylebone Club team many Australian cricketers thought that if ever he dared to attack them in their own stronghold "they would knock the cover off the ball." But the sequel showed how false these prophesies were, for even on the fastest and best wickets at Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide he was treated with the greatest respect. But it is on a sticky wicket that Rhodes is in his element. He then pitches the ball on or just outside the leg stump; it comes back quickly, and you are either bowled off stump or caught at the wicket or slip. This is what will happen to you if you stay at home. If you go out to him—which is the best plan—with luck in the placing of your drives you may knock up thirty or forty runs; but in the end you will either be stumped or caught at cover from a miss-hit. He has strong claims to be considered the champion bowler of the day.

There can be little doubt that if he were playing cricket regularly, R. E. Foster would be one of the first men chosen for England. Indeed, at his best he is scarcely the inferior of even Ranjitsinhji or Trumper. On the three great occasions of his cricket career he has beaten all records—in the 'Varsity match—in Gentlemen *v.* Players, and for England *v.* Australia. In each of these matches did he eclipse all previous performances—and though his score in the 'Varsity match was beaten last July by J. F. Marsh, and his double century in Gentlemen *v.* Players, equalled also last season by King, of Leicestershire, his 287 for England *v.* Australia at Sydney in December 1903, is likely to stand for many a long day. No batsman in the world has a more subtle and stronger wrist, and no batsman plays in more graceful and attractive style. Like Ranjitsinhji and Trumper, he has every stroke, and though not regarded exactly as a hitter, he can drive as long a ball as G. L. Jessop.

R. E. Foster has something else to recommend him besides his batting; for he is one of the great slips of the world, standing in the same class in that position in the field as Braund and Tunnicliffe and J. R. Mason.

Besides being a cricketer, R. E. Foster is a beautiful racquet player; a first-class golfer; and he has played association football for England in more than one match. He is, in short, one of our finest athletes, claiming distinction in this respect with such notable "all-rounders" as C. B. Fry and A. E. Stoddart.

R. E. FOSTER.

Photo, P. F. Warner.

BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest score.	Times not out.	Average.
1900 . .	40	3065	275	5	87.57
1901 . .	40	2468	285*	5	70.51
1902 . .	26	1106	234*	2	46.08
1903 . .	41	1924	204	7	56.58
1904 . .	34	2077	207*	6	74.17

* Signifies not out.

In Test Matches.

26 .. 989 .. 175 .. 4 .. 44.95

HAYWARD.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest score.	Times not out.	Average
1900 . .	57	2693	193	7	53.86
1901 . .	58	2535	181	8	50.70
1902 . .	56	1737	177	3	32.77
1903 . .	64	2177	156*	3	35 68
1904 . .	63	3170	205	5	54.65

* Signifies not out.

In Test Matches.

40 .. 1420 .. 137 .. 2 .. 37.36

TYLDESLEY

1900 . .	47	1593	142	5	37.92
1901 . .	60	3041	221	5	55.29
1902 . .	51	1934	165	3	40.29
1903 . .	50	1955	248	6	44 43
1904 . .	44	2439	235	5	62.53

In Test Matches

30 .. 804 .. 138 .. 0 .. 26.80

RHODES'S BOWLING ANALYSIS DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS

	Wickets.		Runs.		Average
1900 . .	261	..	3606	..	13.81
1901 . .	251	..	3797	..	15 12
1902 . .	213	..	2801	..	13 15
1903 . .	193	..	2813	..	14.57
1904 . .	131	..	2829	..	21 59

In Test Matches.

66 .. 1165 .. 17.65

R. E. FOSTER'S BATTING AVERAGES.

	Runs.		Highest score.		Average.
1900 . .	1807	..	171	..	51.62
1901 . .	2128	..	136	..	50.66
1902 . .	551	..	109	..	36.73
1903 . .		.		..	
1904 . .		..		..	

In Test Matches.

486 .. 287 .. 60.75

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. H. Pugh.—(*a*) A bat weighing *not more* than 2 lb. 5 oz. should suit you. I should apply to any of the advertisers in THE CAPTAIN—they supply as good bats as any one I know of. (*b*) Most certainly wear gloves on all occasions. They may save a broken finger. (*c*) A temperature of between 55° and 60°.

Ju Jitsu.—The Japanese swear by it, but I have not met any one in this country who has tried the system. Sandow's method is excellent provided you do not overdo it.

F. N. Brierley.—Yes, you are quite correct. Trinidad twice defeated Lord Brackley's XI.

An Old Reader.—Of course, D was out. The fact that the bails were off at B's end does not in the least affect D being run out at the other end.

SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS, 1905.

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—C. T. te Water, 5 min 2⅘ sec.
Half-mile.—D. L. Leverson, 2 min 19 sec.
Quarter-mile. C P. Gouldsbury, 58 sec.
100 Yards.—C. P. Gouldsbury, 11 sec
High Jump.—L. A N. Brooks, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—F. C. Fitzgerald-Moore, 17 ft. 7 in.
Cricket Ball.—H. S. Moberly, 93 yd. 3 in.
Weight.—A. D. H. Hickie, 29 ft. 1 in.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Mile.—E. H. Woodward, 5 min. 2 sec.
Three-quarter mile.—J. Fenn, 3 min. 50 sec.
Quarter-mile. J. F. Pollard, 58¾ sec.
100 Yards.—J. F. Pollard, 11⅛ sec.
High Jump.—A Aldworth, 4 ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump.—J. F. Pollard, 17 ft. 7¼ in.
Cricket Ball.—H. S. Rouse, 83 yd. 1 ft.
Weight.—J. F. Pollard, 25 ft. 9 in.

GIGGLESWICK.

Mile. Frank II., 5 min. 13 sec.
Quarter-mile.—Frank II., 58⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Frank I., 11⅕ sec.
Hurdles.—Frank I., 20⅖ sec.
High Jump.—Chatwood, 5 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump.—Helm, 17 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—Jenkinson, 78 yd.
Weight.—Jenkinson, 30 ft. ⅛ in.

GRESHAM.

Mile.—H. G. Hooper, 5 min. 17 sec.
Half-mile.—H. Ronalson, 2 min. 14 sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. W. Partridge, 58⅕ sec.
Hurdles.—H. W. Partridge, 19⅗ sec.
High Jump.—H. W. Partridge, 5 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump.—H. W. Partridge, 18 ft 4½ in.
Cricket Ball.—F. R. B. Skrumshire, 90 yd. 1 ft. 6 in.
Weight.—Macallum, 26 ft. 3 in.

HURSTPIERPOINT.

Mile.—W. K. Fry, 5 min. 15 sec.
Half-mile.—F. M. S. Gibson, 2 min. 19⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—G. M. Aylmer, 59⅖ sec.
100 Yards.—F. M. S. Gibson, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—F E. Pring, 20 sec.
High Jump.—F M. S. Gibson, 4 ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump.—L. Armstrong, 18 ft. 6½ in.
Cricket Ball.—J. F de W. Denning, 82 yd. 2 ft.
Steeplechase.—H. C. Aylmer.

UPPINGHAM.

Mile.—C. Leney, 4 min. 45⅗ sec.
Half-mile.—H. V. Braham, 2 min. 6⅗ sec.*
Quarter mile.—H. V. Braham, 55⅗ sec.
220 Yards.—C. F. Martin, 25 sec
100 Yards.—A R. Turner, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—N. E. Mather, 18 sec
High Jump.—C F Martin, 5 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump.—N. E. Mather, 18 ft. 9 in.
Weight.—J. C. Sherburn, 29 ft. 7 in.
Hammer.—J. C. Sherburn, 81 ft. 6 in.
Steeplechase.—C. Leney.

* School record.

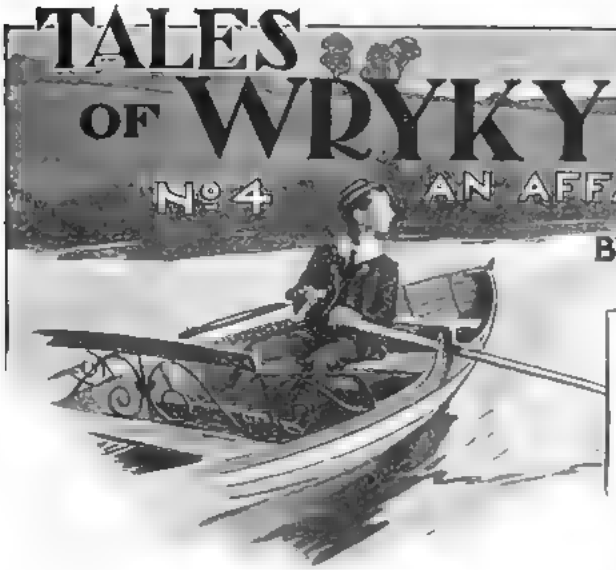
WELLINGTON.

Two Miles.—T. Marshall, 10 min. 54⅗ sec.
Mile.—L. Field, 5 min. 4 sec.
Half-mile.—R. S. Wahab, 2 min. 14⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—R. S. Wahab, 56⅕ sec.
220 Yards.—N. Pierse, 21⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—R. S Wahab, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—S Shakespear 16⅗ sec.
High Jump.—W. P. Hone, 5 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump.—L. Salmon, 18 ft. 11 in.
Cricket Ball.—H. Robertson, 79 yd.
Weight.—S. D. Cahusac, 30 ft. 7 in.

TALES OF WRYKYN

No. 4 — AN AFFAIR OF BOATS

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

THIS story deals with an earlier phase of the career of the ruthless Rankin, before he left Seymour's. The events narrated covered a period of some weeks, and the beginning and the end of it were divided by the Easter holidays.

Shoeblossom began it. J. R. Leather-Twigg, of Seymour's, frequently did begin trouble. It happened in this way. Towards the end of the Easter term there were sports. Not only the school sports, but also form sports. For the last three weeks of term you could not move in any direction on the school grounds without being warned off because you were in the track of some miserable race that was being or was going to be run. The sky was obscured by people high-jumping. Every now and then you walked within range of some putter of the shot, and narrowly escaped taking the same in the small of the back. Avoiding this danger, you were seized upon to hold the tape for the heats of the Lower Second Modern hundred yards or the Eighth Engineers half-mile. In fact, the only really safe place was the school shop. Even there you ran the risk of meeting some one who would place a bare foot beside your plate, and ask you whether you would put Elliman's on it or not. It was a stirring, hustling time, and for one who was not an athlete it was a little boring.

Shoeblossom found it more than a little boring. He had never run a race in his life. And he hoped he never should. If he wanted exercise, he went into Seymour's senior dayroom, and upset the table. Rankin, on the other hand, was an enthusiast. The beauty of these form sports was twofold. In the first place, the events were all handicaps; and such was the insignificance and general weediness of the diarist that he hoped to be limit man in every race for which he entered. In the second place, the prizes were in cash. Solid. None of your pen-knives and flasks and leather ink-pots, but hard coin. Every one in the form subscribed a certain sum; the form master gave of his plenty a further ten shillings; and the nett result was divided up as prizes. Theoretically, you were supposed to buy with the money you won a suitable trophy. On the other hand, nobody stood over you to see that you did it; and, as a rule, the money went into the school treasury across the counter of the Shop.

Reginald loved cash. He had never had enough of it. The more he got, the more he wanted. So he put his name down for all the races and half the other events, and started to train.

It was, I believe, an agreeable sight to see Reginald training. Before you saw him at it you thought that twenty yards was too much to give any body in the hundred. After you had feasted your eyes on the spectacle for a few minutes, you thought what a shame it was not giving him more.

Shoeblossom watched him one morning, and wished somebody had told him of it earlier. People are so thoughtless. Here was this gorgeous feast of comic relief going on day after day, and until now he had missed it. He saw it every morning after that, and it never staled. He was fascinated. He brought Barry and Drummond to watch.

And Reginald, oblivious of everything, toiled on.

Shoeblossom was one of those youths who are never really happy unless they are promoting some demoniacal rag. He felt that he must base a rag on Reginald's passion for training, or life would be hollow. So he conceived a deadly snare for the athlete.

"What you want to do," he said to him sympathetically one night, as they were undressing in their dormitory, "is to rub yourself with stuff at nights. It keeps the muscles from getting stiff."

"I do," said Reginald, with some haughtiness; "I use Elliman's."

"I've got some stuff that's better than that," said Shoeblossom. "It's called capsicum vaseline. It's hot stuff."

"What's it do?" inquired Reginald, examining the saucer which Shoeblossom held up for his inspection.

"Sends a gentle glow all over you, and makes you supple. You'd better have some on to-night."

"SENDS A GENTLE GLOW ALL OVER YOU, AND MAKES YOU SUPPLE."

"All right," said the deluded athlete.

They rubbed it on then and there. Capsicum vaseline, according to the printed label on each packet, is "a tincture of the finest red pepper taken on to vaseline." It is generally used as a substitute for mustard-plaster, over which it has this advantage, that, though a "powerful counter-irritant," it does not blister the skin.

About five minutes after the dastard Shoeblossom had helped his friend to rub this specific well in, a sharp howl broke from his victim.

"Stop that noise," said Mill, the prefect of the dormitory.

"*Oo!*" said Reginald.

"Don't be an ass," whispered Shoeblossom. "What's up?"

"I'm burning."

"You're all right," said Shoeblossom consolingly. "That's the gentle glow."

"Gentle glow!"

"Stop—that—noise!" said Mill again. "Here, who's that going out? Come back."

The lights were out by this time, and he could just detect through the darkness a small figure racing out of the door. The next moment distant sounds of running water came from the bath-room. Reginald was taking a cold tub.

Mill shook the bath-room door, but it was locked.

"Come out of that, you little beast," he hissed.

"Ow," said the little beast, "Oo."

Vigorous sounds of splashing from within. Mill retired baffled.

By the time the cooling-off process was complete, both Mill and Shoeblossom were sleeping like angels. With even his passion for retaliation quenched, Reginald clambered into bed, and on the following morning got up early, being wishful to keep out of Mill's

way as far as possible. But he was not in such a hurry to leave the room that he forgot to abstract Shoeblossom's studs—a feat which led to the humourist being late for breakfast and getting a hundred lines in lieu of porridge. But Reginald did not consider this Revenge. It was simply an earnest of more to come, a little on account, as it were. Nor, when he positively won the second prize in the Form quarter-mile did Shoeblossom's statement that it was all due to the capsicum vaseline, and that he, Shoeblossom, ought to have a commission on the prize, soothe him. If ever a look spoke, Reginald's look at that moment said, "Aha! a time will come, and then——!"

The Easter term ended without event; and he came back at the conclusion of the holidays full of stern resolve. The entry in his diary:

> "*Got up. Washed. Said my prayers. Trained. That beast Leather-Twigg rubbed some stuff on to me which burnt like anything and hurt awfully,*"

still lacked a corresponding entry on the credit side.

Early in the summer term, the weather being fine, it being a Saturday, and, finally, it being the day of the School *v.* Regiment match, Shoeblossom, who had no soul for cricket, slid softly away in the direction of the town. He meant to have a long afternoon on the river. Wrykyn is on the Severn, which, in parts, is a very jolly river, affording much pleasure to the not over-energetic oarsman. Shoeblossom was perhaps the laziest oarsman in existence. He hated rowing. If he could have got to the spot he wished to reach in a steam-launch, he would have done it. Having no launch, he was obliged to set to and pull.

His destination was a small, wooded island up-stream. It was not known to many of the school, as most Wrykinians got aboard at the School boat-house, which was further down-stream past the town, and went the other way. Owing to various regrettable encounters between Wrykyn fags and the young bloods of the town, which had in one instance culminated immediately opposite the Mayor's house in a naval battle of a kind that made Trafalgar seem like the effort of a band of amateurs, rules and regulations had been issued by the Head Master to the effect that the school must keep to its own waters. On the occasion referred to, three boats had been sunk, and ten fags from Dexter's and the School House had returned dripping to their quarters. Shoeblossom was therefore out of bounds. But did his dauntless spirit reck of that? No, indeed it did not.

Half an hour's rowing brought him to the island. He pulled in, tied up his Argo to the branch of a willow, and disembarked. Then he proceeded to haul from the seat, in the following order, a vast bag of cherries, a bottle of ginger-beer, sixpennyworth of plain chocolate, a copy of "Many Cargoes," and, by way of a variant, a shilling paper-covered volume entitled "The Montresors of the Grange." This done, he placed them under a tree, and started on a round tour of the island to see if the scenery and the local *flora* and *fauna* generally had altered at all since his last visit—a year ago now.

The island was oval in shape, and about seventy yards long by twenty wide. It was densely wooded, and the vegetation might have been described as rank. The stinging-nettles in places, for instance, had to be felt to be realised. Also there were brambles. But apart from these disadvantages, it was as romantic, satisfactory an island as you could wish to find, and Shoeblossom, who had a romantic nature, was fond of it. He liked to fancy that he owned it.

The distance from the island to the banks on either side was in each case from ten to fifteen yards. The water was deep, and ran strongly. Not that Shoeblossom minded that. Like most Wrykinians, he could swim well. As at Eton, before going on the river you had to pass an examination in swimming.

Having reached the upper end of the island, Shoeblossom worked his way back along the coast, as it were, to the spot where he had left his books and provisions, which he proceeded to carry inland. Being out of bounds, it was necessary that he should not be seen by passing boats or by strollers on the bank. One never knew when a master might not take it into his head to scull up-stream instead of down, and petty discussions with masters on the subject of bounds revolted Shoeblossom. He disappeared, therefore, into the interior, whence presently came a musical pop, as the ginger-beer bottle was broached.

Now, while Shoeblossom was making the tour of the island, he had been observed, though he did not know it. There was another member of Seymour's who had no soul for cricket. To wit, Reginald Rankin. And Reginald, wearying of the monotony of the lower and lawful part of the river—

"NOW, YOU YOUNG BRUTE, WHAT—DO—YOU—MEAN—BY—IT?"

which he knew by heart—and caring as little as did Shoeblossom for the prejudices of the Head Master respecting bounds, had hired a boat at the town landing-stage and set off up-stream to spend a happy afternoon.

He was rounding a bend in the river when, looking over his shoulder, he caught sight of the island and of Shoeblossom disappearing into the jungle. His first impulse was to turn back. The earth was barely big enough to hold the two of them since the vaseline incident. The island would be a good deal too small. Then he reflected that so far the river had been pretty dull, and that once past this island he might come on some pleasant spot where he could moor his vessel, and read, and brood over his wrongs.

So he sculled slowly and painfully up on the right of the island; and, when he had gone a little way, he came upon Shoeblossom's boat tied to its willow. And something seemed to whisper to him, "Cut her adrift."

He gazed at the island. No sign of Shoeblossom. Somewhere within the recesses of the bushes that wanderer lurked; but he was not in sight.

Very cautiously Reginald paddled in till he could reach the rope. The knot was

loosely tied and it was an easy task to undo it. He did not wish to cut it. Shoeblossom must be led to believe that accident, not design, was at the bottom of his misfortunes. He did not send the captured boat spinning down stream, as had been his intention at first. It would be better, he reflected, simply to borrow it for a time, and restore it when it was certain that Shoeblossom had missed roll-call. It was now half-past two all but a few minutes, and roll-call was at four. To be in time, Shoeblossom would have to start for home at a quarter past three. He himself had arranged that little matter of roll-call. The master on duty had to call four hundred names in something under seven minutes, and, so long as a name was answered, never made particular inquiries as to who had answered it. So Reginald had arranged that Renford, of Seymour's, should perform that kind office. Renford liked watching cricket, and would be on the ground the whole afternoon.

So he tied the boat on to the stern of his own, and continued his pull up-stream. He was prepared at any moment to be accosted in abusive terms by the bereaved proprietor, but no wail of anguish cleft the air, and he got out of sight round another bend in safety. Here he moored his boat, and, howbeit a trifle blistered about the hands from rowing, felt on the whole satisfied with life.

Shoeblossom, meanwhile, was too absorbed in his book to pay attention to anything else. The march of time did not trouble him. Curiously enough, he, too, had arranged the question of roll-call in precisely the same way. His understudy was Barry, who, though reviling him as unpatriotic for not watching the school match, nevertheless consented to answer his name. So on the subject of roll-call Shoeblossom's mind was at rest.

It was only when he had finished "The Montresors of the Grange," and also the cherries, and had begun to find the ground a little hard as a couch, that he fancied another stroll would do him good.

He then discovered the flight of his boat.

If Reginald could have seen him at that moment, he would have felt that his toil had not been in vain.

It was certainly a staggerer. He stood at the water's edge breathing heavily.

It occurred to him that the boat might have drifted in again, and be stuck lower down the island. As he made his way in that direction, the sound of oars striking the water made him dive into the bushes once more.

Somebody was coming up-stream.

He listened. Voices made themselves heard.

"Oh, Rupert, what a pretty island!"

"Not bad. Shall we land?"

Hope and anxiety in this query. Rupert had been rowing against the stream, and wanted a rest.

"Oh, let's."

Sounds of boat crushing through a willow-branch.

"Look out for your dress, Effie. I'm going to ship oars. *Now*, where's that painter? Right ho."

They passed within a couple of yards of Shoeblossom. "Effie" stopped and looked round her.

"It's splendid," she said.

She was a handsome girl, with lovely hair, and she made a pretty picture standing with her profile towards him; but nevertheless Shoeblossom wished she would move on. He wished very much that she would move on.

She did at last.

"I'm going to explore," she said, and walked away, followed by the attentive Rupert.

Shoeblossom was sorry for them, but it had to be. After all, they had only to shout, and some one was bound to hear them. They didn't want the thing half so much as he did. Besides, they ought to be glad of a good excuse for over-staying their time on the island together by an hour or two.

In short. . . .

Exactly one hour and a half after this event Reginald thought that the time had come to restore Shoeblossom's boat. He got out the sculls, and drifted lazily down to the island.

He was fastening the painter noiselessly to a tree when a large hand suddenly swooped down from nowhere on his neck, and a voice observed, apparently from between somebody's teeth:

"*Now*, you young brute, what—do—you—mean—by—it?"

Rankin gasped helplessly.

The young man shook him with some violence. Things had been happening on the island. Tempers were not so angelic as

they had been earlier in the afternoon. Effie had been stating icily that it was Rupert's fault, and that had not brightened Rupert up.

"*What* the—what do you mean, you little *beast*, by collaring our boat! And having the infernal cheek to bring it back and tie it up, too! What you *want*——"

People who insist on telling us what we *want* are always a nuisance. So Reginald found in this case. So far from being what he wanted, it was particularly painful and unpleasant.

"Now," said the young man, more calmly, "having got that off to the right address, we can talk business. I see you're at the School. Seymour's, I notice. Don't look surprised. I'm an O.W. myself. And I know the rules about the school and this part of the river. Your name is——"

He removed Reginald's cap, looked at the interior, and replaced it.

"—Rankin. Thanks. I'll drop a line to Mr. Seymour to-night. One oughtn't to keep a funny joke like this to one's self. Good-bye."

And perhaps the bitterest part of it all, reflected Reginald, after his interview with Mr. Seymour, on the following day, was that he did not know the man's name or where he lived. It was monstrous that such a criminal should go scot free, but there was nothing to be done.

He could not even poison the wedding-cake. As for Shoeblossom, he lived happily ever after.

SOME EARLY BOYS' PAPERS.

"THE CAPTAIN is a splendid magazine," boys say, but hundreds of boys have said the same of the "Captain's" predecessors; and with equal cause for their appreciation. The boys have not always had such good literary fare as is now obtainable, but some of us can remember with what keen delight our old favourites were welcomed each month. The same feelings now make boys look forward to the 22nd of each month. The pioneer of literature which really catered for boys was "The Boy's Own Magazine," founded by S. O. Beeton in 1855, and edited by him; this was deservedly popular, and soon found imitators, which, however, it soon swallowed, or rather incorporated with itself. Its first serious rival, "The Boy's Journal," published by Henry Vickers, appeared in July 1863, and had a good run; but the good old "Boy's Own Magazine" was still going strong. The success of these two brought another upon the field, namely, "Every Boy's Magazine," edited by Edmund Routledge; which last seems to have outlived the other two, being incorporated with the well-known "Boy's Own Paper" of to-day after a run of twenty-six years or so. It is about these three veterans chiefly I wish to speak. Between their existence and the present day, countless boy's papers have appeared and vanished, few of them having had any particular value. The advent of the weekly "Boy's Own Paper" established a new era in boy's papers, but at present the *monthly* "Captain" is the best. The three pioneers of which I speak, obtained contributions from the best authors, men whose names are still widely known, and whose works are still enjoyed. Such men as R. M. Ballantyne, W. H. G. Kingston, Captain Mayne Reid, and Jules Verne, were busy writing then, and in every instance their work was elevating and instructive, without being dull or mawkish, which latter was rather a failure with the early writers. Besides the brilliant authors I have just mentioned there were many others who were appreciated. Captain Drayson, R.A., wrote stories of a military nature, and was very familiar with South African life, R. Mounteney Jephson, whose name is not unknown now, Henry Frith, Lieutenant C. R. Low, I.N., and George Manville Fenn, wrote a good many stories for "Every Boy's Magazine." But the writer *par excellence* of those days was Captain Mayne Reid. He had serials running in all three magazines, and in a boy's paper of which he was part editor with Mr. Latey, namely, "The Boy's Illustrated News." The Old Fag reminded us of this in the January 1903 issue. Besides this he had a wide connection with the older papers such as "Chambers' Journal," "Cassell's Family Paper," "Penny Illustrated Paper," &c.; but I am digressing. I have a good many volumes of boy's papers, and the oldest are my favourites. Puzzles, competitions, &c., were a feature even in those early days, and, what is not so common nowadays, essays and papers on many and various subjects were encouraged, and debating clubs formed. Sports and athletic pursuits were not such important features as they are now, but in many respects the magazines of to-day are similar to their forerunners, with their serials, short stories, and occasional articles. The illustrations now are far in advance of the old ones, the growth of photography having had a lot to do with that, especially where wild animals are concerned.

ARTHUR G. CHEVERTON.

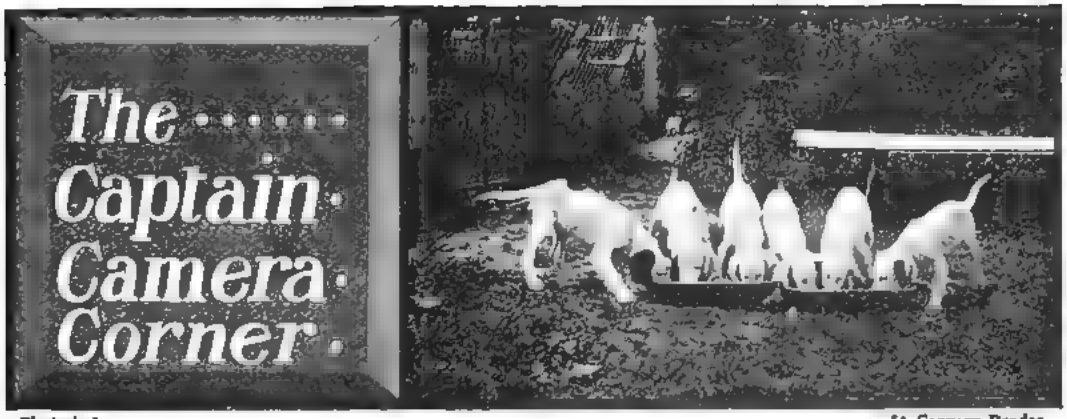


Photo by] [A Captain Reader.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

CONCERNING LENSES—(*continued*).

I AM now in a position to answer the queries with which my last article opened.

First, why does a lens give a sharp focus with full aperture, and an image lacking sharpness when stopped down? *Answer:* Because the lens is not aplanatic, *i.e.*, *it suffers from spherical aberration*. In such a case it often happens that its best focus with a small stop is further from the lens than when the "open" stop is used. Therefore, with single lenses, at any rate, make it your rule, where possible, to

FOCUS WITH THE STOP YOU MEAN TO USE

for the exposure. A simple test for this fault is to focus on a lighted candle in a dark room with full aperture, and then gradually diminish the stop. If the image becomes more hazy, you know what is the matter.

Secondly, why does a lens not focus properly at the bottom of the plate? *Answer:* The same cause; unless the plate is tilted, when naturally some parts of it would be out of focus with a large stop. If, however, the plate is square to the axis of the lens, you may be sure that the lens has been incorrectly shaped.

HOW TO FIND THE "INFINITY DISTANCE."

Select a position out of doors where you can command, say, a brick wall as your foreground and some distant trees as your background. Focus on the trees with the open stop, and move the camera about until you have decided what is the least distance from the wall at which both it and the trees are simultaneously in focus. The wall then represents the nearest edge of the "infinity belt." Everything beyond that point will be equally in focus; everything nearer, out of focus to an extent increasing with greater proximity to the lens. Measure the distance from camera to wall and make a note of it.

Some hand cameras have immovable fronts, and the lens at fixed-focus distance from the plate. With the open stop they give a blurred image of objects nearer than the infinity belt—a defect which is remedied by "stopping down." A very small stop, *e.g.*, *f*/128, gives practically a pin-hole effect, and brings very close objects into focus.

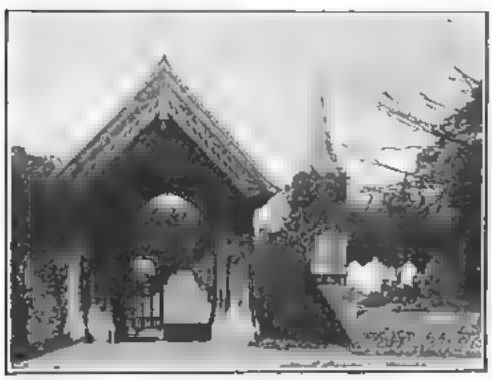
If you would use a stand camera for hand work, you should construct a distance-scale. Focus on an object a long way off, and make a deep mark across the fixed and sliding portions of the tail-board. Then place objects at 10, 15, 20, 25 ft., and so on, from the camera, and focus on them successively, marking the guide opposite the infinity scratch on the slide after each operation and putting the proper figure against the new mark. You may then transfer the marks and figures to a piece of stout white paper, glue it to the guide in the correct position, and give it a coat of varnish as a protection from damp and dirt.

THE USE OF THE DIAPHRAGM.

We have already seen that the "stop" serves to correct *spherical aberration* by limiting the area of a lens on which rays from any one point can fall. It has a second use, namely, to increase the *depth of focus*. We will suppose that we have a rectilinear, aplanatic lens without a stop in at all. If we pinned a sheet of newspaper on the wall and focused it we should see (supposing, of course, the lens to be

a first-class article) that every letter in the field of the lens was sharp, and the lines quite parallel. But if the screen be moved backward or forward, only a small fraction of an inch, this sharpness disappears. Now insert a stop, say *f*/18. We find that a much larger movement is possible without seriously impairing the focus; and the smaller the stop the more latitude of focus we have. A lens with a "good depth of focus" is one which, with its *open* diaphragm, does not give a *perfectly* sharp

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WITH THE CAMERA PERFECTLY LEVEL AND THE LENS IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT.



THIS PICTURE WAS MADE WITHOUT MOVING THE CAMERA, BUT AFTER RAISING THE RISING FRONT ABOUT ¾ INCH. A COMPARISON WILL SHOW HOW USEFUL THIS FITTING ON A CAMERA IS.

image of distant objects, but is not very sensitive to alterations in the position of near objects.

Other Defects.

Sometimes a lens proves very disappointing in the matter of rapidity. The open stop is large, but somehow or other considerable exposures—reckoned from the instantaneous point of view—give very poor negatives. If you are troubled in this way, take the lens out of its mount and lay it on a piece of perfectly white paper. If the circle seen through the lens has the slightest yellowish tinge, you know what is the matter: the cement uniting the two elements of the lens—the flint and crown glasses—has become discoloured, and all actinic rays passing through it have their power much reduced. Send your lens to an optician to be recemented: The operation can be performed at home, but in a beginner's hands it would probably not prove very successful.

"Flare" in a Lens.

This means the transmission through a lens of light rays which do not come directly from an exterior object to a proper focus on the screen. It arises either (*a*) from bright surfaces inside the lens mount, which should be promptly blackened with "dead black" varnish, when discovered; or (*b*) from the optical properties of every lens. Some rays, instead of being passed through the lens direct, are reflected from the back surface on to the front surface and then again reflected back, coming to a focus near the lens. I hold up my rectilinear lens towards my lamp and see five small reflections of the flame, one behind the other. To find the flare spot, I take a sheet of thin paper and slowly advance it towards the lens. When the paper is about one inch from the mount, I see outlined on it a tiny image of the flame; which shows that I have found the secondary focus. When a stop is used, the white disc of its light acts like the candle, but, being much nearer the back lens, it has a focus much further away, and nearer the true focus. To see how near the flare focus is to the plate, I take the lens and place it in its camera, and focus at a candle. On swinging the camera from side to side, I notice a *second* very indistinct and faint image, the *right way up*, which moves in the opposite direction to the true image.

Cure of "Flare."

However, the evil may be remedied. I unscrew the back element of the lens so as to bring it further from the stop, and lo! the flare image is gone! The ghost is laid. The makers evidently never examined this lens before sending it out, or they would have made the necessary alteration. On trying a much more expensive Zeiss lens, I find no flare image; and this is what one would expect from a

product of that great German house. The effect of bad flare is to impress on the plate a round disc of greater opaqueness than the rest of the surface. Where it exists, this trouble is aggravated by stopping down.

I have now pretty well covered all the ground I intended; but, before leaving the subject, would like just to sum up what has been said. Speaking generally, lenses may suffer from the following defects:

(1) *Chromation*, or the imperfect correction of the tendency of different coloured rays to focus in different planes. *Test.*—Focus lens on a number of coloured objects put up at equal distances from the camera, and see whether they are all in focus simultaneously.

(2) *Spherical aberration*, shown in the impossibility of getting a sharp image all over the plate without stopping down very severely. *Test.*—Focus a sheet of newspaper pinned on the wall; and see whether the letters are clearly cut to the edge of the ground glass.

(3) *Distortion*, or the contracting or expanding of parallel straight lines towards their extremities. *Test.*—Draw a square on a piece of card and measure the image. N.B.—A single meniscus landscape lens will distort, whether good or bad, and therefore should not be used for architectural subjects.

(4) *Non-actinic stain* in the lens. *Test.*—Place lens on white paper and note colour.

(5) *Flare. Test* with a lighted candle.

I might say much more about lenses, and their various excellences and defects; but probably the remarks already made will suffice to explain the why and wherefore of some troubles that appear mysterious, and how to correct or avoid them. You will also be helped to understand why a really first-class lens costs a stiff sum of money—it must be so carefully proportioned, finished, and tested. The best commercial profits are by no means made on the most expensive lenses; so that, if you buy a costly article, you probably get better value for your money than if you purchase a cheap one. My first camera had a double convex lens worth, at the outside, one penny. I gave 10s. for the outfit, and had luck about equal to the quality of the lens. This was, no doubt, partly due to the fact that I developed by daylight; though, as the camera leaked like an old barn, a little extra light on the subject probably made small difference. I afterwards transferred the lens to another camera, a smart affair with black paper bellows, which was light-tight enough to yield—thanks to my now riper experience—an evident approach to a likeness of the human face divine. But the penny lens *never* gave a properly focused image, as it was absolutely faulty in every one of the five respects named above and several others as well.

Lenses and £ s. d.

If you have only one guinea to spend on your camera complete, you evidently cannot give

"DOBBIN"
A study sent by
Francis B

two or three pounds for the lens alone. I would, however, impress on you that, whether hand or stand work be your fancy, a good lens you must possess before you can hope to excel. It is to the photographer what an accurate rifle is to the Bisley crack; or a properly built boat to a rowing crew. Personal qualities, such as an artistic eye, perseverance, and method are very valuable, but they won't carry you beyond a certain point if they have bad tools as their partners. So to those who can afford a good lens I say, buy the best your means permit; and to the less wealthy brethren,

save up your pence till you too can get an achromatic, aplanatic—well, you know what. I must admit that many of the lenses supplied with quite cheap cameras are really wonderfully good considering their cost; and now and then excellent. It is when a lens is wanted for very fast work—one that will cover a plate sharply at *f*/6 or larger stops—that the money begins to tell.

Care of Lenses.

If a lens is carried separately, it should have a washleather bag set apart for its special use; and the cap should be kept on. *Clean* lenses with washleather; not with an ordinary handkerchief or duster, which might scratch the delicate surface. Also clean them *right up to the very edges*. There is a temptation to leave a ring one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch wide untouched, because the lens mount makes this ring rather hard to get at. A dusty lens is a slow lens.

Flower Photography.

The other day I picked up a copy of *Floral Photography*, which is No. 19 of an excellent series of little shilling manuals, published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, E.C. Birds and other animals have been made subjects for the camera by Messrs. Kearton and others. Now flowers are having their turn; and if you are not acquainted with the possibilities of the garden and the hedgerow, the little book mentioned will both charm you and encourage you to enter the ranks of "flower-graphers."

THE SMALLEST POST OFFICE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

A snapshot in "The Bush" taken by Mr. Alfred Pearse during the Prince and Princess of Wales' Colonial Tour in 1902-3.

Some Accessories.

I find in my letter-bag some small pamphlets sent by Messrs. Houghton of High Holborn. One refers to a neat little crusher for grinding up tablet developers. My own experience, not a very extensive one, I confess, with compressed chemicals, makes me think that a handy contrivance such as this is, for obviating the horrid process of smashing the tablets in a piece of paper, will be welcome to many amateurs.

The same firm also supplies a tank for stand developing. It takes twelve plates, and can be used for washing and fixing as well; though a separate tank for the latter process would be preferable. In my next article, I shall probably have something to say about stand development, which, with some modern developers, has come into favour. By-the-bye, the crusher costs 2*s*., the tank and rack 3*s*. 6*d*. for quarter plate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

G. S. S. sends in the following:—"A certain Lord S., fastening a camera to his gun, photographed two high-flying pheasants and then killed both right and left. The photograph was acknowledged by all to be perfectly plain."—Evidently snapshotting is literally true in two senses. I once read of a photographer "out West" shooting a desperado "sitter" through the lens-hole of his camera, while pretending to focus him. This will add another incident to my bag.

H. C. Maclaine.—I cannot find the name of any book devoted to the posing of subjects for portraits. But why not find out the best poses by experiment? You are more likely to succeed as a portrait-taker if you think things over for yourself; and you will perhaps work on more original lines. A good "poser" is one who has *observed* the effect of shading and lighting. The great thing to aim at is *naturalness*—no sham bookcases or "property" tables in the background—or foreground.

Peardrop.—To print your Brownie film on a sensitised postcard, get a printing-frame large enough for the card, and a piece of clean glass of equal size. First lay glass in frame; then the film—plain side next glass; then the postcard with sensitised surface to film. If card is a bromide, give it a few seconds' exposure in very subdued light. The proper time can be learnt only after trials.

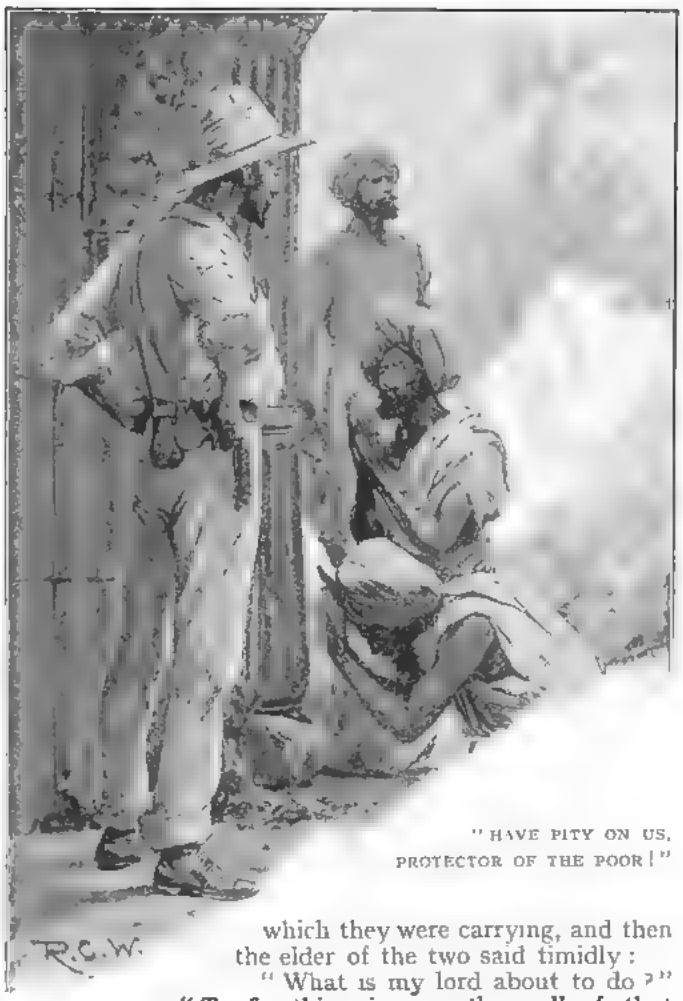
Amy L. Allen.—I think that you had better not try selling your camera at all, for I am sure you wouldn't like to think that you had "sold" some unfortunate purchaser as well. Besides, it cost you nothing. I can recommend Messrs. J. Lancaster and Sons' "Le Merveilleux," which, with stand, costs 21*s*. You would have to get a "finder" fitted for hand work.

The Ruined Temple.

By DAVID KER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"HAVE PITY ON US, PROTECTOR OF THE POOR!"

"SAHIB, this is the temple of the Terrible One—and we are all dead men!"

So spoke, with a look and tone of abject terror, strangely at variance with his bold and martial appearance, a tall, wiry Hindu, the first of a group of four men (an Englishman and three natives) who had just reached the crest of one of the endless ridges of the Eastern Ghauts, that noble mountain range which stretches like a wall along the whole east side of Southern India, just as the Western Ghauts do on the west.

The object that had so dismayed their guide was nothing very terrific at first sight, being merely the angle of a ruined building, which peered out at them through a mass of twining creepers and clustering trees. It was surmounted with a kind of turret, or rather hollowed cupola, elaborately carved in quaint Oriental style, though time and weather had made sad havoc of these decorations.

But had this seemingly harmless ruin been a hungry tiger or a battery of loaded cannon, it could scarcely have had a more startling effect on Badha Singh and his two native comrades, brave as they had shown themselves till then.

"A ruined temple, eh?" said the Englishman, who was the only one of the four that seemed quite undisturbed. "Well, I dare say that will do well enough for what I want. Put down the things here, boys, and bring that copper wire along."

The two coolies exchanged glances of silent dismay as they set down the packages which they were carrying, and then the elder of the two said timidly:

"What is my lord about to do?"

"To fix this wire on the wall of that temple," said Dr. Smart, "and I want you two to help me."

Instantly both men were crouching at his feet.

"Have pity on us, protector of the poor! Thou art our father and our mother—bid us not do that which is impossible. Not for all the treasures of Sultan Suleimaun (King Solomon) would we go one step nearer to yon ruin!"

"To think," muttered the professor, "that men who really *are* courageous should be such idiots! Come *thou* then, Badha Singh," added he to the guide, "for I know that thou fearest naught on earth."

"The Sahib hath spoken wisdom," said the mountain man gravely. "It is a true word that I fear naught on earth, but how

shall I face that which is *not* of earth? Thither will I not go, whatever betide."

"Queer fellows," said the scientist, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I suppose, then, I must just do the job myself, which is, after all, the best way to get a thing properly done."

And, picking up a small roll of copper wire that one of his coolies had just laid down, he went straight toward the ruined temple. But, when he was able to get a full view of it, even the unemotional man of science was fain to admit that such a place, if seen by night instead of by day, would certainly have gone far to account for the superstitious terror of his followers.

Above him rose the towering wall, now standing out white and bare and ghastly in the blazing tropical sunshine, now half buried in coiling creepers; and here and there some ponderous fragment of masonry, upheld only by the matted mass of vegetation, hung frowning overhead in grisly menace. Broken pillars, defaced sculptures, cornices half hidden with slimy moss, distorted trees forcing their way through mouldering walls—look where he would, all was grim and voiceless desolation.

But even more frightful than this scene of utter ruin was the aspect of the one wall that had escaped uninjured, on which were sculptured all the foul and monstrous creations of Hindu superstition. There Vishnu, with gaping jaws that seemed to thirst for blood, whirled his destroying mace amid the monsters that gnashed and gibbered around him. There bristled the grisly weapons of primeval warfare, brandished by the countless arms of the hundred-handed giant Bali, grim warder of the nether world. There Parvati, trampling on the writhing form of a human victim, tossed her streaming hair in the contortions of a hideous dance. There the giant figures of Brahma and Shiva, in all the terrors of their barbaric panoply, scowled down upon the intruder in silent, eternal menace; and all around them were ramping bulls, and coiling snakes, and ravening tigers, and other shapes more monstrous still, never seen on earth save in the miscreating fancies of Eastern idolatry

"There may be something after all," muttered Dr. Smart, with a meaning glance around him, "in what these fellows tell me of so many men having disappeared just here, and having never been seen again; for this is just the very spot to be a den of robbers!"

But our practical professor was not the man to be turned from his purpose by either earthly or supernatural terrors. In a trice he had clambered up the trelliswork of creepers, and made fast his wire to the top of the wall, while his native attendants watched him from a distance with unspeakable horror; and then, climbing nimbly down again, he carried the other end of the wire through a gap in the crumbling masonry, right into the temple itself.

But as he entered it, even *he* started back for a moment: for all at once there seemed to spring up right in front of him—doubly horrible amid the cheerless twilight of the shadowy interior—the huge idol of Bhairava, the "lord of terror" and destruction, with pitch-black face, lolling red tongue and fiery eyes, necklace of human bones, and the half-gnawed skull clutched in the blood-stained claws of his extended hand.

But the stout-hearted Englishman only laughed at his own momentary "scare," and, as if in sheer defiance of it, deliberately fixed the end of his wire to the pedestal of the monstrous image.

Hardly had he done so when he felt himself clutched from behind in a grasp of iron!

At the same instant there came a wild yell from without—then a confused clamour of mingled outcries, a clashing of weapons, two shots fired in quick succession—and then all was still.

Dr. Smart's first idea, naturally enough, was that he had fallen into the hands of some of those robbers of whom he had just been speaking; and this conclusion seemed amply confirmed by the savage appearance of the dusky, fierce-eyed, shaggy-haired goblins that came swarming about him as he lay bound at the foot of the great idol.

But one glance at the strange mark rudely painted on their low foreheads told him that his case was even worse than this, and that he was the prisoner of a tribe of fierce hill-men who, even under British rule, contrived to carry on by stealth the sanguinary worship of their god, and the barbarous human sacrifices that formed a leading and terrible part of it. This being so, it seemed but too certain that the adventurous professor and his followers were indeed—in the words of their guide's gloomy prophecy—"all dead men." But a gleam of hope came to him a moment later, when the two coolies were brought in as prisoners by the rest of

the Paharris (hill-men), from whose excited talk he gathered that the daring guide had burst his way through them all, and, having slain or mortally wounded two of their best warriors, had made good his escape.

This was good news indeed; for Dr. Smart knew well that this trusty fellow would lose no time in giving the alarm, and that help was not so far distant but that it might come in time to save him yet.

"THINK'ST THOU THAT THINE EYES ARE KEENER THAN THE EYES OF THE PAHARRIS?"

Fortified with this assurance, and knowing that his only chance was to put a bold face on the matter, he spoke as sternly and commandingly as if his captors were already at his mercy.

"How have ye dared to touch *me*, ye unholy ones? Know ye not that I am a magician, and that they who lift hand against me are the sons of unhappy fathers? Set me and my men free straightway, ere the storm burst that shall destroy ye all!"

The savages looked confounded—as, in truth, they well might—and one who seemed to be the chief replied with a forced laugh which very ill disguised his uneasiness:

"How sayest thou, O Christian, that a storm cometh upon us? We, who dwell in these hills, have seen no sign of it; and think'st thou that thine eyes are keener than the eyes of the Paharris?"

"Have I not said that I am a magician?" coldly answered the professor, who had not been studying his portable barometer for nothing. "I tell ye that the storm is at hand, and woe to them on whom it falls! It is enough—I have spoken."

The Paharris, visibly impressed, held a brief conference among themselves, after which the two captured coolies were dragged off in one direction, while Dr. Smart himself was led away in another, and lowered through a narrow opening into a small, gloomy vault underneath the temple.

The doctor's first care, when thus left alone, was to free himself from his bonds, which, having been hastily and carelessly tied, did not hold him so tight but that he at length managed to wriggle out one hand, after which it was easy enough to set himself free altogether. This done, the next thing was to make a thorough survey of his prison; for he knew well that in India all ruined

buildings are wont to be alive with venomous snakes. But, as his eyes became used to the faint light, he perceived with no small satisfaction that not a sign of any snake was to be seen.

Reassured on this point, he began to pile up the fallen stones that lay thickly around him, in the hope that he might thus be able to reach the hole in the roof, and to crawl out through it. But he soon saw that the highest heap which he could raise would not bring even his finger-tips within a foot of the opening.

His toil, however, was not wholly in vain; for, when perched on the top of his rubbish-heap, he found his face just level with a crack in the masonry, through which he could see as well as hear all that was going on in the temple itself.

What was going on in it just then was a kind of council among the savages, who were grouped around the great idol. The chief speaker seemed to be a horrid-looking old hobgoblin with one eye, who appeared to be the priest of the temple; and though Dr. Smart could not succeed in catching every word that was said, he heard quite enough to gather from it that the subject of debate before this primitive parliament was which of their three captives should be slain that evening at sunset as a sacrifice to the god, and that the choice had fallen upon *himself!*

Sunset came at last, and with it came—to the no small dismay of the superstitious hill-men—the unmistakable signs of that avenging storm which the "white magician" had foretold.

Long ere the sun had actually gone down, he was blotted out by the rising of a vast, gloomy storm-cloud, which hid the whole western sky as if with a wall of black marble; and against the deepening gloom stood out with ghastly distinctness two narrow streaks of livid light, like the eyelet-holes of a monstrous mask. All was deadly still; not a bird chirped, not a leaf rustled. It seemed as if all nature were holding its breath at the approach of something terrible.

All at once a fierce red glare tore up the darkening sky from east to west, as if some mighty furnace door had been flung open and instantly shut again. Then followed a clap of thunder like the crash of a hundred pieces of brass cannon all fired at once—and the storm was upon them in its might.

Mingled with the howling and shrieking of the gale through the gapped and moulder-ing walls, came the fierce hiss of the lashing rain, and the ceaseless crash of great boughs torn from the tossing forest and whirled far away into the air, while the lightning flamed incessantly over the whole sky, and the thunder roared and banged like the ceaseless cannonade of a great battle, which all the surrounding hills echoed and re-echoed as if it would never end.

"It is the white wizard's magic that hath raised this storm against us," faltered one of the trembling savages, who could hardly see each other's faces as they gathered round their grim idol for the sacrifice. "Remember ye not, brothers, how he fore-told its coming? Let us set the magician free straightway, ere worse come of it!"

"Fools!" cried the ferocious priest, with a scream like a vulture's, "think ye that any magic can prevail against the power of Bhairava, the lord of terror? Drag the victim hither quickly, I tell ye, and——"

That sentence was never completed. A blaze that seemed to set the whole sky on fire—a deafening thunder-clap—a crash as if the earth itself were split in twain, as idol and temple came crashing down together on their savage worshippers—and then all was still.

Dr. Smart (who had been all but struck dead by a huge stone that came flying through the opening above him) easily guessed that it was the copper wire, which he had fixed to the temple wall for a very different experiment, that had brought down the lightning upon his would-be murderers; but, so far as *he* was concerned, their destruction did not seem to have mended the case one whit. His dungeon was buried fathom-deep beneath the ruins of the fallen temple, and, to all appearance, he had escaped the sacrificer's knife only to perish by the lingering agony of thirst and famine.

But just as even the hardy scientist was beginning to give himself up for lost, he heard, or thought he heard, the distant sound of an English halloo!

He shouted with all his might—and it seemed to him that his call was answered. Again he hallooed with the full power of his lungs; and this time there could be no doubt about it—there *was* an answering shout, faint indeed, but still too plain to be mis-taken. Presently steps and voices were heard approaching; and then came the rumble and clatter of stones and rubbish

being flung aside, and all at once the adventurous professor found himself (he hardly knew how) standing in the free air once more, with his two rescued coolies beside him, and a ring of British soldiers all around.

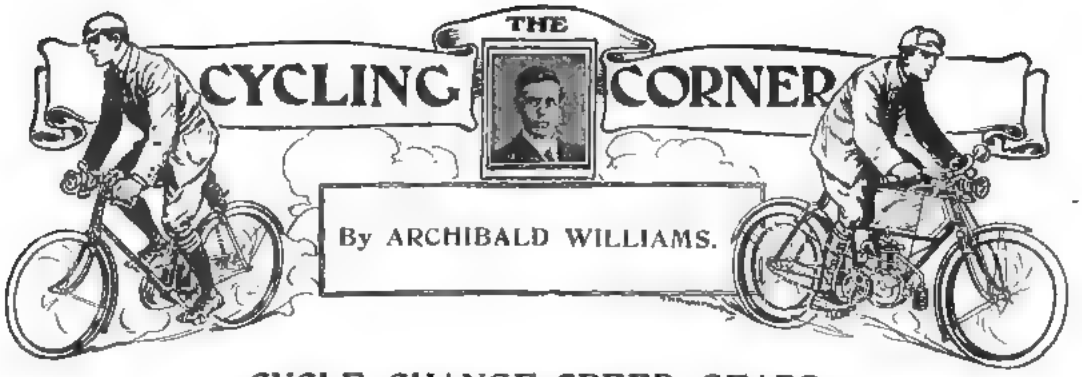
"Close shave, doctor," said the young officer in command of the party. "We got a fine fright, I can tell you, when Badha Singh here turned up with the news that you had been picked up by those cut-throats; and off we set at once, hot-foot, to try if we could come up in time to save you. But after such a lesson as this, I should think the beggars will take jolly good care to let you alone for the future."

And, in fact, the only Paharri who had survived that harvest of death spread abroad such terrific stories of the great white magician's powers of destruction, that in all Dr. Smart's subsequent journeys through that wild region he was as safe as if he had had an army at his back.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

THIS shame of being thought poor is not only dishonourable in itself, and fatally injurious to men of talent; but it is ruinous even in a *pecuniary* point of view, and equally destructive to farmers, traders, and even gentlemen of landed estate. It leads to everlasting efforts to *disguise one's poverty;* the carriage, the servants, the wine (oh, that fatal wine!), the spirits, the decanters, the glasses, all the table apparatus, the dress, the horses, the dinners, the parties, all must be kept up; not so much because he or she who keeps or gives them has any pleasure arising therefrom, as because not to keep and give them, would give rise to a suspicion *of the want of means* so to keep and give; and thus thousands upon thousands are yearly brought into a state of real poverty by their great *anxiety not to be thought poor.* Look round you, mark well what you behold, and say if this be not the case. In how many instances have you seen most amiable and even most industrious families brought to ruin by nothing but this! Mark it well; resolve to set this false shame at defiance, and when you have done that, you have laid the first stone of the surest foundation of your future tranquillity of mind.

COBBETT'S *Advice to a Young Man.*



CYCLE CHANGE-SPEED GEARS.

IF I were asked to write a history of cycling, I should choose the following as the headings of my chapters:

(1) The invention of the rotating pedal.
(2) The boneshaker.
(3) The rubber tyre.
(4) The high bicycle.
(5) The roller bearing.
(6) The safety cycle.
(7) The ball bearing.
(8) The pneumatic tyre.
(9) The free-wheel.
(10) The rim-brake.
(11) The change-speed gear.

The progress of cycling is summed up in this series of innovations. It is now surprising, not to say amusing, that each improvement had so cold a welcome. How people laughed at the old "Kangaroo"—the first safety! How they jeered at the idea of riding on a tube of air! How they prophesied trouble to the cyclist who rolled on ball bearings! How they protested that a rim brake would pull wheels into the shape of an egg; that the free wheel would mean broken necks; and so on! Even in this year of grace, conservatism raises its head to wonder what is the good of a change-speed gear.

Yet any one with eyes sees clearly enough that this latest development of cycle mechanism will leave as deep a mark on the pastime as did the pneumatic tyre. Nearly every month a new gear is put on the market; and the factories are turning out the established types in large quantities.

Among the questions that come to me, I often find one relating to the change-gear, so I shall devote this article to the subject.

Are Change-gears Complicated?

As compared with the plain fixed-speed hub they are; but as pieces of mechanism they are very simple, if put side by side with many devices which we use unhesitatingly in our daily life, *e.g.*, the sewing machine and the telephone. The three-speed gear contains, of course, more parts than the two-speed; yet, as in all cases the components are nothing more than a few cogs, a few ball races, a spring, and some steel pins, all of which are made, after much experimenting, of well-tempered metal by perfect machinery, we need have little fear of trouble arising from bad manufacture or bad design. A breakdown is generally due to carelessness or ignorance on the part of the user. The critical moment for a change-gear comes when the change lever is moved and one set of teeth is thrown into engagement with another set. But as this operation can be, and should be, performed when the rider has ceased pedalling, the strain on the teeth is theoretically very small.

Are Change-gears Useful?

Supposing a man has to lift a weight from the bottom of a well by means of a windlass fitted with two gears. He finds that if he uses the higher gear he gets the weight up rather more quickly, but that he is more exhausted; whereas the lower gear, though it makes the lift a more tedious affair, keeps him fresh and fit to repeat the business over and over again.

Suppose, again, that the weight to be lifted is halved. Does the man continue to use the low gear? Of course not. He knows it would be a waste of time to do so.

Not far off is a second well and a second worker who, though his load varies also, has only a plain, ungeared windlass. So you hear him grumbling, now that the load is too much; now that the windlass is too slow. If you had to replace one of these men, for which of the two would you act as substitute? For the first, I feel sure.

The same changing relations of speed and power to work to be done are constantly occurring on the road. The heavy load is represented by your body when you have to force it up a hill; the light load by the same when travelling on the flat.

THE IDEAL GEAR

would be one which would enable you to keep the driving effort unaltered under all conditions; leaving the rate of progress entirely dependent on the nature of the road. Up the steepest hills you would crawl at, perhaps, only five miles an hour; and down the same you could, if you wished, touch twenty miles, or more, doing advantageous work all the time.

With the two-speed and three-speed gears now marketed, this desirable state of things cannot be attained, though it certainly is approached. You are *practically* given two or three cycles of different gears, and the power of changing from one to another by the movement of a lever. At the foot of an incline your low-geared mount waits for you. At the top, one much speedier. When you are on the level again, you can, perhaps, command a third, best suited to horizontal travel.

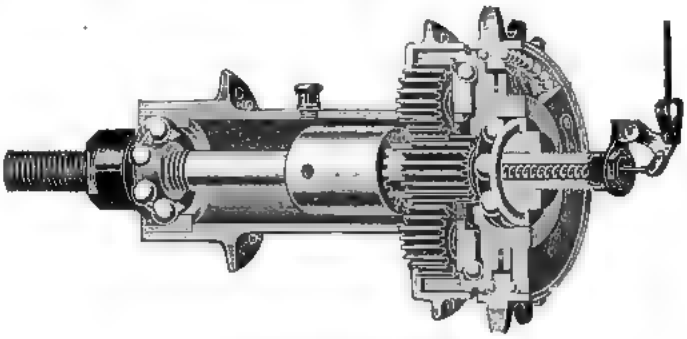
A fixed gear is frequently at fault. If just right for easy riding, that is, if it sends you bowling merrily along the flat without much effort, you are often brought to your feet on the hills or against a head wind. Whereas, with a gentle slope or strong wind in your favour, the legs become tired of moving at a pace much above the normal, and you imperceptibly slacken down. This brings me to a point which some people overlook, viz., that a change-speed gear is

VALUABLE IN TWO WAYS.

First, it helps you to overcome difficulties; secondly, it enables you to take advantage of opportunities. Advertisements and criticisms of the gears often draw your attention to the first consideration only.

Some months ago I was riding a cycle geared to 49, 73, and 110 in. I put it at a very steep hill and wound myself up at eight miles an hour on the 49 gear. With an ordinary machine I have to walk this bit at three miles an hour. But what struck me even more than the climbing power was the ease with which, on the level, one could use the 110 gear. It was delightful, making a slow, steady stroke, and yet covering a mile every four minutes. On the slightest decline the pace quickened to twenty, and when descending a really good slope I could have made a show against a powerful motor cycle.

Another day I rode ten miles out against a stiff breeze and home again. During the first half of the journey the highest gear remained idle, but the lowest did good service on the inclines. When I turned about I kept to the 110 all the time, rattling along at a glorious rate. I was able to take full advantage of the favouring wind.



THE "FAGAN" TWO-SPEED HUB.

The collar (with the hole in it) on the spindle is fixed. The central cog can slide to the left into it, or to the right into the disc driven by the chain cog. The "planet" cogs, at top and bottom, rotate on pins projecting from the hub shell (which moves the spokes). To get the high gear the control cog is pulled to the right and made solid with the sprocket plate, which has internal teeth to grip the "planet" cogs at points furthest from the spindle. Sprocket and cogs and hub-shell then turn solidly. To get low gear the central cog is shifted to the left. The sprocket wheel then revolves faster than the hub shell, and the lower gear is in action.

When conditions are propitious, but the gear low,

THE MERE MOVEMENT OF THE LEGS

is fatiguing. With the old fixed wheel how often we had to cock up our feet on the rests because a down-grade made pedal-chasing exhausting work! One of the most tiring day's riding I ever did was with a gale astern, which pushed me along at such a rate that my 65 fixed gear fairly buzzed. It was impossible to go slowly without a sensation of putting the brake on all the time. I may mention that on the preceding day I had wrestled with the same breeze for about twenty miles, and should have been thankful for a 45 gear, as I had to fall off every half mile to recruit my energies.

Proportions of Gears.

The possibility of having two or more gears has been the cause of much heart-searching among cyclists; and every now and then I get evidence of it in the shape of the question: "What changes do you recommend?"

I will first consider two-speed gears. In the "Hub" and the "Fagan" gears the high-speed is solid, *i.e.*, the hub and sprocket turn as a whole, being locked together by internal mechanism; while with the low-speed the drive is transmitted from the chain sprocket wheel to the hub shell (in which the spokes are fixed) through intermediate cogs, which cause a certain amount of friction.

Now, you have to make up your mind as to whether the high or the low shall be the gear normally used. If the high, then you have power up your sleeve to tackle the hills and head winds; if the low, then you will be able to make better pace on the flat or on slopes and with the wind astern. From a purely mechanical point of view it is decidedly preferable to use the solid gear as much as possible, since there is less friction and less wear and tear of parts when employing it. And for another reason it is better to make the high speed the normal gear, viz., that it is more desirable to spare yourself fatigue than to increase pace. If you can only keep fresh, your average speed will be decidedly higher. You may not often need the low gear, but when you do need it, you may need it "mighty bad," as the Texan cowboy said of his revolver.

Having this reserve of power for the inclines, you can afford a few inches more for your normal gear than would be advisable with a fixed gear. If you have been used to a 66-in. gear, you might advantageously select 75 and 57 for your change hub. This will be about the figure for the average male rider. Ladies, who have their dresses to reckon with, and males who wish to take things quietly, would perhaps prefer a combination of 68 and 52; while exceptionally strong riders might find 81 and 61 more to their taste. You must understand that

The Ratio of the Gears is Constant;

the "Hub" and "Fagan" dropping 23.8 per cent. The actual difference in inches depends on the ratio of the large chain sprocket to the small chain sprocket. Thus, with a 28-in. wheel, if your large sprocket has twenty-eight teeth and the small one thirteen teeth, the gears are 60 and 46. Substitute a 40-tooth sprocket for the 28-tooth, and the gears rise

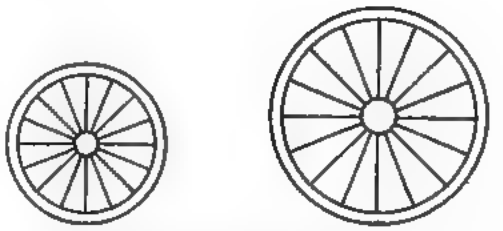


FIG. 1.—SHOWING PROPORTIONS OF LOW AND HIGH GEARS GIVEN IN "HUB" AND "FAGAN" HUBS. RATIO 76.2 : 100 INCHES.

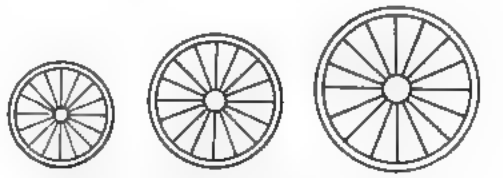


FIG. 2.—SHOWING PROPORTIONS OF LOW, MIDDLE, AND HIGH GEARS GIVEN WITH STURMEY-ARCHER HUB. RATIOS 80 : 100 : 125 INCHES.

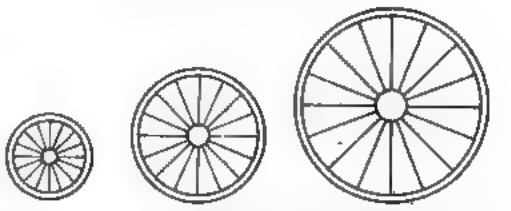


FIG. 3.—SHOWING PROPORTIONS OF LOW, MIDDLE, AND HIGH GEARS GIVEN WITH THE PEDERSEN HUB. RATIOS 66⅔ : 100 : 150 INCHES.

to 86 and 65. The mechanism of the hub is unchanged; what you *have* altered is the multiplication of the drive.

Three-speed Gears.

In these the middle is the solid gear, and should be the same as you have been accustomed to as your fixed gear. The two rival hubs on the market giving three speeds are the "Sturmey-Archer" and the "Pedersen." Fixing 100 as the central gear, the proportions are as follows:

Sturmey-Archer . . .	125	High
	100	Middle
	80	Low
Pedersen	150	High
	100	Middle
	66	Low

There has been a vast amount of correspondence in the cycling journals over the relative values of these gears; some people considering the

Sturmey-Archer not sufficiently variable, others regarding the Pedersen changes as too great. The fact is that every gear with fixed ratios is naturally imperfect, and while the Sturmey-Archer might be preferable in undulating or almost flat country, the Pedersen might show to better advantage in very hilly districts.

Of one thing, however, we may be certain—that three speeds are better than two, just as two are better than one. Those who can afford the extra expense should indulge in a three-speeder.

The Proper Function of a Change-gear

(I say it again) is to save effort rather than to increase pace. Let every novice remember this. As he approaches a hill he should throw in the low gear while the machine still has sufficient momentum to carry it forward during the change, when pedalling should cease for an instant. The change made, the rate of pedalling *must not be hurried* merely because the resistance is less. If you try to *rush* up a hill on your low gear, you will lose all the advantage of the change. Never mind if a companion on a higher fixed gear gets away from you. He may be at the top first, but he has paid dearly for his lead. After a dozen stiff hills, you will be the fresher man (*ceteris paribus*), and be able to run him off his legs on the flat. It is the *misuse* of a change gear that has lowered its value in the eyes of many people. Take a lesson from the car driver who, when he throws in a lower gear on a hill, does not run his engine at its highest number of revolutions per minute in the endeavour to get up the hill in the shortest possible time. No! he doesn't racket the machinery all to pieces, but is content with a speed proportionate to the gear.

Adjustment of Change-speed Gears.

It is very important that the levers and cables operating the gears should be properly adjusted. If they are not, damage to the gear teeth may result. Directions for adjustment cannot be given here; and if you are not conversant with the action of the mechanism you should apply to an expert, or get a booklet of instructions from the makers of the gear.

I hope that what has been said will set readers' minds at rest on the question of change gears. If any of you are interested in the purely mechanical side of these devices, I would refer you to an article from my pen which appeared in *Technics*, March 1905.

A Curious Address.

Messrs. Humber send me the following as an address on a letter which reached them some time ago. "32 holborn viaduct london e c beeston notts Coventry wolverhampton." The gentleman (we presume a foreigner) who thus ornamented the envelope, believed in doing a thing thoroughly; and may compare with the third-form boy who writes on the first page of a book (generally one that he would lose with pleasure), "H. Jones, Harton College, Blankshire, England, World, Universe."

Answers to Correspondents.

F. V. Matthews.—I like to see you stand up for your town, and am sorry if I have trodden on toes. My opinion is based upon a week's residence and on the verdict of an old inhabitant; but perhaps we were both prejudiced by our acquaintance with large towns.

A. J. Jarvis.—(1) The cycle is a good one and quite reliable. (2) Gears rather too high; 60 and 80 would be much more serviceable for all-round work. (3) Yes! I think everybody will use the change-gear soon. (4) Paraffin contains water, and if left on steel causes rust. (5) You must carry a bell, *and ring it* when approaching a pedestrian or vehicle from behind. I was once prosecuted for not giving warning. The charge, under the particular circumstances, was ridiculous, but I had to pay 9*s*. (6) I prefer the Fagan.

Badger.—There is no "best" bicycle; but many really excellent makes are on the market. The R.W. is one of these.

H. W. Price.—I am afraid I cannot give you the name of the green enamel you refer to, or its price. I would remind you, however, that enamels used by cycle makers is hardened by "stoving," an operation which can be performed only with proper apparatus. Probably any good local maker would be able to give you the information you require.

Captainite.—Cut across to Reigate and follow a route through Horsham, Petworth, Midhurst, Winchester, Salisbury, Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Chard, Honiton, Exeter. For the rest I should advise you to get a good guide to Devonshire and study diligently the places of interest in that county. You ought to do the North Coast and Exmoor; and also the South Coast. You will need a gear fit for plenty of hill-climbing.

De Dion.—As I have never been over all the country between Huddersfield and Southampton, I can only suggest the following route: Huddersfield, Penistone, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Derby, Tamworth, Coventry Southam, Banbury, Oxford, Newbury, Whitchurch, Winchester, Southampton. This is almost straight and would take you through many places of interest and pretty country.

A. W. D.—The detachable motor device you refer to is not one I can recommend. Better go in for a proper motor cycle. It would probably be cheaper in the long run, and certainly would be more satisfactory. We return photos entered for competitions if stamps are enclosed for that purpose.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H. C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, by whom they are kept in durance vile until they make their escape, only to fall into the hands of a company of Spanish soldiers. With the help of Tonks, the English mate of the Spanish ship in which they are being borne to San Domingo by their captors, Skeffington and Baywood seize the vessel and turn "flibustiers," or pirates, Baywood following Skeffington's lead much against his will. Having seized another Spanish vessel called the *Madre de Dios*, which they find to be full of treasure, they change over into this ship and make sail for the Barbadoes, where they wish to take in provisions, guns, and ammunition. Arriving in Carlisle Bay, Baywood hears that information concerning his disappearance from Boston has been received by the Reverend Everlasting Fishe, the pastor of Ebenezer, a town situated some ten miles inland. Hoping to gain news of his people at home from Mr Fishe, Baywood and a young English friend named Jeffrey Horton set out on mules for Ebenezer. Arrived opposite the pastor's dwelling, the mules shoot their riders off into the road, and it is whilst they are sitting in the dust that the Rev. Mr. Fishe makes their acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE ARE ENTERTAINED BY THE REVEREND EVERLASTING FISHE.

MR. FISHE had observed our mishap from his parlour window, and in a moment he came forth and said courteously, yet smiling, "Gentlemen, you arrive somewhat hastily and unceremoniously, yet I bid you welcome. Will you not arise and enter my poor house? Your mules, I see, have already found their way to the stable."

We rose from the earth, and thanking Master Fishe for his hospitality entered the house. It was a large house and comfortable, according to West Indian notions, though it was different indeed from the noble structures of stone or brick which adorn English towns, being long and low, built of wood plastered over and whitewashed; while a broad verandah, as they call it, ran round the building so that the inhabitants might enjoy the air without being exposed to the heat of the sun. The furniture within consorted not well with the building, being plain, solid, and heavy, having furnished Mr. Fishe's parsonage in England in old days. Mr. Fishe conducted us to a room where we washed ourselves and brushed a reasonable quantity of dust from our clothes and hats; and afterwards we went into his parlour and refreshed ourselves with a draught of small beer.

"And now, sirs," said Mr. Fishe, "having refreshed yourselves may I beg to know your names, and how and wherefore you come hither? I see by your apparel that you are of the godly sort."

"We came hither, sir," said Jeffrey, "on two mules of unruly behaviour; and we must ask your pardon for our unmannerly entrance into your presence. My name is Horton, and I am from the town of Bristowe."

"A godly town," said Master Fishe.

"As for me, sir," said I, "I believe that you already know somewhat of me. If I am not misinformed, Master Longwynd, our minister in Boston in New England, hath written letters to you in my behalf. My name is Baywood."

Mr. Fishe's friendly manner instantly became cold.

"If you are young John Baywood," he said, "my excellent friend Nathaniel Longwynd hath indeed written to me concerning you; and I grieve to say that it is no good report that he hath written."

"Sir, I assure you——" I began in much confusion.

"Fie, young man, fie upon you! To run away from home and friends, and for what reason? Why, truly, to escape from the just punishment of your levity and excesses!"

"Under your favour, reverend sir,——"

"Nay, nay, do not attempt to excuse thyself—that will but make matters the worse. Young blood is hot, and there are some natures so gross, so far from grace, that they will do anything rather than endure shame, even though it be for the reformation of their manners. Alas, young man, alas! To think that thou, the son of godly parents, one also that hath listened (I trust with attention) many a time to the exhortations of my good friend Nathaniel Longwynd, shouldst grow up so uncomely a plant! Tell me, O young man,

"GENTLEMEN, YOU ARRIVE SOMEWHAT HASTILY AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY, YET I BID YOU WELCOME."

how came the tares among the wheat? and why didst thou utterly abhor the precious seed and nourish weeds in lieu thereof? Why, O why——"

The reverend gentleman was now fairly seated upon his hobby-horse, and where his ride would end none could tell. I, therefore, made so bold as to break in upon his discourse and to say in a loud voice:

"Worthy sir, you are on a wrong tack, since I did not run away from home, but was kidnapped and carried off against my will. I did but think to visit you in all peace and friendliness, to ask if perchance you could give me news of my kinsfolk and friends; but as it seems you have naught to give me except chiding, which I have not deserved, why, my friend and I have had our ride for nothing, and we will even bid you a good-day and depart as we came."

"Nay, my young friend, be not so hasty. I have no wish to reproach thee; yet if it be true that thou wast kidnapped as thou sayest, I can but say that it happened in an evil hour

for thy good fame. Thy worthy father lamenteth over thy backsliding in sackcloth and ashes."

"Will you tell me, sir, how my father fares?" said I.

"At the date of my friend Mr. Longwynd's last letter he was well, but life is very uncertain. The letter is now some months old, and who can tell what may have chanced since then? Our days are indeed as it were and in a manner of speaking but a span long."

"True, sir. Yet I hope we may say that no news is good news. And my sister, and—and—my other friends and neighbours—can you give me news of them?"

"No; yet I doubt not that they are well, for my friend tells me that the season hath been a healthy one. But now as touching this kidnapping, thy story seemeth an unlikely one, yet should I rejoice and even sing for joy could I write to thy friends in New England and tell them that it was not of thine own will that thou camest away from home."

"Sir," I answered, "there is one in the island who could speak for me, for he is himself the man that kidnapped me. I doubt not that he would tell you whether I speak the truth or no."

"Who is this man?" said Mr. Fishe. "We must see to it that he be punished. We live here under the laws of King and Parliament, and the fellow must be taken at once. I am a magistrate, or justice, and I will myself make out a warrant."

"If it please you, sir," said I, "the man hath treated me well, save in that one point of carrying me off, and even as to that he was in a manner deceived by another."

"Well?" said Mr. Fishe.

"If you would be pleased to guarantee him from harm I will bring him here, and I am sure that he will speak out."

"Hum!" said Mr. Fishe. "That looks like compounding a felony. I must think of it. Meanwhile here is my daughter coming to tell us that dinner is ready, and ye must dine with me, gentlemen; for, runaway or no runaway, a friend of my old companion, Nathaniel Longwynd, shall not go hence fasting. Shall I trouble you to walk this way?"

So saying Mr. Fishe carried us into another room, where a plentiful repast was spread, and where his two daughters, Jemima and Athaliah, were awaiting us. They were damsels already past their youth, and pale, as if the climate agreed not well with them; yet they were courteous, and Jeffrey and I soon became very friendly with them. Master Fishe himself was not one of the sour, harsh sort that so many of the scrupulous were; he was fond of a pipe and bottle, and could sing a good song. During dinner Jeffrey and I entertained our host and hostesses with stories of our captivity among the buccaneers; and they were greatly horrified at the cruelties and heathenish customs of these men.

"To make men work on the Sabbath!" cried Athaliah. "What wickedness! Why doth not some great calamity overwhelm the ungodly wretches?"

"They are blinded Papists," said Jemima. "What better can be expected from idolaters?"

"My master, Lepasteur, said he was a Protestant," said I.

"I do not believe it," said Mr. Fishe. "I have known French Protestants and have found them to be holy men."

The afternoon passed in such talk, and in singing of catches and glees, as well as of Psalms as a salve to Mr. Fishe's conscience. It was pleasant to Jeffrey and me to be once more in the company of good people and of modest women, although they might be, to our notions, somewhat stricken in years. Towards five of the clock we had to mount our mules once more and rout out our slaves from the kitchen, so that we might be at Carlisle Bay by nightfall; and as we departed Master Fishe gave us his blessing and begged us to see him again soon.

When I told the Captain of what had passed he said:

"Jack, I must set thee right with yonder sky-pilot. Thou and I will ride thither to-morrow and I will tell him the truth."

"Beware, Captain," said I. "He is a justice, and he may send you to England in bonds, if nothing worse."

"I am not afraid," said the Captain. "Now I have a piece of news for thee. Old Prickett, who seemeth to be an honest enough man, hath chartered the ship, and purposeth to send her on a voyage to England."

"And what say the ship's company to that, Captain?" said I.

"This morning, after thou and Horton had ridden off," said the Captain, "I fell in with Mr. Tonks, who was feeling very sick and sorry for himself. Being yet early, I thought that some of our scoundrels might by chance be sober; and I bade Tonks collect such of them as he could find and bring them to me at Prickett's store. He got some half-dozen of them together, who were as sober as could reasonably be desired. I believed that I should have had difficulty with them; but since the

troubles began in England between King and Parliament, and there is a chance of fighting and plunder, the men are all agog to risk the constables and go home. What dost thou say to it, Jack?"

"I will go where you go, Captain. Doubtless I can get a ship in England that will take me home. When are we to sail?"

"As soon as our friend Prickett can get his cargo together; may be, three weeks hence. Well, as I was saying, as soon as I put the question to the men they rose with one accord and said they would go home. I do not think that there is one of them that dare show his face in England in time of peace, but in time of hard blows men are not curious to inquire after clippers and coiners. So, my lad, in a few weeks we shall be on our way to Merry England."

Next day the Captain and I mounted mules and jogged off to Ebenezer, the Captain clad in a richly-laced coat, waistcoat and hat, for he thought it due to his dignity to be in brave clothes when he went ashore. We rode gravely up to Mr. Fishe's door.

"Reverend sir, I salute you," said the Captain, "and you, fair ladies, I kiss your hands."

The old minister and his daughters were something abashed to see this magnificent man bowing low and sweeping the ground with the feathers in his hat; but they bade us welcome and begged us to enter.

"One moment, sir," said the Captain. "Before I presume to enter your house I must tell you that I have a thing on my soul. I beg you to ease me of my burthen. Hear my confession and shrive me."

"Sir," said Mr. Fishe, half flattered and half displeased, "you are making a mistake. I am not a Popish priest."

"I know that well, sir, and I am no Papist, though I have lived much amongst them and have caught their trick of speech. But I know you to be a godly and well-disposed minister, and you will at least hear my tale and give me your counsel."

"Gladly, gladly," said Mr. Fishe. "God forbid that I should turn away any burthened soul from my door!"

"I thank you much," said the Captain. "One thing more I must ask of your goodness, and that is that you will consider what passes between us as being secret."

"That I promise at once," said Mr. Fishe. "I am not one to talk abroad of anything that passes in my study. Come this way, sir. John Baywood, I must leave you to the entertainment of my daughters."

Captain Skeffington went with Master Fishe to a small chamber called the study, and there told the whole story of how he had been deceived by Zephaniah Eccles, and how he had in consequence trepanned me on board the *Good Hope* and carried me off to sea.

"This is a hanging matter," said Mr. Fishe, when the Captain had finished.

"I know it, worthy sir," said the Captain, "and glad am I to get it off my conscience."

"It is my duty to deliver you to the constable."

"Upon what charge, sir?"

"Upon what charge? Why, upon the charge of the thing which you have confessed to me."

"Under seal of confession, sir."

"No such thing, Captain; no such thing. I told you expressly that I was no Popish priest to hear confessions."

"Well then, sir, I will say under promise of secrecy, and I took you to be an honourable gentleman or I would not have told you my tale. To my poor judgment it appears that you cannot hand me over to the constable without breaking faith with me. Now, listen to me for a moment, Mr. Fishe. I love this lad Jack like mine own son, and I desire to make amends for the ill trick I was deceived into playing him. It will in no wise benefit him to hang me."

"True," said Mr. Fishe, "but——"

"I am in my own way an honest, God-fearing man, sir," went on the Captain, "and it lies upon me to see this young man restored to his friends. Mr. Prickett hath chartered my ship to sail for England as soon as he can collect a cargo; and I have no doubt that I shall easily find him a ship sailing for New England."

"Well, Mr. Skeffington," said the minister, "I cannot say that I am satisfied, and I do consider that you have tricked me into promising to keep my lips closed; yet it seems that I cannot in honour do anything else. I think you mean well by the lad, and he hath himself an affection for you, and I will therefore say no more. Yet I must in justice write to his friends to clear him of the charge of privily escaping from home, and to encourage them to look for his return at no very distant time."

"With that I am very well content," said the Captain. "Now, dear sir, is there aught I can do to pleasure you? Can I carry letters or messages to any friend of yours in England? Command me in everything."

"I thank you," said Mr. Fishe. "You shall hear from me before you sail!"

With this the conversation ended, but Mr. Fishe could never afterwards, during our stay in the island, be friendly with the Captain. Indeed, had he known that the ship under Captain Skeffington's command had but just been transformed from a rascally flibustier into a peaceful trader it may be doubted whether the Captain would have found him so easy to be dealt with.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUTINY ON BOARD THE "BARNABAS AND JOSEPH."

WE lay in Carlisle Bay a full month, waiting for Mr. Prickett's cargo to be completed. The brig was overhauled and refitted; and her bottom being foul she was careened and scraped. Captain Skeffington altered her name from *Madre de Dios* to *Barnabas and Joseph*, in compliment to himself and Lieutenant Tonks, these names, moreover, being good scriptural ones. He likewise shipped twelve more seamen, making the ship's company enough to sail her, though insufficient to do much fighting. Having given up the trade of flibustiering the Captain had no wish to be burthened with more hands than were needful; and, indeed, they were a right villainous crew, the very scum of the earth.

I must mention here that until the time we left the island we had no news of any complaint being made by the Spaniards against us.

It was about the end of July in 1643 that we sailed out of Carlisle Bay bound for London. Captain Skeffington was in command; Joseph Tonks was mustered as master's mate; and as for Jeffrey Horton and myself we were also rated as mates, though it was little enough we knew of seamanship, for there was not another soul in the ship that the Captain could trust. The crew were all Englishmen, for there was no lack of men wishing to get home to find employment in the wars. Hardly one of them had so much as a shilling to bless himself withal; for the men who were with us at the taking of the brig had squandered their shares of the booty whilst we lay at Barbadoes. Horton and I had entrusted Amos Prickett with our riches, amounting to some £700 sterling apiece, retaining each a few pieces for our immediate needs; and in exchange Prickett gave us each a draft on a correspondent of his, one Master Windball, a goldsmith in Lombard Street in the City of London.

For the first three weeks of the voyage we made a good passage of it. The winds were favourable, the weather fine and warm, and the crew worked with a will. But one day Captain Skeffington said to me:

"Jack, what dost think of thy shipmates?"

"Do you mean officers or men, sir?" said I.

"I mean the men, mainly."

"They work better, and are better conducted, than I expected, sir."

"They work far too well, Jack, and are by far too contented. I like it not. It stands not with reason that seamen should not grumble at their duty and at their salt-horse and rum. Mark my words, Jack and Jeffrey, there is mischief afoot. Keep your eyes and ears open and report to me—to me, I say, if ye hear aught that seems not right."

"What of Mr Tonks, sir?" said Horton.

"Mr. Tonks is well enough, Jeffrey," said the Captain, "but do ye both of you keep still tongues and open ears, and see that you report to me and not to Mr. Tonks. Harkye, Mr. Tonks, like a fool, squandered every farthing of his share of the treasure in Barbadoes. I say no more."

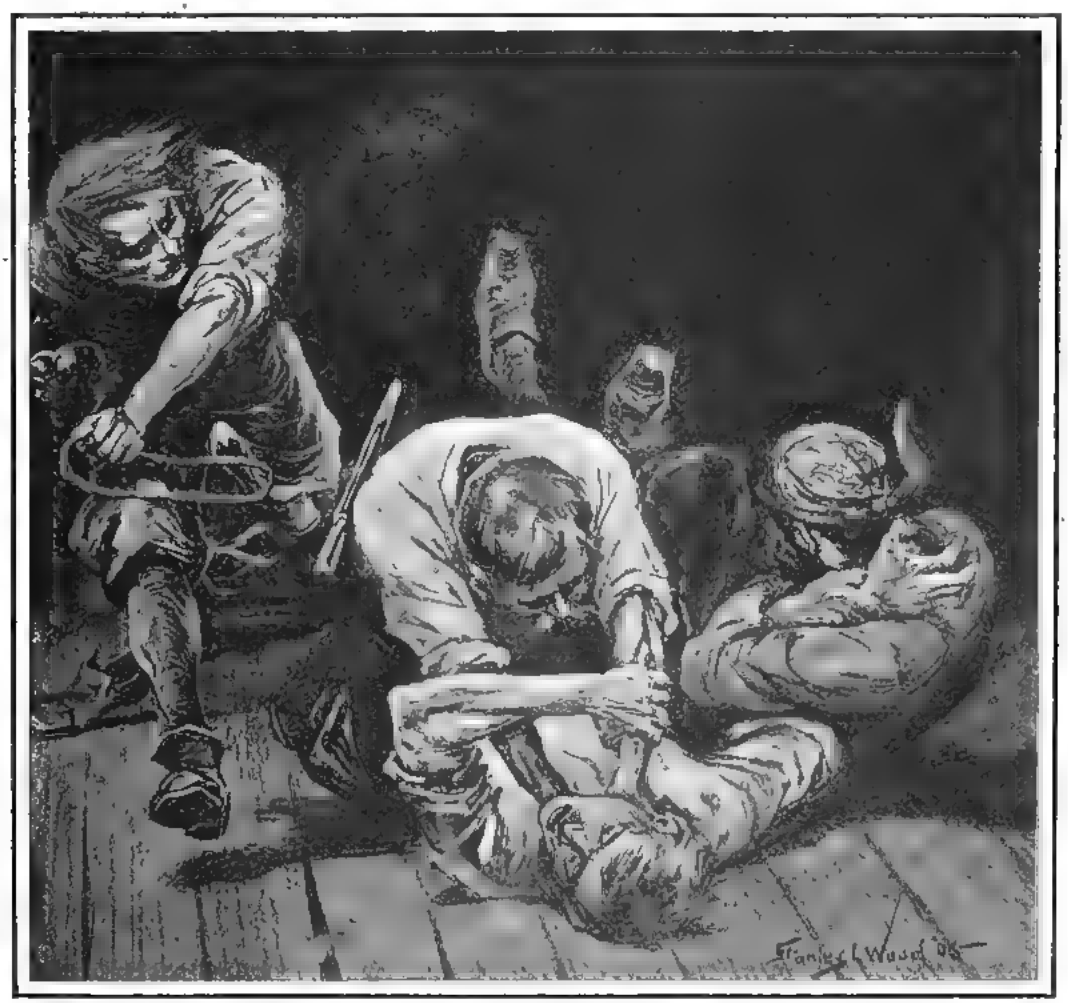
But although Jeffrey and I kept a close watch we could neither see nor hear aught to bear out the Captain in his suspicions. The men did their duty willingly and treated the officers with civility; and Mr. Tonks, though ever a cross-grained, sullen man, gave no ground for mistrust. The Captain said no more, and we speedily began to talk of reaching our port. This, however, was but the calm before the storm.

The ship's company was divided into two watches, the one under the Captain himself and the other under Tonks. I stood watch with the Captain and Jeffrey Horton with Tonks. It so chanced that one fine night when we were between three and four weeks out from Carlisle Bay, it being my watch below, I could not sleep in my bunk, as they call the standing bed-places on board ship, and I went on deck, thinking to stand out the watch in talk with Jeffrey Horton. It was a dark night, there being no moon, though it was fine and starlight, and I could not see Jeffrey on deck, but I made out Tonks, who was conversing with the mariner at the tiller. To him I went and asked where Jeffrey might be.

"I gave him leave to go below," said Tonks. "He was complaining of a sore tooth."

This was strange, for Jeffrey had said nothing to me of having a toothache, and he was not a man to grumble or shirk duty.

"I will go below and see him," said I.



TOGETHER WE ROLLED ON THE DECK

"Where is he? He is not in his bunk." This I knew because our bunks were together in a little place off the Captain's cabin.

"Not in his bunk? Then I know not where he is. Stay a moment, Mr. Baywood," went on Tonks, as I turned to depart, "I must go below for one instant to speak to the boatswain. Will you stay on deck until I am back?"

Now this was also strange, that an officer should leave the deck during his watch. We were standing on the poop, and I walked forward after Tonks and stood by the rail at the break of the poop. He descended the ladder to the deck and went forward to the forecastle, where I lost sight of him. My mind misgave me that all was not well, and I determined to seek the Captain, as soon as Tonks should have returned, and lay the matter before him. I stood at the rail watching; and presently I made out Tonks coming back again, and with him two seamen. He looked up at me and said:

"Mr. Baywood, come you down here to me."

He was my officer, and I could see no ground as yet for mistrusting him; yet I did not feel at ease as I descended the ladder. Now if my old preceptor Lepasteur had taught me nothing else, he had taught me nimbleness to avoid a blow, and to be on my guard at all times and in all places. I came down the ladder with my back towards it and my face outwards; and fortunate it was that I was keeping a

cautious look-out, for as my feet touched the lowest round the two seamen made a rush at me, one on each side, while Tonks stood in front. I made a mighty spring, sideways, but it was not mighty enough. I struck against the seaman who was coming on that side, and knocked him down, and together we rolled on the deck. I kept my wits about me, and screeched out with all the force given me by Nature:

"Captain, Captain, there is mutiny on board!"

Strange indeed is the working of the human mind. As I was shouting out these words there came upon me a most vivid recollection of a hot Lord's Day in Boston, when Mr. Longwynd preached from the text "There is treachery, O Ahaziah"; and I remembered how my dear Verity looked that day and I wondered if I should ever see her again. This flashed across me as I was struggling on deck with Tonks and the two seamen. I continued to yell at the top of my voice as long as I had breath left, and I fought with hands and feet, nay, with teeth as well; for, feeling a finger in my mouth, and my teeth being sound and sharp, I bit with all my might. Whom it was that I had the advantage of biting I know not, but he raised a bellow which was quite enough of itself to awaken the Captain if my outcries had failed to do so.

By the time I was overpowered Captain Skeffington had run out of his cabin under the poop in his shirt, and was in the midst of the affray, cutting and thrusting at random with his hanger; but the rest of the crew were aroused by the uproar, and although the Captain fought like a hon he was quickly conquered by force of numbers, the outcome being that we were both presently lying side by side on the deck, bound hand and foot, and with cloths tied between our jaws by way of gags.

"Bring up the other," said Tonks, "and let me see them set in a row."

"Bring him up yourself if you want him," growled one of the seamen; "you are no captain, Tonks, to give us orders, until you are chosen, if it pleases us to choose you."

Already the mutineers were at the point of quarrelling. As we see in more important affairs, when men once rebel against lawful authority it is never long ere they fall out among themselves. However, certain of the seamen carried Jeffrey Horton to us, from whence I could not in the darkness discern, and there the three of us lay until daybreak, sore with bruises and sore bruised in spirit likewise, though happily we were free from broken bones or dangerous wounds. What damage had been done to the mutineers we could not tell; but I remember thinking that none of them could have been slain, or probably we should also have been forthwith put to the sword as well. When day broke we looked on each other, but could not speak by reason of the gags. Tonks came and regarded us in silence; and he looked as if he were sorry for what he had done, for he was a weak man, and could never do a thing, good or evil, with his whole heart. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with only half his might. There was a quantity of blood on the deck, though the wounded man, or men, had been carried away. Tonks spoke to one or two of the seamen, but they took no notice of him; and in the end he himself fetched water in a bucket, and a broom, and washed the blood away. Certain of the crew were in the cabin, drinking; others were lying about the decks; the ship seemed to be taking care of herself.

After a while Tonks smote on the ship's bell several times, and the crew assembled themselves, some drunk and all noisy, yet they did not molest us save with a rough jest or two. I know not what the Captain and Jeffrey thought, but for my part I believed that our last hour had come. The safety of their own necks would not suffer the mutineers to let us go free, and I remembered with fear how Tonks had thrown the Spanish mate overboard. The crew held a disorderly council on deck, close to the place where we were lying. All talked at once, none seeming to be captain or president. We could not make out whether they came to any agreement, for if one attempted to speak his voice was immediately drowned in the general din and clatter; and one and another would continually be making for the cabin and fetching out a pannikin of rum or cognac. One man rummaged out the Captain's fine clothes and hat and swaggered up and down the deck in them; and a couple clothed themselves in the sober suits and hats which Mr. Prickett had provided for Jeffrey and me, and played all manner of absurd and profane antics. By and by the strong drink began to affect the heads of the mutineers. First one and then another fell asleep on deck or in the cabin, and none seemed to be doing any duty. The wind was steady and the ship held on her course, for, as we afterwards heard from Tonks, the tiller was lashed. If a squall had come the ship must have gone down with all hands.

Many hours passed like this. We had dragged ourselves painfully from the deck and sat side by side under the bulwarks. As the day wore on I began to suffer torture from the gag and my bonds, and to wish that the matter would end; I cared not much how, for no hope of escape was left me. At last Tonks seemed to be the only sober man left in the ship, and as the sun began to get low in the heavens he came and spoke softly to us. He said:

"Captain Skeffington, and you two young gentlemen, if I take out your gags will ye speak soft and quiet?"

We all three nodded our heads and Tonks untied the cloths. It was well-nigh worth the suffering to taste the blessedness of filling one's mouth and lungs with the free air again.

Tonks went on:

"Gentlemen, I am truly sorry to have caused you inconvenience, but, you see, gentlemen, the crew and I being poor men, we talked over things, and determined that there was a greater chance of plunder in becoming gentlemen flibustiers once more and going a cruise in search of gain rather than in taking our chances in England. Will you join us, or will you rather go overboard? It was determined at the council this morning that you should all be tossed to the sharks—there is one alongside now," added Tonks, looking over the ship's side—"this next night; but if you will cast in your lot with us I can warrant your lives. Which will you do?"

"Go overboard rather than join you, you whelp of Satan," said the Captain. "Who was it set you on your legs again when you were on board that filthy Spaniard, and set you in the way of getting that treasure, which you have squandered like the fool you are?"

"Very well, Captain, hard words break no bones; and I know I am a fool without your telling me. And what say you, young gentlemen?"

"I say as the Captain says," said Jeffrey.

"And so do I," said I.

"Well, gentlemen, I am truly sorry, because in that case you will every one of you be food for the fishes before morning." Tonks was silent for some minutes, and then added: "I am not a bloodthirsty man, and I have an affection for you, Captain, because, as you say, you set me on my legs, and besides, you called the ship partly after me. You have deserved better of me than this, I know. Now listen; I am the only sober man on board this ship, and the tiller is lashed. If I give you a chance in the long-boat, and take my chance with the men, will you swear to keep mum if ever you get to England?"

"No," said the Captain. "I make no bargain with you, you ungrateful hound. And, Tonks, get away from here, thou poisonest the air. This is my ship and I command it, so get thee away out of my sight."

Tonks said no more, but went up the ladder to the poop and stood there leaning over the rail and looking at us. In a little while the Captain said:

"Tonks, I have no wish to lose my life, and I will therefore make you a fair offer, a better one than you deserve. Do you set us free from our bonds, and among us we can secure the men before they grow sober. Then we will sail the ship to England, and we will sell her, and I will give you one half of whatever sum she fetches. The cargo is Prickett's and not mine to deal with; but you shall have also one-half of the sum payable by Prickett as freight. What do you say?"

"Captain, I dare not do it. My life would not be safe unless we threw every man-jack of the crew overboard, and that is too much for me," said Tonks.

"Whatever possessed you, man," said the Captain, "to cast in your lot with these ruffians? What about that cottage at Bideford, and the ale-house with the sanded floor that you told me of?"

"Never mind that, Captain," answered Tonks. "It was a dream, and it's over and done with now. If you want to know, it was I that set the plot on foot, and I cannot be the one to turn back now."

"Tonks," said the Captain, "it's a pity you are not a better man, or a worse one. Either way life would be easier to you. Well, I have made you a fair offer, and you can take it or leave it. If you leave it you can do as you please, for I will not make any bargain with you except what I have just offered. Make up your mind quickly, for if we have to act it must be immediately."

"It is no use asking me, Captain, I cannot do it," said Tonks. "They would have my life sooner or later."

With this Tonks walked away aft where we could not see him. The Captain whispered to Jeffrey and me:

"Now, my boys, we have only Tonks to deal with, and I'll warrant we have dealings with him yet."

The Captain's hanger was still lying on deck, near the foot of the poop-ladder. He laid himself down on the deck and began

HE LIFTED ME BY MAIN STRENGTH AND LOWERED ME CAREFULLY INTO THE BOAT

wriggling along on his belly, and at length was able to seize the hanger between his teeth. He was wriggling back towards us when Tonks came to the poop-railing again and spied him. In a trice Tonks jumped down, snatched up a belaying pin and dealt our unfortunate Captain a heavy blow on the head. The Captain lay perfectly still, stunned or dead, we could not tell which.

Tonks stood regarding him for a minute or two, and then went up the ladder again. In a short time he returned with the end of a rope in his hand. It was the painter of the long-boat, which had been towing astern. He hauled up the boat to the weather gangway and made the rope fast; then he lowered into the boat a bag of bread, a breaker of water, and a little keg of rum, and tossed a knife after them. Without saying a word he fetched a rope and made it fast about my body; and, being a very powerful man, he lifted me by main strength and lowered me carefully into the boat. He next passed Jeffrey Horton down with the like care; and there we lay in the bottom of the boat like a couple of trussed fowls in a market-woman's basket. We looked for him to pass down the Captain; but he cast off the painter, and the *Barnabas and Joseph* went on her course, leaving us far astern. We shouted and cried out for help, but none paid any heed—even Tonks had disappeared—and we were alone on the ocean in this frail boat, tied hand and foot.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT BEFELL JEFFREY AND ME IN THE LONG-BOAT.

"THERE are some shreds of honesty still clinging about Joseph Tonks," said Jeffrey, after a time during which we lay back in the bottom of the boat, exhausted with shouting. "He could not make up his mind to the killing of us."

"Pity the Captain did not speak him fair," said I. "It might have been the saving of us all. I wonder whether or no the Captain is dead."

"Dead to us, at all events," said Jeffrey. "Now, how are we to loose us from our bonds?"

After much writhing about in the bottom of the boat I caught the knife in my teeth, and held it there while Jeffrey rubbed the cord that bound his hands to and fro against its edge. It was slow work, for our hands were bound behind our backs, and Jeffrey was, therefore, working as it were in the dark; but after an hour's toil or thereabouts the cord was cut, his hands were free, and a very few seconds sufficed to cut the rest of our bonds. Fortunately for us the wind was but a light breeze and the sea was smooth, or our frail craft might well have overset ere we were in case to manage her.

By this time the sun had set and it was dark. We therefore determined to bide as we were for that night, and in the morning to take means for reaching some port. It grew bitterly cold, and we huddled together for the sake of warmth; and likewise drew the sail belonging to the boat over us to shield us from the air. We had eaten nothing since supper the night before, so we now ate each a small piece of ship's bread and drank a little rum.

I asked Jeffrey how he came to be captured and bound.

"I was standing watch with Tonks," he said, "when just about four bells he bade me go to his cabin and fetch him another jacket, for that he felt the cold. It was no part of my duty to be fetching and carrying for him; but I had no wish to offend him, and I therefore went into his cabin. No sooner had I done so than two men who were lying in wait there clapped a cloth over my head and shoulders and pinioned my arms, and before I could cry out or make any resistance they had me gagged and trussed up; and there I lay in Tonks' cabin for I cannot tell how long, until I was carried out on deck where you and the Captain were lying."

Neither of us slept much that night, worn out though we were in body and mind. My mind was too full of apprehensions for the future to suffer me to sleep. Tonks had, I thought, but snatched us from a swift and easy death to give us over to a slow and painful one, for how could we hope to pass through the manifold dangers of the seas? We were not skilled navigators; and neither of us knew whereabouts on the ocean we were or how far distant or in what direction lay our nearest port. Howbeit, when daylight came hope returned with it. We were young and used to hardship; we had food and drink, if prudently used, to last us for ten or fourteen days; it was possible that we might fall in with some ship if we did not reach land in the meanwhile. Of storms we must, indeed, take our chance; but this was the season when we might most reasonably hope for calm weather.

When we left the *Barnabas and Joseph* she had for many days been steering a course to the north-east, with the wind blowing steady

from about due west. We determined to follow the like course as near as could be, and with good hearts hoisted up our sail, and set forward on our voyage towards England. We were without a mariner's compass; and instruments for determining the position of the sun, and so finding out our position would have been useless to us even had we had them. We must, therefore, keep our course as best we could, trusting to the sun by day and the stars by night.

The mutineers had rifled our pockets and taken all our coined money, but fortunately for us they had left us Master Prickett's drafts; no doubt through ignorance of their worth. Except for these and the clothes on our backs we had lost all we had in the world.

For four days we sailed along very comfortably in our little boat. It is true that we were somewhat hungry and thirsty, for we durst not do otherwise than husband our small stock of food and drink with most jealous care, and we suffered from cold at night, having no warm clothing; but apart from these inconveniences we had little to grumble at. Had Captain Skeffington but been with us we should have been happy; for with his knowledge of the sea he would have known at once what was the right course to steer, and for what port. As it was we could only run blindly on, keeping as nearly as possible to a north easterly course. We took watch and watch at night, and by day we were both on watch. The boat was seaworthy, being a new one which the Captain had purchased before leaving the Barbadoes; and so long as the weather was fair we had naught to do but sit in the stern and take the steering-oar turn and turn about. As nearly as we could judge we made some three leagues in the hour; and many a long hour we passed in reckoning how long it would require to reach England. As we had no knowledge of the distance to be traversed it is not surprising that our calculations varied from day to day, and were, indeed, no better than guess-work.

Now on the fourth day of our voyage, when we began to gain confidence and to believe that a voyage in an open boat on the Atlantic Ocean had no terrors, two things happened which shook us considerably. The first was that as we were sailing briskly along we felt a sudden shock, which checked the boat's course and came near to breaking the mast; but we quickly forged ahead again. Immediately we heard a puffing or blowing noise behind us, and looking round we saw directly in our wake two tall columns of mist, or spray, ascending into the air.

"A whale!" I exclaimed, for I had seen them when I was on board the *Good Hope*. "Be ready, Jeffrey, to go about quickly if she rusheth at us."

However, the whale was as frightened as we were at the thump the boat had given her back. Her monstrous tail, or *flukes*, went up many feet above the surface of the sea, with force enough to overset twenty such boats as ours, and down she plunged into the depths of the ocean. After this we kept a sharp look-out for whales; but although we saw several blowing they were all at a safe distance.

Towards the evening of that same day the sky became overcast, and when the night fell it was of an inky blackness. The wind continued fair and light for a time; its direction we had no means of judging, although from what happened afterwards we concluded that it must have veered round to almost due south, and perhaps even with some east in it. However that may have been, during the night it rose rapidly until it was blowing hard; and the sea likewise rose very quickly. We could see nothing, for we had neither lanthorn nor any means of lighting it if we had had one; but we could feel ourselves tossing on the waves, and when I put my hand down to the bottom of the boat I found that it was half full of water. We set ourselves to baling with our hands, and presently we bethought us that it might be as well to take in our sail. In the darkness, however, we could not handle the ropes, and were, therefore, unable to take it in; and all we could do was to furl it as closely as possible against the mast, and even then there was a rag of it left to catch the wind. This, as Captain Skeffington hath since assured me, was our salvation, for if we had once fallen into the trough of the sea we must have foundered. As it was, our rag of sail kept us running before the wind; and although hands are not the best of things to bale with we contrived to keep the boat sufficiently free from water to float. The nights are not very long at that season, yet did the darkness appear interminable to us, expecting as we did at every moment to be engulphed in the waves without hope of rescue.

But the night wore away at last, and a faint grey glimmer appeared in the east. Almost at the same instant the sea seemed to moderate, or, rather, although the waves rose as high as before, yet they seemed to be smoother, and without the fearful crests which threatened to

THE NEXT INSTANT I WAS JERKED UP TOWARDS THE SKIES

overwhelm us, and we began to ride over them with ease. As the light increased we saw a dim dark shape directly to leeward of us.

"Another whale," said Jeffrey. "Look out, Jack, with the steering-oar."

I steered so as to run past the object, and presently I exclaimed:

"No whale that I ever saw, Jeffrey, rose out of the water like that thing. I believe it is a ship, and we are saved."

We drew rapidly nearer; and sure enough a ship it was, but whether or no we were saved was another matter, for we could plainly see that she was a wreck. Her masts were gone, and she lay like a log on the water, rolling heavily on the oily swell. We could discern no signs of life on board; and to all appearance she must have been deserted for a long time, for as she rolled her bottom upwards well-nigh to the keelson we could see how foul she was with barnacles and long-trailing growths of seaweed. However, as she had floated so long there seemed no reason why she should not go on floating for some time longer; and it did not take us long to decide upon boarding her.

It required all our small stock of seamanship to get to leeward of her without running too far and losing her altogether, for we could never have beaten back against the wind and sea; but by steering very close we contrived to get safely under her lee, where we were shielded from the wind by her bulk. The next question was to get on board, for it was a service of great danger. If we had come near enough to seize one of the ropes which yet trailed over her side her rolling might have sunk our boat and us with it. We were determined to get on board at all risks; and in the end, after bringing the boat as near as we dared, I tied the boat's painter round my middle and cast myself into the sea. Swimming strongly, I watched my chance and seized a rope's end which hung down amidships, and the next instant I was jerked up towards the skies as the ship rolled away from me. For some minutes I was in great danger. I could get no further up the rope, and at every roll the painter round my waist gave me a jerk which well-nigh plucked me back into the sea. Jeffrey saw my predicament, and gradually eased the boat nearer and nearer to the ship; and by slow degrees I was able to climb up the rope until I stood on the deck. Here I made the painter fast to a rusty stanchion, and then looked about me. Such a scene of desolation I had never beheld. All three masts were gone, close to the deck, and they had been cut away, not broken, for the stumps were cleanly cut and not jagged or splintered. The deck was swept clear of everything, and at each roll the sea swept over it. Over everything was a strong smell of oil, and even the deck, in spite of the sea, seemed to be oily, and oil was forcing its way up between the deck seams; and I have since understood that it must have been this oil, exuding from the strained seams, that spread itself over the surface of the sea and turned the raging billows into a smooth swell. Many shipmasters have since told me that they have beheld the same thing; so that to speak of pouring oil on the waters is to use no figure of speech, seeing that it actually happens. How the oil came there we could not tell.

There were several ropes hanging about the decks, fragments of shrouds and the like, which by reason of being made fast had escaped being carried away by the waves. Jeffrey by this time had hauled the boat as close as possible under the ship's counter, and I lowered a rope's end down to him and bawled to him to send up the provisions. He made the rope fast to the bread bag, which I hauled up; and the water and rum were sent up in the same way. Jeffrey himself was more difficult to pull up, for he was not apt at climbing; but in the end, after narrowly escaping being hurled into the sea, he contrived to scramble up and stood on deck beside me. Our boat we left riding astern, for we could not tell how soon we might have need to take to her again.

Our first care was to find some dry place where we could open our bread-bag, and see what harm it had taken from the water; for we could not hope to find anything eatable on board the ship, and if our bread was spoiled we should be in a bad case indeed. What with the rolling, and the slippery oil, and growths of green weed, and the splintered bulwarks, it was dangerous work moving about the deck; but by degrees we became more sure of our footing and went aft to a small hatchway which seemed to give access to a cabin. It was covered by a tarpaulin, which was secured to the deck by means of nails, but the tarpaulin was old and rotten, and we had no difficulty in tearing away a corner of it. This disclosed a wooden hatchway cover, but the wood was soaked and sodden with sea-water, and we could readily cut it away with our knife. Having made an opening large enough to permit us to pass, Jeffrey squeezed himself through it, carrying the precious bread-bag, and as soon as he was out of sight I closed up the hole again with the tarpaulin so that

water might not go below. Almost immediately I heard him shout to be let out again, and I therefore uncovered the hole. He did not make his appearance, and it was too dark for me to see him, so I soon began to grow uneasy. I shouted to him, but he did not answer; and I had nothing for it but to go through the hole myself and see what had befallen him.

I squeezed through the hole and let myself down until my feet touched boards. I looked around me so far as was possible by the faint light that came from the hole, and found that I was in a small cabin. Before I had time to make any observation of it I felt my head begin to swim and my stomach to feel sick. Then I remember falling to the floor on which I was standing, and all became blank.

Now here I must pause for an instant in my story to say that of all the many perils in which the Goodness of God hath preserved me, this was the most full of danger. The ship was still rolling heavily and the seas washing over her deck, and there was the open hatchway to let the waters down into the hold; and not only that, but both Jeffrey and I were lying in a dead faint, overcome by the noxious air engendered by the oil of which the ship was full becoming putrid in the close hold; and we could do naught towards saving ourselves. Yet from this great peril also were we graciously delivered, for it would seem that the sea began to go down while we were lying unconscious, whether through a change of wind or not I cannot tell; and the fresh air, coming down through the hatchway, gradually dispelled the poisonous fumes; so that, after lying in a swoon for I cannot tell how long, I regained my senses, and felt the wind blowing on my face and saw the sweet sunshine coming down into the den where I was. I struggled to my feet, and lying close to me I saw Jeffrey, whether dead or only fainting I could not tell. I was still sick and weak, yet I contrived to drag him underneath the hatchway, where the air could reach him, and a splash of sea-water now and then fell over his face; and after several minutes I had the satisfaction to see him open his eyes and utter a sigh.

I could now see a short ladder in a corner of the cabin, and this I fetched, and with its aid ascended to the deck again, with intent to revive Jeffrey by giving him some of the spirit. But alas! when I reached the deck and looked around I could see neither keg of rum nor breaker of water. I had placed them where I thought them safe, under shelter of an unbroken portion of the bulwarks; but the rolling of the ship had evidently carried them overboard. To make matters worse, if possible, when I went down into the cabin again, I found the bread-bag indeed, but it was soaked through and through, and the bread was but a nauseous mass of sop, and was utterly uneatable. It seemed as if we were the sport of circumstance, and that we could no sooner escape one peril but we must run into another worse one. Nothing seemed left for us but a lingering death from starvation and thirst.

By this time Jeffrey had fortunately recovered from his swoon, and we set to work to examine the little cabin. It was some ten feet square, and appeared to have had no means of admitting light other than the hatchway. Round it were certain cupboards or lockers, but everything was bare and empty. Whatever mishap it was that had caused her crew to quit her, they had had time enough to take away all their belongings, from this cabin at all events. We could find no record of the ship's name, or any explanation of her forlorn and deserted condition.

We must now quickly decide whether to abide by the ship or to quit her in our boat. It was a choice of evils. If we left her, we could not hope to reach a port without food and drink for even one day; if we stayed in her, we were indeed safe from tempest, but our death from hunger and thirst could not long be delayed. Our sole hope was that we might meet with some ship; and this hope seemed a very small one.

After long discussion we concluded that it was more profitable for us to stay in the ship, because it was more likely that she would be seen from the deck of any passing vessel than would our small boat. By this time both the wind and sea had considerably moderated, and the sun was shining brightly; and therefore, in order to put some little strength into our wearied limbs before undertaking the task of further examining the ship, we sat down by the shattered bulwarks that the sun might dry and warm us.

(To be continued.)

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Canary.—F. C. English (W. Hartlepool) has "a Canary which has something wrong with its right leg or foot. The leg is slightly swollen. The bird often stands for quite a long time on the other leg with the right foot stretched out." Can I give him any advice? I fear not, F. C. E. It may be a case of broken leg, which requires careful setting. You should show it to your local bird-dealer, or some person of experience, as in such a case it is impossible to give advice of any value by correspondence. What you say about giving the bird whatever is on the table certainly shows that the feeding has been injudicious, but I do not think it is likely to have caused the present trouble.

Goldfinch and Canary.—"G. and C." (Warwick) has had a cock Canary for several years, and recently introduced a Goldfinch of the same sex, in the hope that they would "chum up"; but though the newcomer appears to be friendly, the Canary is jealous and has dropped his song. "Do I think they ever will be friends?" I am afraid it does not look promising, and I should certainly put them in separate rooms, if you value the Canary's song. Had the Goldfinch been a hen, the result might have been different, but it was only to be expected that the Canary, long petted, would resent the arrival of another cockbird.

Peewit.—B. R. (Bridgewater) has a young Peewit which he is feeding on garden worms, which the bird appears to like, but can I tell him of any special food for such birds? The worms are all right, but I should think rather a monotonous dish—*toujours perdrix!* Vary it with any sort of insects you can obtain, also small snails, and the so-called "ants'-eggs" which bird-dealers sell in packets. Peewit and Lapwing are alternative names for the same bird.—R. Broatch (Colmonell, Ayrshire) asks "if Peewits only build by or near a swamp or damp ground?" By no means. They are fond of elevated moors and corn-fields, places as dry as you like.

Willow Wren and Wood Wren.—Arthur Fowler (Evesham) asks if the notes of the Willow Wren and Wood Wren are as similar as the birds? The Willow Wren's song consists of a long string of "tu-i's" or "cooi's," varied to "tuo" and "tu." Howard Saunders gives the Wood Wren's song as "chit, chit, chit, chit, chitr, chitr, tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tre."

Tree Frog.—T. H. Solomon (W. Kensington) fed his Tree Frogs on Bluebottles, and at first they appeared to thrive, but later he was "alarmed to note their decrease of appetite and the discolouration of their skin; and also, seeing one of them rubbing in the earth. They died, one after the other. I divined the cause to be the inability to cast their skin." It is probable that the Bluebottles were the cause of the trouble. There was a very similar complaint from a reader recently, which you might look up in your back numbers. Toads have been known to be killed by the attack of Bluebottle grubs on their internal organs, and there is every probability that your Tree Frogs, having been fed upon these insects, have been killed in the same manner. I have not known Frogs to have any difficulty in casting their skins, and do not suppose this was the reason for their decease.

Tadpoles.—C. Burton (Anerley) wishes to know what to feed his Tadpoles on, and where to get it. I fear that by the time this answer appears all your Tadpoles will have developed into frogs. Tadpoles should be placed in an aquarium of some sort that has had water in it for some months previously. In such a vessel the glass would be partially obscured by a minute green growth. Upon this low form of aquatic vegetation the Tadpoles would feed. Failing such a vessel, you should introduce some water-weeds from the pond where you found the Tadpoles. The older portions of these weeds will be almost certain to have the minute growth (*Conferva*) upon them. Most boys who keep Tadpoles in order that they may watch their development into Frogs make

the mistake of capturing too many. This means overcrowding, starvation, and the rapid death of the entire batch. Your second question, therefore, may be a quite unnecessary one, but if you succeed in raising the Frogs, keep them in the water for a time and feed them with small blood-worms. When their limbs have grown sufficiently strong, and their tails have quite vanished, turn them out in the grass, where they will look after themselves better than you could do for them. Respecting the weeds for Gold-fish, the dealer who supplies the fish will also supply suitable weeds, but almost any pond will furnish you with the so-called Water-Thyme or Canadian Pondweed which grows freely in aquaria.

Aquarium.—J. R. W. (Wilton) is anxious to start a small aquarium; and wants to know what to stock it with, and if it matters what colour the inside is painted. Inquiries of this character are more in the nature of puzzles than anything else. I have no idea what the size and capacity of your aquarium will be, nor do I know what kind of creatures you would prefer to keep. The great danger in starting an aquarium always lies in the ambition of its owner—he wants to crowd in too many things. For a small vessel, I should suggest that you start with not more than two fishes, three or four snails, and a vigorous bunch of water-weeds. You may omit the fishes or the snails, but if you hope for success the weeds must be there. And get the weeds first. *Until they are established and performing their functions as oxygen-producers, the tank is not ready for its animal tenants.* The colour of the tank does not matter.

Vivarium.—L. P. Renouf (Erdington) sends me an interesting account of his experiences in keeping snakes, lizards, &c. One of his snakes that escaped was returned to him with a hole in its back as though a garden fork had pierced it. It was washed with Condy's fluid, and bandaged, but the bandage did not remain long. I should try the old-fashioned sticking-plaster. That would not readily come off. I do not know what else you can do, as I have not had such an experience. Respecting the plan of keeping snakes, lizards, and toads together in one vivarium, I do not consider it a good one. Some of your lizards may disappear. I should certainly keep the snakes apart from the others. You cannot improve upon the present food of your snakes.

Botanical Queries. — C. Bainbridge (Dorking) sends a plant found growing in meadows which seems to him to differ from the Purple Orchis (*Orchis mascula*) usually found there. Quite so; your specimen is the Green-winged Orchis (*O. morio*). Note that the sepals or "wings" of the flower are marked with green lines, and that these sepals, instead of spreading back as in the Purple Orchis, turn forward so as to form a sort of hood. There are other points of difference, but these are sufficient for identification. With respect to your second question, *O. morio* is not so widely distributed as *O. mascula*, but in some places it is quite as plentiful. I have had a drawing made of your specimen. — Mrs. Muscott (Northampton) sends a fragment of some species of *Cerastium* (Mouse-ear Chickweed), but I cannot say which, owing to the withered and crushed condition in which it reached me. I must again impress upon my readers who contemplate sending me plants for identification that it is useless to put these in envelopes; they should be sent in tins with a piece of wet cotton-wool or moss to keep them fresh for a few days, and leaves as well as flowers should be present.—"Natas" (Sidcup) sends me a similar fragment of a fern, not sufficient to identify, that produces young plants from the surface of its fronds. He is evidently of opinion that this is unusual, and asks, "Should anything be done to the plant?" It is all right; several species of ferns have this habit, and you will find that these young plants, if taken off with a small portion of the old frond and planted, will soon root and become nice little plants to give your friends. Thanks for kind opinion of *Wild Flowers Month by Month*.—R. J. Potter (Northampton) has my *Wayside and Woodland Trees*, and intends to make a collecton by its aid of leaves, flowers, and catkins. He wishes to know how to preserve them. I have given in recent numbers several replies on preserving plants. Kindly look them up, as space is too limited to enable me to go over old ground; or you will find good and full instructions by Mr. Jas. Britten in a handy little volume, *Collecting and Preserving*, edited by J. E. Taylor (*2s. 6d.*). The only zoological periodical is *The Zoologist*, 1*s.* monthly.

GREEN-WINGED ORCHIS.
(One-fourth natural size.)

Dormice.—J. M. P. (Waterloo, Liverpool) wishes to keep Dormice, but has failed to get them in Liverpool. Can I tell him where to procure them, and the price; also title of a

booklet on Dormice? I wish readers would not ask me to recommend tradesmen. I never buy specimens, so have no actual experience of the dealers; but from time to time there have been advertisements inserted in THE CAPTAIN by dealers in live stock, and these should be encouraged as far as possible. A. Zache and Co., 196 Great Portland Street, London, W., make a speciality of all kinds of mice, and a note to them stating your wants and asking price would bring you the desired information. I do not know of any book on Dormice. Their sleepy habits make them rather unpopular as pets, so it has not been considered worth while to write books about them. Several notes on the subject have appeared in this Corner. Look them up.

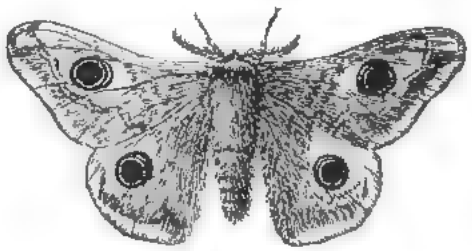
Shrew, etc.—S. R. Attwood (Brockley) sends me an interesting account of an Easter ramble in the neighbourhood of Shirley. The finds of himself and friends included the Pygmy Shrew (of which he sends me a very good photo), the Edible Snail (*Helix pomatia*), several bird's nests, the Brindled Beauty Moth (*Biston hirtaria*), various plants, &c. Thanks for the photo. It is a pity you could not have got this whilst the beast was still alive.

Silkworms.—E. A. Power (Birmingham) wishes to know where to obtain Silkworms. He has tried many places in Birmingham, but failed to get them. I have no local knowledge of his city, so cannot help him in that direction. They can be obtained from Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden Market, London, W.C., or you would probably see an offer of them in the sale or exchange columns of *The Bazaar*. The food is mulberry-leaves.—J. P. N. (Upper Clapton) wishes to know where he can sell silkworm cocoons. I really do not know, but an advertisement in the *Bazaar* or THE CAPTAIN might help him.

White Mice.—Sandy McFlashen (Bromley): (1) The bed should be fresh, sweet hay, and it should be renewed once a week. (2) See answer to H. Hoyes in March CAPTAIN.—"Lover of Mice" (Hythe): (1) The secretary of the Mouse Club is Mr. Enoch Welburn, Pack Horse Inn, Beverley. (2) Which coloured mouse is "the best" is quite a matter of taste. The best for you is the one that you prefer. (3) See answer to H. Hoyes in March number. (4) I do not believe in wheel cages.

Young Squirrel.—J. H. Woods (Canterbury) asks at what age a young squirrel can be taken from its mother and nest, and is able to feed and take care of itself. I should think this could safely be done at about four weeks. *May I be allowed to add that I do not think a squirrel should ever be kept in captivity?*

Emperor Moth.—J. Atkins (Putney). Your moth which "emerged from an egg-shaped cocoon among heather-stems" is the Emperor (*Saturnia carpini*), a male specimen. The female is a larger insect of a general grey tint marked with brown. She lacks the finely feathered antennæ of the male. The caterpillar is a very fine insect.

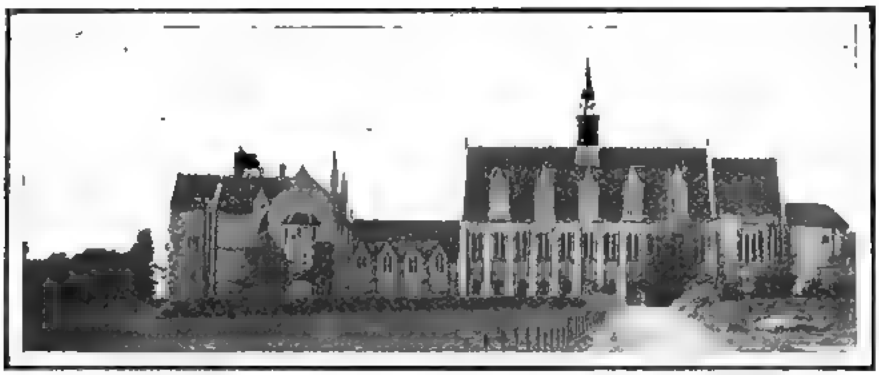


EMPEROR MOTH.
(Male.)

Lark's Flight.—H. D. Bindley (Weeke) sends me notes of his observations on duration of Lark's flight. They are as follows:

15	minutes	51	seconds.
13	,,	42	,,
12	,,	17	,,
14	,,	15	,,

"Natas" (Sidcup) has also been making observations, which differ greatly from the last-named, which appear to be unusually long flights. "Natas" says: "In regard to the length of time that Larks remain in the air, I have made a few observations and have come to the conclusion that when they first appear their song is very short, but as the weather gets warmer their song lengthens. The first time I took (towards the end of March) was less than thirty seconds, but the last one (beginning of May) was just over five minutes. As to whether they ever settle, I am almost certain that I saw one this evening, sitting on a post and singing. I may have been mistaken, but as I got quite close to it I don't think I was."



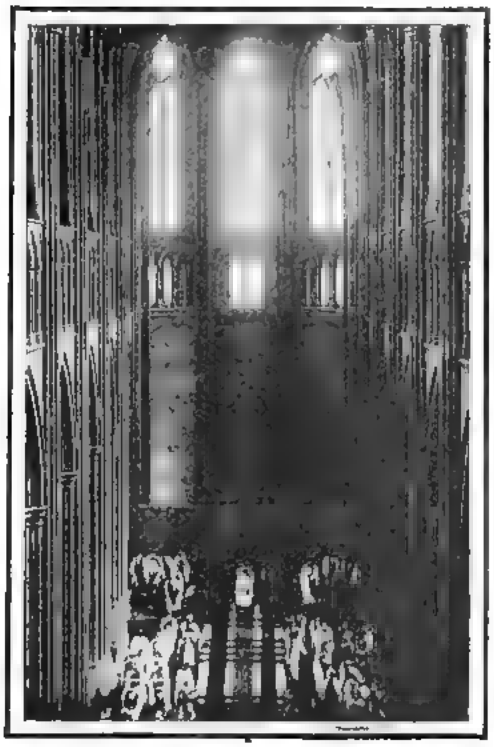
THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE ENTRANCE.

LANCING COLLEGE.

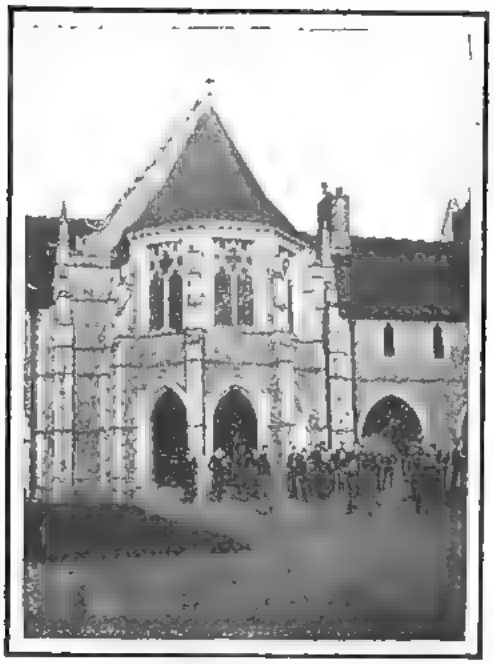
By Alan R. Haig Brown.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. W. PAUL.

SITUATED amid the rolling downs of Sussex, and surrounded by a wealth of elms, it would be difficult to find a healthier or more charming site than that from which the towers of Lancing gaze out upon the sea. Founded in 1848 by the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard at Shoreham, and removed to its present site a few years later, Lancing has ever held the proud position of foremost of the Woodard Schools, a position which, like all great ones, has not been without certain drawbacks. On entering the park gate off the road which lies between Shoreham and Worthing, there lies on our right a ditch which marks the finish of the House Run; it does not look so very formidable now, but lucky is the runner who can clear it after five miles of plough and grass. Past the college farm and up the hill lies our road, and we pause at the cricket pavilion, an edifice painted in blue and white—the school colours—and look down over a large and beautifully level plateau where many a battle at football and at cricket has been fought against Brighton and Hurst Colleges. Lancing has ever been a football and cricket loving school, and now, in addition to these school matches, meets Felsted at football, and St. John's, Leatherhead, at cricket. Higher up the road, and on our right, stands the chapel, and, though it somewhat dwarfs the surrounding buildings, it is impossible not to admire so imposing a structure. Not a penny of debt has been incurred in the building, the work only proceeding as the money comes in, but the long delay which is unavoidable in so great an undertaking, under such conditions, will be atoned for when the completed chapel stands forth second to none in England either in size or magnificence. Seven years ago, when Lancing celebrated her jubilee, a service—the first, and, so far, the only one—was conducted within its walls by the



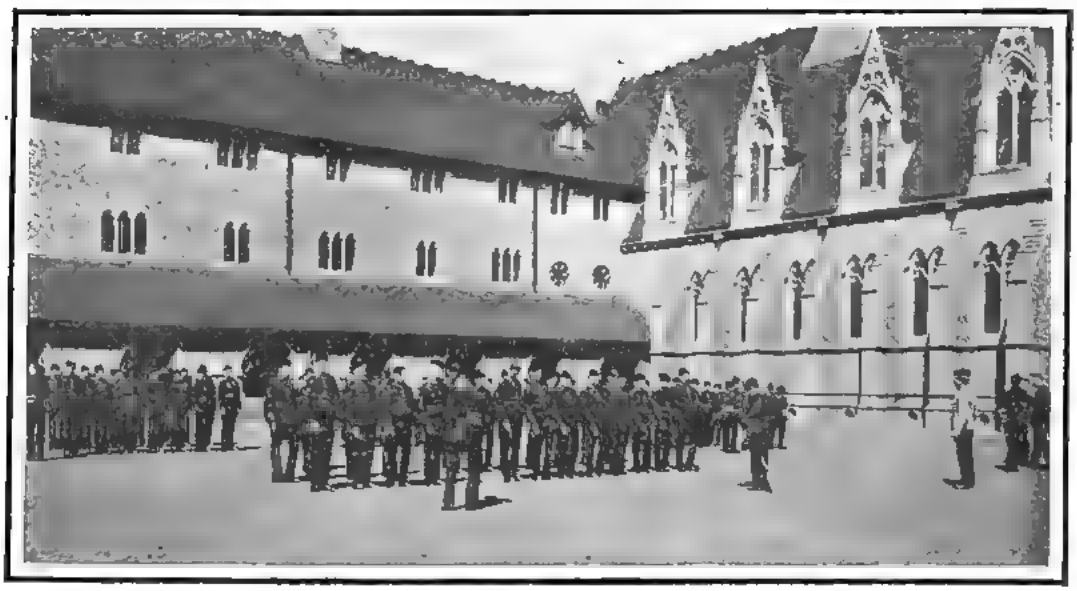
THE CHAPEL AT THE TIME OF THE JUBILEE SERVICE.



THE GREAT SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

Archbishop of Canterbury; at present the school services are held in the crypt, which forms a beautiful and simple school chapel.

As we leave the chapel, we come to the school entrance proper, where a flight of steps leads between the headmaster's house on the left and the dining-hall on the right on to the lower quad, a plot of grass only used by the Rifle Corps, which is attached to the 2nd V.B. of the Royal Sussex Regiment, on the occasions of their weekly parade in uniform; one is struck immediately by the colour of the buildings, all with the exception of the chapel being faced with flint stone, and the effect is charming in its picturesqueness. The building on our right contains two large and spacious rooms, the lower and upper hall; the former is at present used for school meals, while the latter is only opened on Speech Day and other great occasions. Ascending the steps which lead from the lower to the upper quad, we find on our left the school library and museum; from there it is but a short step to the Great School, perhaps the most striking room in the college, which is used for concerts and performances of the Dramatic Society, and on either side of which open out the various class-rooms. Our next move is to the gymnasium, which atones for lack of structural beauty by internal excellence, for gymnastics form an important item in the athletic life of the place, and representatives are yearly sent to take part in the Public School competitions at Aldershot. Behind the gymnasium are the fives courts, which, from their strange shape, afford a game peculiar to Lancing, and equally popular with masters and boys. Lancing is managed on the house system. The school house con-



"CALLING THE ROLL," LANCING COLLEGE RIFLE CORPS.

tains the largest number of boys, the headmaster and second house master accommodating the rest. There is a game peculiar to the college, and, therefore, worthy of notice; it is called "pintel," and is played in the summer time with a reduced cricket bat and tennis ball—the batsman standing in a pit while the field occupy a truly rustic playing ground dotted with trees. The players usually number six a side, and it is possible to secure nine runs at a single stroke by hitting the ball into the "lower quad."

Lancing is one of those schools fortunate in claiming an Old Boy for headmaster. As athlete and scholar, Mr. B. H. Tower left her shelter for Oxford, and as scholar and athlete he returned, though Sedbergh, after an association extending over a period of sixteen years, would fain have kept him for her own. To those who know him it came as no surprise that, on his appointment as headmaster, some anonymous friend should give him such striking proof of friendship as a gift of £10,000 towards the completion of the chapel. In the second house master also, the Rev. T. W. Cook, Lancing gives further proof of the homing instinct which is present in her pupils. The late Marquess of Salisbury was one of the trustees of the school; he knew the college in his youth, and amidst all the cares of a great state often showed that his memory of this small colony was ever fresh. From the late Premier to the last of our wars is no far cry, and we are proud to record that the same enthusiasm which was responsible for the school corps sent forth some hundred of Lancing's sons to fight in South Africa. Quite recently a rifle range up to five hundred yards has been built on the premises, and swimming baths are in course of construction.

My pen would fain run on, but space forbids, so I leave my subject with regret and a feeling that I have done but scant justice to the school of many hills, which to know is to love.

A COVERT HACK.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. Morgan.

Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.

No. 10.—AN AFFAIR AT CARR'S.

I.

SINCE the coming of Stanborough, Hickson's cricket had lived. The spirit of the game had taken hold of the College, and more followers, regular practice, and frequent matches naturally resulted. The work begun by the Britisher flourished mightily, and Hickson's boasted several elevens. But the palm of Hickson's athletics must be given to base-ball. The first "nine" had played nearly every school in the Pacific States—and knew not defeat. It was generally found that cricketers did not take to base-ball; and that devotees to base-ball left cricket alone.

There was one man, however, who not only joined in both games, but was a shining light of both. W. J. Offord, a prefect of Carr's, was the best pitcher at the College, and also one of the smartest all-round cricketers. He went in for both games with ardour, and was never known to declare a preference for either. The way in which Offord could change immediately his round-arm cricket bowling movement into a deadly perpendicular pitch, without losing his judgment, was the delight of Hickson's.

He was at base-ball practice one evening at the beginning of the summer term, sending down the balls in various fancy styles, when a voice from the onlookers made him pause.

"Of-ford!"

Several efforts were made to extinguish the disturber of the peace, but he continued to call on Offord, and even threatened to trespass on the ground. It was Ward, a useless but ornamental member of the lower sixth.

"Half a sec., you chaps," said Offord, going to meet the newcomer; "now, Ward, out with it."

Ward lowered his voice and muttered for several seconds. Then he walked away. Offord stood for a moment irresolute; then, tossing the ball up the field, he called:

"Sorry, fellers—but I must go in. Ward will take my place."

He walked off the field and play was resumed. Ward, being beset by questions, said in his airy fashion:

"Oh, there's a little bird in Offord's study. I caught it, and he's gone to see it."

Meanwhile, with steady stride, Offord entered Carr's. Had he come on a wild-goose chase? If so——

He reached his den. The door was locked on the outside. He turned the key and went in. Ah, it was true, then!

His cash-box lay on the floor, and by the open window, within easy reach of the ground outside, stood Walter Lee of the fifth. Ward had told Offord that on entering his (Offord's) study, he had surprised a middle-school boy in the act of rummaging in the prefect's cash-box. Ward had further added that the boy was so startled on being discovered that he had let the cash-box fall to the ground.

Offord leant his back against the door, and regarded Lee with considerable astonishment. Here was one of the last fellows that he would have pitched upon as being guilty of a dishonourable action. He knew him to be a smart man of the lower fifth, a first-rate striker at base-ball, and the winner of last year's middle-school swimming contests. Was it possible that such a fellow could——

The senior moved abruptly, and found himself wondering why the cad hadn't escaped through the window and put off the evil hour.

"Have you anything to say, Lee?"

"No." Lee's face was white, and he

seemed to be speaking through his teeth. "Except that I swear I should have paid it back."

"Really? Well, that's something, anyhow," said Offord. His tone was not conducive to further confession, and it was with difficulty that Lee continued.

"I owe money—and can't write home any more. I've borrowed some, but not enough. I should have repaid it in about a week. I didn't stop to think ——"

"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY, LEE?"

"All right," interrupted Offord; "you can keep the rest for the prefects. We'll have it to-morrow during the working-party. Go now."

Lee paused at the door.

"Offord—I know I'll have to leave the Coll., but I'm not what you think. I can't excuse myself, but——"

"Git!" said Offord, almost savagely. And Lee went.

The senior, seriously disturbed, paced his study with agitation. The disgrace to the College in general and to Carr's in particular began to make itself felt in his mind. Could it not be averted? Were it not for the fact that Ward knew of the affair, he (Offord) might have managed it by himself and in silence. But as it was, the prefects must be consulted, and everything reported to the Head. As he thought of these things, Offord, who took a keen interest in the well-being of his house, groaned in much bitterness of spirit. Was there *no* way to save Carr's from being thus dragged down?

II.

On the following afternoon, Isabel Uridge, games treasurer, came out of Bowen's with a note-book in her hand, and wrinkles of anxiety on her brow.

"Isabel, whyfor that soul-stricken expression?" asked Mary Baker.

"Because I'm busy, and I know that wretched bell will ring in a minute for the working-party."

"So it will," agreed Mary; "but what are you busy about?"

"Why, I want young Lee of the fifth."

Mary Baker's face changed. She became suddenly interested.

"What do you want him for?"

"To ask him to take a hand training the juniors for the swimming contests, and—but why are you looking like that, Mary?"

"I'm not looking any way particular," replied Mary Baker quickly.

"Well," continued the other, "I want to see him about it. He's young, but it's a chance for him—he's so keen, and his stroke in the water is perfectly lovely. Will you come into Carr's with me to find him?"

But Mary seemed strangely reluctant.

"I—I don't think there will be time. Can't you ——"

At that moment the bell clanged, and to Mary's evident relief the girls had perforce to annex themselves unto the limp throng that filtered slowly forward to join the working-party.

Immediately on hearing the bell, a great crowd of boys gathered in Carr's court—chattering excitedly. Some one—rumour varied as to the person—was to be publicly thrashed by the prefects, in lieu of being reported to the Head. His exact offence was unknown, but rumour knew it had to do with Offord; and Offord being a public favourite, the offender, whomsoever he might be, was to be publicly dropped out of intercourse, as well as publicly thrashed. So much had been decided upon when the prefects, followed by Walter Lee of the lower fifth, came into the court. Carr's received a shock. They had thought Lee to be a good man. However, they had evidently been mistaken.

Briefly, the head prefect informed Carr's of what Lee had done. He had been caught red-handed in the act of stealing money. To save him from the crowning disgrace of expulsion, therefore—a disgrace which might have a baleful effect on his whole life—it had been decided that, in lieu of being reported to the Head, he should receive a Prefects' Thrashing.

Carr's shuddered. This was the most severe punishment in their private penal code. Each prefect dealt the unhappy victim three cuts with a cane, each cut being delivered with the whole strength of the arm. It was a most painful and impressive ceremony, this Prefects' Thrashing, and it is hardly necessary to add that its moral effect on the more degenerate members of Carr's was considerable.

"Now, Lee!" said the Head Prefect, curtly, lifting the cane.

And a great silence fell upon Carr's.

When it was over, Offord spoke:

"You have all seen what has taken place, and you know the reason, so I needn't enlarge. But I should like to explain that we decided on this in order to save the House from a public disgrace as well as Lee from expulsion. Bowen's know nothing of it, and there is no need for them to. I am now satisfied, so I hope you are."

As he ceased speaking, Bowen's doors were thrown open and the girls trooped out into the sunshine—all unconscious of the tragedy just enacted.

"I want," murmured Isabel Uridge—the wrinkles appearing on her forehead as her thoughts reverted to business—"young Lee."

Mary Baker interposed hastily.

"Don't waste all the afternoon hunting after Lee. You can ask him what you want to any time."

"But I told Joseph White I'd see to it. I guess I'll find Lee in Carr's."

"I guess you won't," returned Mary Baker promptly; "he'll be up in the base-ball field—I don't think!" she added under her breath.

"Well, then, let's go up there," said Isabel, anxious to discharge her duty.

By this time numbers of Carr's had collected together in the base-ball field, a simultaneous rush from the court having been made lest the unwonted numbers should suggest things to the girls.

"Where is Walter Lee of the fifth?" asked Isabel of a junior. The small boy looked uneasy.

"I don't know," he muttered.

W. J. Offord, who was standing near, looked round.

"What do you want with him?" he asked sharply.

Isabel raised her eyebrows at the prefect's tone. "I want to ask him to help with the training of the juniors for the swimming sports. Is he anywhere about?"

"NOW, LEE!"

"No, I don't think so," replied Offord, still frowning; "and I opine that he won't undertake the job."

"Why not?" asked Mary Baker suddenly. "Is there any reason why he shouldn't—now? But come, Isabel, let's get to the other field. You can see about the swimming some other time."

They moved off, and Offord looked anxiously after Mary Baker. Did she know? And would she spread it about Bowen's, thus making it public in spite of all?

III.

On the free half following the incidents just related, Offord, according to his usual habit of mixing his recreations, mapped out a pleasant little afternoon for himself after this fashion:

Two o'clock: Boat on river with Emerson's "Essays."
Three-thirty: Cricket practice.
Five o'clock: Tea.
Five-forty-five: Base-ball practice.

The only item he followed up was the first. It was this way. Full of the best intentions, he ensconced himself in a small boat, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the evening before, under the treatment of some half-dozen juniors, it had sprung a leak. Offord, in his ignorance, shipped the oars, opened his book, and drifted gently down-stream. Everything had turned out as he had hoped. Lee's disgrace and

punishment, known only to Carr's, were apparently buried, and except for considerable coldness towards Lee (which the fellow must expect), all was going on as though nothing had happened. At length Offord forgot Lee wholly in the essays of Emerson, which are, as most fellows know, absorbing. Seated high in the bow, with his feet on the seat-board in front of him, he was just in the full enjoyment of "On Self-Reliance," when a ripple of water washing against his heels brought him down to earth, to the knowledge that the boat was full of water, and that in the course of a few seconds something would happen.

It did. Noiselessly graceful, aided by his weight, the small boat turned over, and Offord found himself treading water with energy. Smiling wet-ly, he struck out for the bank, and was just regretting his Emerson, which had sunk, when a very untoward thing happened. A dull pain gripped the muscles of both legs, and a terrible numb feeling crept over him. Offord had never before been seized with cramp, and he went under at once. He rose, terrified and gasping, and plunged wildly forward. But the nerveless logs that seemed to have taken the place of his legs dragged him under again. Once more he came up—breathless. The water blinded him; he seemed to hear some one shouting, and to feel for an instant the wind on his face. Then the water closed over him once more—and he had no more power to hold his breath.

When he came to himself, after a series of nightmares, some one was working his arms like pump-handles, and the sun felt hot on his face. He breathed deeply.

"All right?" asked a rather shaky voice.

Offord opened his mouth to speak, found that too great an effort was required, and closed it again.

The owner of the shaky voice seeming inclined to continue the pumping business, Offord exerted himself mightily and opened his eyes. He saw the face of Walter Lee.

"I—I s'pose you fished me out, Lee?" he said weakly.

"Yes. I was reading, a little lower down. Lucky I happened to hear you call out."

"Oh—did I call out?" The senior threw out both arms and then sat up.

"Thanks, Lee," he said, taking up a book which was lying face-downwards near him. It was Emerson.

"I'm glad that's saved," he remarked, not noticing its dry exterior.

Lee looked round.

"That's what I was reading. Yours is lost, I'm afraid."

Offord looked more closely at the book in his hand. It was open at the essay "On Self-Reliance."

"Curious," he said to himself. Then: "Do you often read this?"

"No," answered Lee, wiping his face with a handkerchief, and trying vainly to restore the parting in his hair; "it happened to be the first book I took hold of, and it opened at that, so I read it. Hadn't we better go in and change? Can you walk?"

"ALL RIGHT?" ASKED A RATHER SHAKY VOICE.

Offord rose to his feet, and tried to shake some of the wet off him. The process was rather a failure, for his head was horribly dizzy.

"I'll clutch hold of you, if you don't mind," he said; "I feel beastly unsteady."

The two walked College-wards together, and were seen afar off by a curious and wondering crowd of Carr's. Offord, and—could it be *Lee?* Yes, it was—and they were walking arm-in-arm—Jerusalem! Stay, though, there was something the matter. Offord was ill—or was it Lee? And they were both—yes, *wet*, absolutely dripping. The crowd moved forward to meet them.

Offord explained.

"I had an upset; got cramp; should have been drowned; only Lee bucked in and fished me out. That's all."

The crowd of Carr's congratulated Offord warmly—and ignored Lee. They could not forget his disgrace. Just as things were growing uncomfortable, several girls hurried up with Isabel Uridge and Mary Baker to the fore. When things had been explained to them, and they had congratulated the senior and warmly commended Lee, Isabel spoke thus:

"I've been wanting to speak to you, Lee, for several days. We want to know if you'll undertake the training of the juniors for the swimming contests. What do you say?"

Carr's frowned heavily, and Lee's white face flushed. The offer was a tempting one, and in ordinary circumstances would give him *status* in the House. As it was—he saw by the lowering faces round him that he must refuse. His punishment was not yet at an end.

"I—I'm real sorry," he commenced, "but I don't think I can take it on."

Offord, who had waited with anxiety for the answer, glanced round, and his eyes met the indignant gaze of Mary Baker. Once more the question flashed into his mind: *Did she know?*

He still held Lee's arm, and now he gripped it more tightly. Was the fellow never to have another chance?

"Why not do it, Lee? No one is better qualified." He paused, and Carr's appeared greatly surprised that he should speak in favour of Lee. He reminded them.

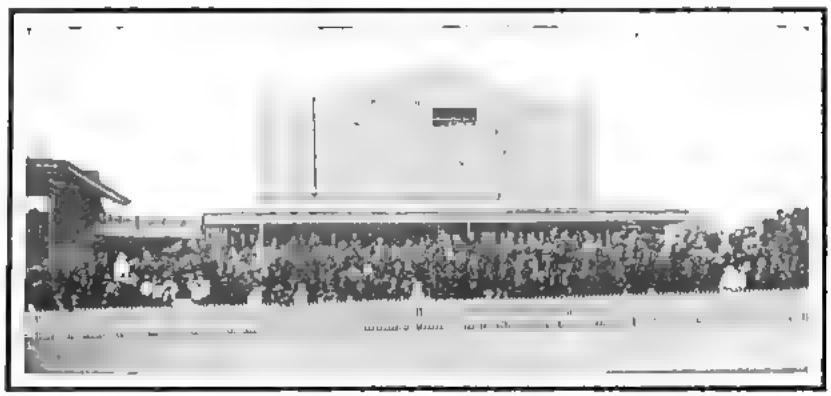
"Fellers, this man saved my life just now!"

There was appeal in his voice, and the electricity of it ran through the group, driving all uncharitableness from their hearts. They realised suddenly that all in this world is not necessarily black or white; that there may be grey.

"We haven't forgotten, Offord—it's all right, Lee. Hurrah!"

Thus was Lee's fall atoned and forgiven; Carr's received him into their midst again, and Bowen's lived on in ignorance.

Only Mary Baker smiled a smile of understanding.



THE SCORING-BOX AT SYDNEY ON THE OCCASION OF ENGLAND'S RECORD SCORE IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH, DECEMBER 1903.

Photo. by P. F. Warner

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Alt-Heidelberg (Heidelberg College Magazine).—Of the several school magazines which reach us from Germany, *Alt-Heidelberg* is certainly one of the best. As its name implies, it makes a special endeavour to keep in touch with Old Boys—and with considerable success, we should judge. Amongst the contributions to the number before us we note a brief letter from an Old Boy in Alaska, an entertaining paper (in French) entitled "Notre Cercle des Débats!" and an article (in German) on the Carnival in Heidelberg. From an account of the Christmas festivities at the College we take the following *menu*, which the *gourmets* among our readers may be interested in translating:

SPEISENFOLGE.

Bröschen-Suppe
Steinbutt

Roastbeef mit Gemüsen	Rehbraten mit Kartoffelbrei
Truthahn mit Bratwürstchen	Gefüllte Gans
Mince Pies	Plumpudding
Käse	Butter

Dessert

Arvonian (Carnarvon County School).—The principal article bears the title of "Research under Difficulties," and gives an interesting account of Priestley's discovery of oxygen in 1775. The resources at the chemist's disposal were limited: the difficulties he encountered great. The narrative of how he triumphed makes stimulating reading. "Works" is an unpretentious but suggestive little paper upon the aspect of a big engineering factory.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The last number to hand contains the best thing we have come upon in our latest batch of magazines. This is a paper on "The Charms of the Road," by the Rev. A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey, who is best known to fame as "the Walking Parson." As one who has learned the lesson of the road, it may be that Mr. Cooper's remarks appeal with peculiar force to the present writer: but we cannot think the pount of them could by any one be missed. He starts with a delightful story:

> Cobbett relates he once heard one eminent Scotch gentleman discussing with another the education of his boy.
> "Do you mean to have him taught Latin?"
> "No," was the reply, "I mean to do something better for him."
> "What is that?"
> "Why, teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass."

After briefly relating his early experiences as a Bluecoat boy, Mr. Cooper, writing in easy but most suggestive style, sketches lightly some of his experiences on the road. Like Ulysses of old, he has seen cities and men. To mention but a few of his travels, he has walked to Rome, Buda-Pesth, and Vienna; to the Black Forest, the Italian Littoral, and across Bohemia, where roads in many large districts are non-existent; to Venice, Monte Carlo, and over the Pyrenees to Barcelona.

We wish it were possible to quote the whole of Mr. Cooper's fascinating paper *in extenso*. That being out of the question, we must content ourselves with this concluding passage:

> . . . I feel inclined to borrow the idea, and say that every one who loves the roads will find their knowledge expanding, their interest in life growing, and as for their bodies, there will be no need to talk of physical degeneration if we become a nation of walkers. The man who walks is the man who is well, and the man who is well is the man who is happy. I know that only experience will enable any one to appreciate the keen delight in this mode of travel, which Walt Whitman thus describes:
>
> "Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
> Healthy, free, the world before me:
> The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

Droghedean.—The printing is poor, and the general turn-out inferior. A little more care bestowed upon the "make-up," and more particular supervision of the printer, would render the *Droghedean* a great deal more presentable, at no extra expense. The most interesting item in the number before us is the Headmaster's brief narrative of a modern pilgrimage from Jerusalem to Jericho. As a companion to the *menu* quoted from the account of Christmas festivities at Heidelberg College, we give here the bill of fare at the Hotel du Parc, Jericho. It consisted, as will be seen, "of goat and eggs in various permutations and combinations."

Goat Soup.
Minced Goat on Toast.
Goat Cutlets and Mashed Potato.
Roast Leg of Goat.
Omelette.

The vegetables were all right, but the goat was goat of a Patriarchal age and muscular development. It was a scandal to murder them in the days of their dotage, unless they had, indeed, paid the debt of nature unassisted, which is likely enough.

Glasgow High School Magazine.—A full number, with some very fair literary contents. "A Visit to Benares" contains some interesting information, though personally we cannot help contrasting it (somewhat to its detriment) with the picturesque, if profane, description recently given us by a home-returned "Tommy." "And they calls that the 'oly City!" was his memorable peroration in disgusted tones. "An Afternoon's Walk in the South of Bute," and "A Night on Goatfell" (the latter by a girl) are creditable holiday contributions. We like especially the anonymous verses, reprinted from the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, which appear to have been inspired by a church parade of the cadet corps. After alluding to the smart appearance of the corps, "wadin' through the mud an' snaw," the poet proceeds:

Days will come—indeed are comin',
No sae very far awa',
When they'll have to quit their drummin'
An', like sodgers, rise or fa'.
Lads o' auld St. Mungo's High School,
Keep your backs again' the wa';
When you wear the blackcock's feather
Don't forget the cock can craw.
On the fields o' war, or silence—
Fields o' anything at a';
If you mak' your motto Duty
You can up an' waur them a'

Hulsh Magazine.—We do not recollect to have seen this magazine before. The contents of the two issues received do not call for special comment, but the general appearance—the "make up"—of the magazine might be easily improved. Little discretion has been exercised in the arrangement of the pages (we should judge, indeed, that the printers are responsible for the sub-editorial work), and as a consequence they look heavy and uninteresting. The five pages of "Personalia," for example, should be more attractively dressed, and the commencement of special articles at the

head of a page (instead of at the tail of a preceding feature) would lend some style to the magazine, even if it caused a small waste of space. The cover would be far better if it were simplified by the removal of the meaningless tail-piece which the printer (as we imagine) has thrust in, after the manner of his kind.

Leopard (Skinners' School Magazine).—The last number to hand contains very little of general interest. General Knowledge Papers usually add somewhat to the gaiety of schoolmasters, and "A Batch of Blunders" is a very entertaining anthology of "howlers." English genders produce the most astonishing results:

The masculine of doe rabbit is either drake-rabbit or buck-hare was one answer recently given in an examination, a good second being the reply to the question "Give the masculine of hind." "Hindermost," said the intelligent child.

The cover of *The Leopard* has at least the merit of striking the eye. It would have been more effective, however, if the artist had not so muddled his composition.

Merle (Nottingham High School).—The contents embrace various miscellaneous contributions, but if we except "Kaigosu," which is an extract from the Japanese *Asuni Horiwo*, none can lay claim to distinction. The cover of *The Merle* is not beautiful, but, regarded as the work of a boy still at school (which we understand it to be), it may be granted the merit of promise.

Modernian.—A neatly-turned-out magazine, which comes, so far as we can discover, from Tokyo—from Japan, at all events. We do not recollect having seen a copy before, and are glad to welcome so interesting an addition to the pile upon our table. The literary contents call for no special comment, but the numerous photographs, which are tastefully reproduced, are most interesting.

Pocklingtonian.—Mostly school news. The essay on "The Weather" is feeble, and the writer, since he found inspiration to his pen so lacking, would have been well advised not to write at all. "A March Day" commends itself to us. The author has no mean power of description, and we like his "Vision of a March Day":

. . sheep huddling in their pens, a downward slope of dull-green turf, a hill shoulder painted in the red-ochre of a plough and flanked by the brown of the woods, while a rustic splashes along the ill-kept road, and everywhere the song of the wind which moans in the grass, whistles in the hedgerows, and roars in the tree-tops. The cry of a cock-pheasant comes from a neighbouring spinney and the hares lope over the plough-land yonder. Spring is in the air, turning the speck within the egg and the sap within the bud, a blackbird goes squawking down the hedgerow and a flight of innumerable starlings whirl by overhead, while faintly comes the "baa" of the sheep within their pens.

Sexey's School Magazine.—To a previous issue of this periodical one W. A. K. recently contributed an article descriptive of a voyage to Spitzbergen, upon which we in turn commented in these columns. It appears that our criticism went home, for in the pages before us we find the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to a review of *Sexey's School Magazine* in a magazine for boys called THE CAPTAIN. The writer of the review, who signs himself A. E. Johnson, is rather sarcastic upon my Spitzbergen article which you were good enough to print. In the superior manner of the omniscient Fleet Street hack, the extent of whose travels may or may not include a day at Margate, he finds fault with me for going to Spitzbergen in a steamer. Does A. E. Johnson, in his "heated study," imagine that there is a regular service of coasting vessels from London to Spitzbergen? I should be obliged if he would inform me of any method of reaching Spitzbergen other than the one I chose. As a matter of fact, the *Ophir* was the only vessel from England which landed any passengers at Spitzbergen in 1904. How many times has A. E. Johnson visited Spitzbergen, and what route did he choose? His very vivid description of "limitless plains" which have no existence is a sufficient indication of his knowledge.

Then I am to blame because I have a "delicate nose"! A. E. Johnson may, if he revels in smells, easily satisfy his olfactory cravings within a very small radius of his publishing office. Surely even a "globe-trotter" may, if he pleases, object to following his example. I can assure him that some globe-trotters are so depraved as to absolutely *prefer* sweet to unsavoury smells.

But why "globe-trotter"? And why is a globe-trotter "distressing"? If A. E. Johnson will provide sufficient funds, and the necessary holiday, I shall be delighted to cross Spitzbergen in the proper Martin Conway style; but with a very limited purse, I managed to secure the cheapest berth in the only English vessel which could possibly get to Spitzbergen and back in the very limited time at my disposal.

I recommend my amiable critic to confine his caustic wit in future to subjects with which he is more familiar.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. A. K.

As an example of the art of polite letter-writing we think this is worthy the attention of our readers. As to the substance of W. A. K.'s remarks, we can only regret that his resentment of criticism should apparently have blunted his perceptions. It is idle to pretend, as he foolishly tries, that objection was made to his voyaging to Spitzbergen in a steamer. He was not expected to fly. Our complaint was that, though presumably possessed of eyes, the writer of the article appeared to have seen nothing. If any reader is sufficiently curious to turn up the issue of THE CAPTAIN for last January he will find the offending passage on page 368, and can form his own judgment upon it. We are sorry W. A. K. should have missed so completely the point of our criticism: but that *he* would see it was, of course, too much to expect.

Sotoniensis (King Edward VI. Grammar School).—We are accustomed to find some good things in the admirable collection of "Miscellanea" which is a regular feature of *Sotoniensis*, and the Easter number does not disappoint us. Here is a little story which is suggestive as well as amusing:

A young lady who was just going in for an examination in which *Hamlet* formed one of the subjects was asked how she liked the play. Her reply was that she judged from the notes that it must be very interesting, and that she intended to read it as soon as the examination was over.

Stanley House School Magazine.—As usual, a very full and interesting number. The dialect verses "Hullo!" are cheery reading and capital. We should like to see more from the same pen. "The House of Commons" is a readable paper, as is also "The Lighter Side of 'Varsity Life." Of a more solid nature are "Weather, Weathering, and the Formation of Soil," and "Fossils and Fossil-Hunting." The *Stanley House School Magazine* is excellently printed and capitally turned out; and it always, we note, maintains a good standard of all-round merit. If he never had worse to comment upon, the reviewer's task would be a pleasant one.

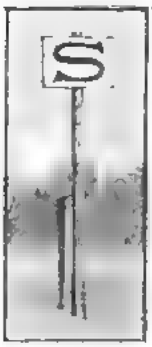
Other Magazines received at the date of going to press include *Blew House Magazine, Burian, City of London School Magazine, Clavencian, Harrogate College Magazine, Hoe Preparatory School Magazine, Hulmeian, Ipswich School Magazine, Liverpool College Upper School Magazine, Mill Hill Magazine, Olavian, Ousel, Pelican, Quernmorian, Salopian.*

A. E. JOHNSON.

THE CASE OF MACDONALD.

By "1818."

Illustrated by F. R. Skelton.



STANDING by the fireplace in my chambers in the Temple, I tried to believe myself back at Oxford. I often did so. And this time at least I was rewarded, for Oxford was grateful for my kind attentions, and sent me at that moment two very pleasant things—an old college friend and my first brief. To speak properly, it was not my brief; it was his. But he was busy, and could not take it. So he came to me, his junior by three years, and asked me to do the work for him. A most remarkable little case it was, he told me. Some young cub in Gloucestershire, son of a local squire, had to be defended against a charge of maliciously burning down his neighbour's summer-house. From the frantic jangle of discordant wails and prayers which figured as solicitors' letters in the brief we judged that as Dreyfus was to France so was this young criminal to Gloucestershire. He had run the county off its legs. Nothing would do but that a wigged and gowned barrister from London should go down to conduct his defence, a duty which fell to my friend, and by him was passed on to me.

The second day from this saw me on my way down into Gloucestershire, cramming myself with a delectable work on the Law of Evidence written by a person called Best. I got a lot of useful knowledge about the way one should administer oaths to a Quaker, or a heathen Chinee, or a Russian admiral, and other odd creatures. But the more I read the more my sense of inexperience oppressed me, and when I contemplated the approaching trial I felt as if the headmaster had suddenly come down upon me for a piece of construe I had not prepared. At the station I was met by two solicitors, whom I asked to tell me of the best inn in the place. "Inn!" they cried, "why, you must come up to the Hall. Mr. Macdonald is waiting for you outside in his brake." Of course even I knew it was rather unusual for barristers to be entertained by the families of accused persons they have to defend, but I was completely captured. With a solicitor at each elbow I was marched off and introduced as the learned counsel from London to Mr. Macdonald, who, if his spirits sank at the sight of my youthful appearance, was much too well bred to show it. He began at once, in the fine florid manner of his class, to tell me how inconceivably preposterous and crazy was the suggestion of his son having committed the crime. This was all very interesting, of course, but I did not remember seeing that kind of thing in Best's "Law of Evidence." I said I supposed all the neighbours would speak as to the boy's good character. The next moment I lurched nearly off my seat as Mr. Macdonald touched up the horses in preparation for reply. "Bless me, yes, indeed," he said. "Finest young chap in the county! Up to any boyish prank, of course; no molly-coddle, of course; quite game for pelting a bobby from behind a tree—ha, ha—but as for being a criminal in the dock—my dear sir—my good sir—it's a confounded lie; it's a conspiracy."

The Squire's conversation and my welcome at the Hall really made me curl up with shame. To me the whole thing had seemed a mere sporting effort to relieve my friend's pressure of business. But to these people it was a matter of life and death. A precious only son and heir was accused of a disgraceful outrage, and was in danger of public indignities really horrible to contemplate. One of the two justices of the peace before whom the case was coming had declared all round the countryside that young Macdonald, if convicted, should be treated like any common hooligan, *i.e.*, sent to gaol and whipped. "Can it be?" asked the Squire, "can it be that they really have power to order him to be whipped by the police?" I asked what was the boy's age, having looked up this point in London.

"Sixteen next month," said the Squire, and I was bound to confess that he could, indeed, be whipped. What did more than anything to make me feel a worm was the almost oriental reverence with which the whole party regarded me. I am sure they thought Dick Turpin himself would have been saved had I been there to plead his cause. My

appellation of "learned" fully covered the multitude of my defects, and even the paucity of my years. Mrs. Macdonald, for instance, who treated the two solicitors like inferior servants, showed to me as much respect as the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It quite crushed me. The only time they opposed me was when I suggested telegraphing for another counsel. They would not hear of it.

Before dinner I strolled down with my two hounds of the law to view the scene of the outrage—the "locus in quo." It was in the middle of a small copse belonging to a Mr Baggerly, and was very well hidden from other houses near. Mr. Baggerly, I learned, was perpetually at loggerheads with the Macdonalds, and he was also the austere magistrate who proposed to be so hard on young Macdonald if convicted. The solicitors told me that the really damning piece of evidence was that the boy was known to have gone out for a walk on the night of the fire, and had borrowed a box of matches from Mr. Baggerly's lodge-keeper, after failing to find any at the village shop. Then the Vicar, too, on returning from the room where he conducted his club for boys, had seen young Macdonald entering the copse Very bad it looked, and my spirits sank as I thought how inadequate would be the skill of the defence to meet the impact of the charges.

We went back, and met the family again at dinner. Then for the first time I saw the accused, who was at liberty, of course, on bail. He was rather notably good-looking, though critics might have called him angular and thin. He had dark waving hair, a healthy, reddish complexion, and fine grey-blue eyes. But I found him unpleasantly hostile to myself. As I came downstairs before dinner I saw him in the hall, leaning against a pillar, with his hands in his pockets, wearing a dinner-jacket which was obviously new, and yet was torn in one of the sleeves. As I walked across the hall he did not move from his pillar, but stood regarding me with a defiant, dangerous air that seemed to mean, "I'm rather afraid of you, but if you do come near me I'll bite you, and bite you hard."

The conversation at dinner was like all conversation when people are talking about one thing and thinking about something else. That is to say, it was a bit dull. The trial was not mentioned. The criminal, whose name was Charley, still kept giving me glances of hostility. The two lawyers dined with us, and I suppose it comforted the distressed parents to see this legal bodyguard arrayed around the boy. When the ladies left the room Charley was sent out with them, and Mr. Macdonald began to talk about the trial again. What seemed to trouble him

"CAN IT BE," ASKED THE SQUIRE, "CAN IT BE THAT THEY REALLY HAVE POWER TO ORDER HIM TO BE WHIPPED BY THE POLICE?"

most was that he was sure Mr. Baggerly would do his utmost to secure a conviction. I was anxious to see what sort of a person this terrible Baggerly was, and, therefore, it pleased me considerably when the door opened, soon after we rejoined the ladies, and I heard the name of the magistrate announced. He came in, and made me think——

> How, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
> Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli.

Every one got up and bristled like an angry cat. Mrs. Macdonald called Charley, and the solicitors marched up in double file to stand between the eagle and his prey. Mr. Macdonald, very red, asked to what we owed the honour of this visit. Mr. Baggerly, hugely enjoying the disturbance, said he merely wished to know if the accused intended to make a confession. And Charley at once, with his glare of hostility, said he didn't. Mr. Baggerly was a red-faced, bullying country gentleman, without the characteristic good humour of the class. I felt very angry as I looked at him, and compared his brutal strength and dull rudeness with the more attractive qualities of my spirited, handsome, deep-eyed young client. Also it was grossly indecent for a magistrate to behave in this way. My interest in the case became greater than before, and I had ambitious visions of my prowess in the defence, the discomfiture of the magistrate, and the triumphant acquittal of my client. When Mr. Baggerly left I succeeded in getting some private conversation with the boy.

"What a bristly old beast that man is!" I said, and won a smile of approval.

"He hates all our family," the boy said, slowly, looking down at the ground. "He wants to send me to gaol."

"I wish you'd tell me exactly how you spent that evening," I said.

But I achieved nothing. Young Macdonald looked at me again in his defiant way, and said very civilly that he'd rather not.

"You see, I shall have to ask you when you're in the witness-box."

"Must I go into the witness-box?" he asked.

"You're not bound to," I told him. "But Mr. Macdonald wants you to; and I think it would be best if you did."

But he only laughed in a nervously civil way, and said he was afraid he was giving a lot of trouble.

I will not dwell on the history of that night. It had a very long and sad history, for I did not go to sleep until nearly three o'clock, when my book dropped out of my hands as I lay reading law in bed.

I was called early in the morning. Breakfast was a meal that nobody had the heart to eat, but we sat round the table and shook our heads at intervals. Then we started on a four-mile drive to the little town where the trial was to take place. Mrs. Macdonald could not bear to come, and when we left she pressed my hand and assured me that she knew the boy was in good hands. That was not my opinion. At least, they looked anything but good hands when I had arrived in court and set my trembling fingers to sort out my papers. There is a comforting story about an old sergeant in the Crimea who went into battle shivering with fear. "Why, sergeant," said a subaltern, "you're frightened!" The sergeant answered, "Yes, and if you was as frightened as me, young man, you'd run away." That is a nice story for people who tremble.

The appearance of my wig and gown in the police court made every one sit up. I assumed a most learned frown, and the fat old solicitor who was conducting the prosecution shied considerably. The place was packed with people of all classes, from the county families to yokels, all interested in this *cause célèbre*. When the accused came in I heard a sudden outburst of clapping. Stern voices ordered silence, but I looked round and saw that the applause came from a band of rough-looking boys sitting together in the public part of the court. Such is the solidarity of youth, I thought, and I was encouraged.

Well, my fate was upon me, and I had to go through with it. The oily solicitor who was my opponent rose, much smiled on by the approving Baggerly from the bench, and opened the case. My client stood between two policemen in the dock. His flushed face and sulky, defiant mien were particularly becoming as he stood looking at the fat solicitor, when one considered the dangerous position he was in. The first witness was the clergyman. He was one of those people who seem to think it natural that you will consider every word they say a lie, and so are obliged to answer the simplest question with a pathetic amount of detail and gesture and facial contortions in order to be believed at all. I didn't see any special reason for disbelieving him, but doubtless he knew best. He said he had met young Macdonald at eight o'clock on the night in question, walking away from the village and in the direction of the copse.

That was when the Vicar was returning from his boys' club. At each of his answers Mr. Baggerly nodded his head in satisfaction. Did the Vicar notice anything peculiar about the boy? asked my opponent. And it appeared that the boy had dived into the hedge the moment he caught sight of the Vicar. Things looked bad.

When the solicitor had finished his examination of this witness I got up to cross-examine him. For the life of me I did not know what to say to him. "How often do you hold your boys' club?" I asked at random.

The magistrate interrupted me. "Now don't waste time," he snarled. "Your wig and gown don't give you a right to ask silly questions."

"How often do you hold your boys' club?" I repeated, having now at least got an object in view in the shape of a desire not to be browbeaten.

"I WISH YOU'D TELL ME EXACTLY HOW YOU SPENT THAT EVENING," I SAID.

"Twice a week and twice only, and on all Bank Holidays, except the August one," the Vicar answered.

"At what hour does it begin?" I asked.

"At eight o'clock, though sometimes we are a few minutes early and sometimes a few minutes late; but I can positively say it begins at eight o'clock as a rule."

Then I thought I had caught him lying.

"And yet you say," I announced severely, "that you met young Mr. Macdonald at *eight o'clock* as you were *returning* from the club. Be very careful, Mr. Brown."

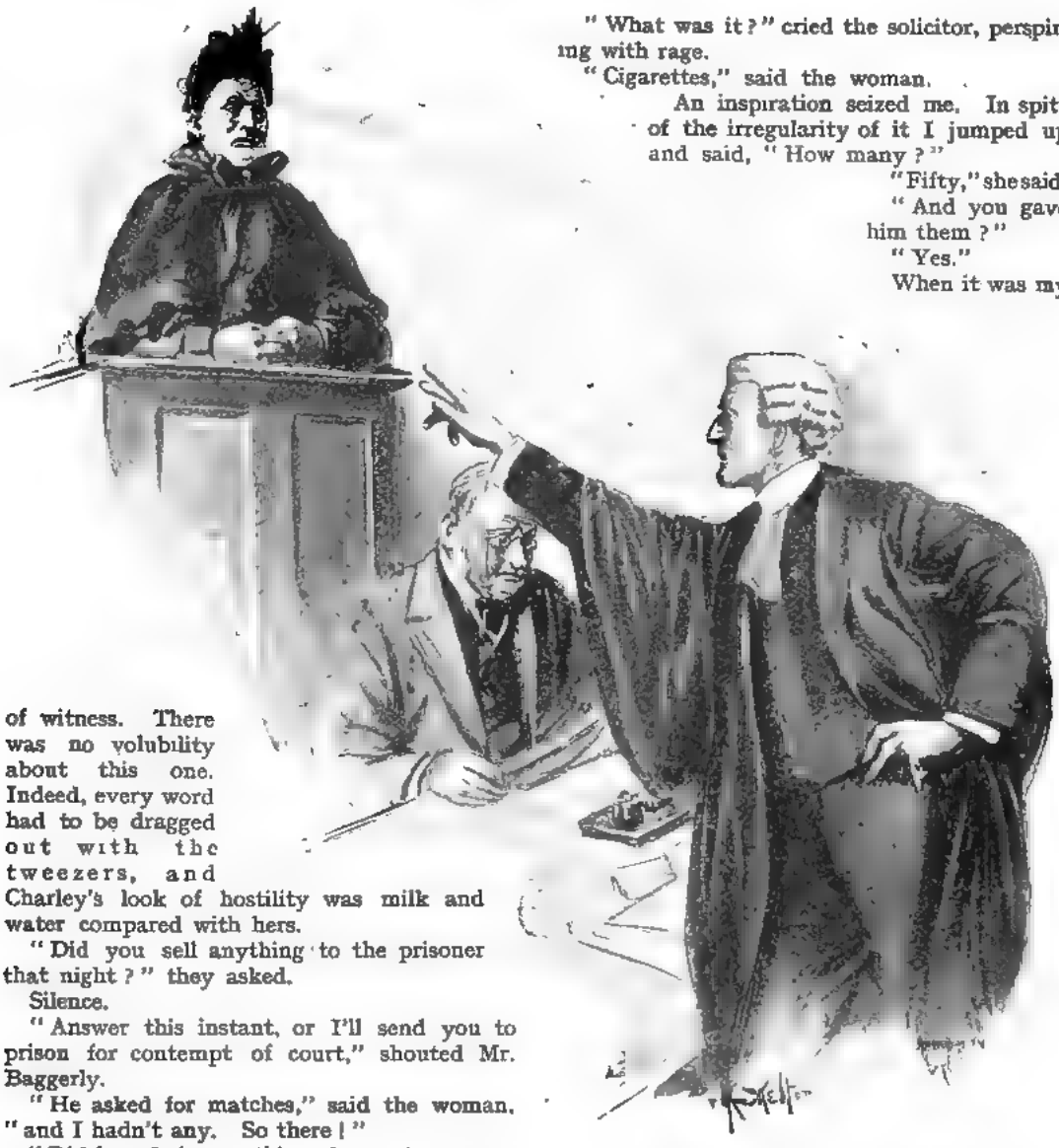
The moment I said it I was sorry. The poor man nearly wept with distress. He implored me to believe that on the night in question, strange as it might seem, he *was*, really and truly, on his honour, on his oath, returning from the club at eight or soon after, for it happened that on this particular night not one of his boys had turned up. So he came away.

"Does this often happen?" I asked.

"It has never happened before," said he.

It was Greek to me. I could not get my muddled head to see whether this fact had a favourable or unfavourable bearing, or if it had any bearing at all. I asked a few questions about Charley's behaviour in the road, and then I let the Vicar go.

My fat opponent called the lodge-keeper, and disclosed the story of the borrowed matches. Then he produced the woman who kept the village shop. Here was a very different sort



I JUMPED UP AND SAID, "HOW MANY?"

of witness. There was no volubility about this one. Indeed, every word had to be dragged out with the tweezers, and Charley's look of hostility was milk and water compared with hers.

"Did you sell anything to the prisoner that night?" they asked.

Silence.

"Answer this instant, or I'll send you to prison for contempt of court," shouted Mr. Baggerly.

"He asked for matches," said the woman, "and I hadn't any. So there!"

"Did he ask for anything else? Any paper or dry wood?"

"No paper nor no wood."

"Well, did he ask for anything else at all?"

Silence; and further imprecations from Mr. Baggerly. The question was repeated.

"I'm forbidden to say."

This roused the court, or rather Mr. Baggerly, to fury. Why was she forbidden? Who forbade her? &c.

"Young Mr. Macdonald, he told me not to, and I won't. S' there."

But she did, in the end.

"What was it?" cried the solicitor, perspiring with rage.

"Cigarettes," said the woman.

An inspiration seized me. In spite of the irregularity of it I jumped up and said, "How many?"

"Fifty," she said.

"And you gave him them?"

"Yes."

When it was my turn to cross-examine her I had only one question to ask. Pointing to the boys who had clapped, I asked:

"Are those the boys who go to Mr. Brown's club?" And she told me that they were.

The solicitor addressed the bench in favour of a conviction. Then came my time for opening the defence. I was fearfully excited, but all my nervousness had gone. I turned round and called to one of the boys.

"You there with the red tie," I said, "come into the witness-box."

I asked him his name, and so on. I asked him why he did not go to the Vicar's club that night. This question troubled him, and he looked appealingly at Charley Macdonald. Every moment I felt more eager and elated. I asked the boy what he was doing that night. I pressed him, rebuked him, threatened him, and finally made him confess that he and his friends had gone to the summer-house in the copse to smoke with young Macdonald. Then I called the prisoner.

Oh, how wild he was! He answered my questions deliberately, and with cold civility, but his eyes blazed murder at me all along. First I asked about the cigarettes. Then I went on to make a direct assault.

"You are charged," I said, "with maliciously and wilfully burning the summer-house. You say you are not guilty. Then with what intention did you go to the summer-house?"

He would have liked to have his teeth in my throat, I knew. But his companions had already given away the secret, and there was really no longer any reason why the leader should not confess all. I explained this to him, and repeated my question.

"I went there," he said, "to smoke."

"Why did you choose that place?"

"Because it is hidden away."

"Why did you avoid Mr. Brown?"

"Because I didn't want him to know about the smoking."

"Thank you." I let him go. My opponent, the fat solicitor, lay back laughing. So did the other magistrate, the comrade of the exasperated and disappointed Baggerly. Maliciously and wilfully burning! There was not a vestige of evidence to show malice or any criminal intention at all. It was a boyish smoking party, and an accidental fire was caused by some one throwing down a lighted match. Naughty it might be, but not criminal. I asked the bench to dismiss the case.

"We dismiss the case," said the other magistrate, and Mr. Baggerly could be seen swallowing his rage in lumps.

As we drove home my client would not speak to me. I thought I should be called on to defend him again, against paternal charges this time. But Mr. Macdonald was too wildly happy to be angry. He freely forgave all, and promised to give a big tea party to Charley's village friends every holidays, on condition of the smoking parties being abandoned. And when we had dined that night, and had played mad games all the evening, I seized my client's shoulders and told him that if I had known last night how he held the key of the secret, and would not tell me, I'd have wrung his neck.

"Wring it now," he said, laughing, and I chased him all over the house.

The Scottish Football League, 1904-05.

THE Scottish Football League championship had a very exciting finish this year. Up till the very end of the competition the result was in doubt; in fact the competition ended in a tie between these old rivals, Rangers and Celtic.

Had it been decided by the goal average the Rangers would easily have earned first place, but a deciding game was necessary, which the Celtic won by two goals to one.

The Celtic have a total of 43 points, the Rangers coming second with 41 points. The third place was gained by the Third Lanark with 35 points, and the fourth place by the Airdrieonians with 27 points.

The Airdrieonians deserve great credit for reaching the fourth place, as it was only their second season in the First Division of the League. They went through their first ten matches without suffering defeat, but in the eleventh they lost to Motherwell (1—0), who, strange to say, finished at the foot of the table.

The fifth place is filled by the Hibernian and Partick Thistle, who tie with 26 points. Heart of Midlothian and Dundee come next with 25 points each, followed by Kilmarnock, St. Mirren, Port-Glasgow Athletic, Queen's Park, Greenock Morton, and Motherwell, in the order named.

Appended is the position of the teams at the close of the season:

TEAMS.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals For.	Goals Against.	Points.
Celtic	27	19	3	5	70	32	43
Rangers	27	19	5	3	84	30	41
Third Lanark	26	14	5	7	60	23	35
Airdrieonians	26	11	10	5	38	45	27
Hibernian	26	9	9	8	39	39	26
Partick Thistle	26	12	12	2	36	55	26
Hearts	26	11	12	3	46	44	25
Dundee	26	10	11	5	38	32	25
Kilmarnock	26	9	12	5	29	45	23
St. Mirren	26	9	13	4	33	36	22
Port-Glasgow Athletic	26	8	13	5	30	51	21
Queen's Park	26	6	12	8	28	44	20
Greenock Morton	26	7	15	4	27	50	18
Motherwell	26	6	18	2	28	53	14

J. M. T

COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

Last day for sending in, July 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, August 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: — Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 18.

The Results will be published in September.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"First XI. v. Rest of England."*** —Choose what you consider to be the best English cricket eleven, and pit it against a team representing the rest of England, selecting the captain of each side. Send post-cards. Prize: An "Imperial Driver" Cricket Bat, value £1 1s., manufactured by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit . . Twenty-one.

No. 2.—***"My Most Exciting Experience Whilst Awheel."***—This is a competition for our cyclist readers. Send an essay, not exceeding 300 words in length describing the most exciting experience that has befallen you whilst awheel. Motor-cyclists may also compete. Prizes: Class I., a "Brooks" B15 Patent Road Racing Saddle, value 12s. 6d. Classes II. and III., a New Departure Cyclometer. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—***"Drawing of a Tree."***—Send a sketch of a tree, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Class I., a No. 0 "Midg" Camera, value £1 1s., manufactured by Messrs. W. Butcher and Son. Classes II. and III., a Houghtons, Ltd., No. 2 "Scout" Camera, value 10s. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—***"A July Event."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of July. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I. a "Gamage" Bat, value 18s. 6d. Classes II. and III., a No. 2 "Brownie" Kodak, value 10s.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

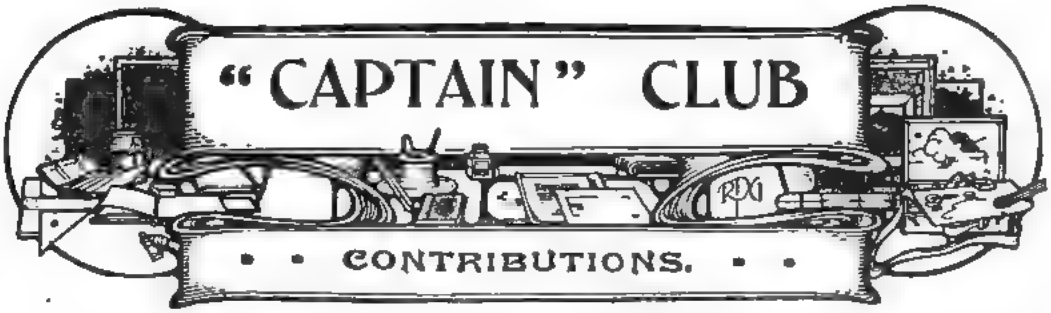
No. 5.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—***"'Captain' Birthday Book."***—This time take the month of *September* (thirty days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season September falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Three John Piggott Tennis Racquets, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***August 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial July Competitions."



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Walter Hartill, B. Weaver, "Speranza," H. S. Light, P. L. Dacre. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

The Advance of Swimming.

THE present keenness and interest displayed in swimming was really first aroused when, in 1886, Joseph Nuttall, the champion swimmer at that time, won the hundred yards' Championship of England; and it is largely to him that we owe our thanks for the existence of swimming-baths in almost every large town, so that now every chance is offered to any one who wishes either to learn or to improve his swimming of doing so. The result of this is that speed rates which were formerly good enough for the Championship, are now scarcely good enough to obtain a standard certificate, and this itself shows how vast an improvement has been effected in the methods and strokes of swimmers. A notable method of swimming which has helped to increase speed rates is that known as the "Trudgen," or double over arm stroke, which was introduced by a man named Trudgen in the year 1873. It was not until water polo made headway, however, that this stroke was properly adopted, but now it is highly popular, and has been greatly improved of late. Swimming has also brought into practice the excellent game of water polo. This game was first played in the seventies, but no one took any interest in it until the English Championship was first instituted in the year 1888. This Championship led up to the great London League being formed. On July 26, 1890, the first county match was played, and two days later England met Scotland at Kensington. Now matches are played annually between England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. And so by these few facts we see what a very great

CRICKET IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.
Photo. by P. F Warner.

FOUNDER'S COURT AND TOWER, CHARTERHOUSE.

CHARTERHOUSE BRIDGE.
The house on the left is "Hodgsonites."

Photos. by "Aptus."

and rapid improvement has been made in this popular pastime. It is sincerely to be hoped that in future years the interest which is at present taken in swimming will not cease, but that the art will be promoted, and that every one will do all in his power to encourage it, because swimming is undoubtedly really necessary for all, for it will always be found useful both in case of accidents on water and for exercising all the muscles of the body.

WALTER HARTILL.

The "Dripping-Pan" Tombstone.

THE accompanying snapshot is of a unique tombstone, which is to be seen in the graveyard of the parish church of Wood Ditton, Cambridgeshire. Not only does this tombstone bear the following strange epitaph:

> Here lies my corpse who was the man
> That lov'd a sop in dripping pan
> But now believe me I am dead
> Now here the pan stands at my head
> Still for sop to the last I cry
> But could not eat and so I died
> My neighbours they perhaps may laugh
> Now they do read my epitaph

but it is made doubly interesting by the fact that it has an ordinary "dripping-pan" let into the stone. The pan is made of tin, and is protected from mischievous persons, who might try to damage it, by six iron bars, which can be plainly seen in the photograph. The legend can also be plainly deciphered. I think this must be one of the most "peculiar epitaphs" in existence.

B. WEAVER.

Is Youth the Happiest Period of Life?

[BY A GIRL.]

STANDING, as we do, on the threshold of life in our youth, it must be hard to decide this question. With many, youth will always be remembered as a very happy period of their life; a time when all the clouds within their sky were silver-lined and rosy. Not until they had grown much older, perhaps, did life appear otherwise than a beautiful dream. Nay, perhaps it might even be that these souls never felt a different heart-beat than their youthful one!—

THE "DRIPPING-PAN" TOMBSTONE.
Photo. by B. Weaver.

never suffered, never felt the pang of living. These people are few; to almost every one must come a change, brought by various ways and means. Sorrow, marriage, illness, &c.; all these may cause our youth to alter. Whereas some might live on, for years after youth was left behind, in the same old groove, others early in life may change their mode of existence for good and all. Every girl, of course, must hold a different view of this matter, according to her own experience. Mine is that youth is certainly a time of doubt, and that not until a maturer age is reached shall I learn to feel perfectly happy. Though I may have already known some sorrow, I can still appreciate sad things and sympathise with those girls who enjoy melancholy pieces at the theatre, or sad books. These things make me more alive to the interests of life: they also carry one's thoughts away from personal grief and give them a wider view of the sufferings of others. Surely the noblest aim of woman, living a pure life, is to join in the joys and sorrows of all her human sisters. For those who have suffered themselves, who know the heart-burnings of failure, who have experienced Life's ups and downs—*these* can best offer sympathy to the unhappy members of God's great family. They have felt what 'tis to fall and be near to despair; but if with Divine assistance and their own power of overcoming the difficulties of youth, they have risen above their temporary sadness, then the love within their hearts is turned towards those who ask for pity—their sorrowing sisters. The greatest friend a girl can have to guide her through youth is an older woman, pure in heart and deed, versed in the mystic law of earth's strange ways; one who has felt life's pang and lived and fought against all despair—and now rests patiently and with modest dignity, waiting for the "fulfilment of the word."

When crosses mar my way, I trust God to give me strength to bear them, that as I grow older I may look back on youth as a time of difficulties, perhaps, but still a time also of a well-fought battle, the fruits of which have proved beneficial to my after life. For it will be during youth that the great questions of life will arise and demand answer. And they who afterwards will deserve our gratitude are the friends whose timely words of advice and encouragement found an entrance into our hearts when they were young. "SPERANZA."

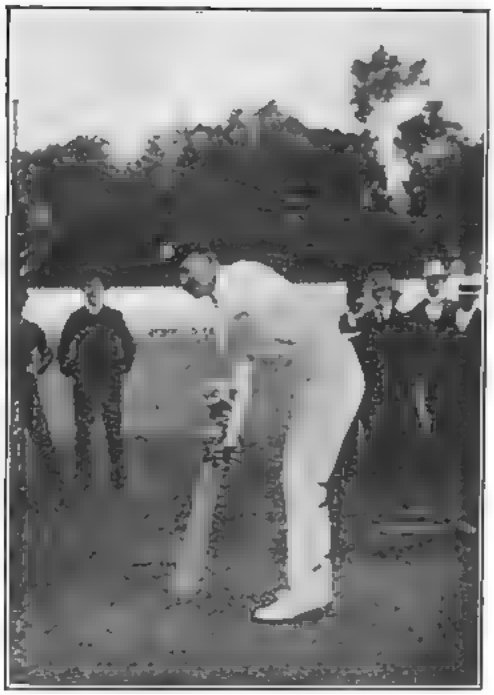
Temple Bar.

TEMPLE BAR is mentioned as early as 1301. It was not, as has been generally supposed, one of the Gates to the City. They were of a much earlier date. The present Temple Bar was erected by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire, and occupied its original site for upwards of two hundred years. From time immemorial it has been the custom for the Lord Mayor to receive the Sovereign at Temple Bar when he or she desired to enter the City,

OLD TEMPLE BAR, NOW THE ENTRANCE TO THEOBALDS PARK.
Photo. by E. S. Wright.

which custom was duly observed on the occasion of King Edward VII.'s visit to the city after his Coronation in 1902. Temple Bar was the scene of a great ceremony when, in 1588, Queen Elizabeth visited St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the deliverance from the Spanish Armada; and again in 1871 when Queen Victoria attended a service of thanksgiving for the preservation of the life of our present King after his great illness. Seven years later, however, this historic structure was removed, and eventually re-erected at the entrance of Theobalds Park, near Cheshunt, Herts. Its memory in London is perpetuated by the Griffin Monument, which marks the spot so long associated with Temple Bar.

C. G. PAUL.



MR. P. F. WARNER AT THE NETS IN AUSTRALIA.
Photo. by Anon.

A Song of a Sailor.

THE sailor's heart's on the ocean,
The high seas are its home,
You may manage to keep the "man"
from the deep,
But his mind's on the rolling foam.

Chorus.

Hear the roar—roar—roar of the sea!
It is tugging at his heart-strings, he must go;
Life is dear, and love is dearer, but with
Jack there's something nearer—
'Tis the Ocean-mother calling—soft and low.

His work may be hard and trying,
But you won't find him complain.
He takes his share, and with strenuous care
Sets to work with might and main

Chorus.

Hear the roar—roar—roar, &c.

So here's a cheer for the sailor,
A friend may he never lack,
For our hearts are soft for the "man aloft"—
God bless you, honest Jack!

Chorus.

Hear the roar—roar—roar of the sea!
It is tugging at his heart-strings, he must go;
Life is dear, and love is dearer, but with
him there's something neaver—
'Tis his Ocean-mother calling—soft and low.

MARIAN HEWITT.
(Prize-winner; "Song of a Sailor" Competition.)

North London Secondary Schools League.

THIS League was formed last year by the headmasters and other people connected with the seven schools which competed for the shield.

The successful team was the Haberdashers' XI., with the following record—Played 12; Won 9; Lost 2; Drawn 1; Points 19. Totten-

THE ETON EIGHT GETTING OUT THEIR BOAT FROM THE LEANDER BOAT-HOUSE AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
Photo. by B. Dickenson.

ham and St. Aloysius came second with 18 points each.

For this year it was decided to have not only a First Eleven, but also a Second Eleven, League.

Tollington First Eleven have proved successful in the Senior, and Owens' Second Eleven in the Junior Division.

Owens' Second Eleven especially deserve praise, as they did not lose a match, and gained 23 points out of a possible 24. When all the League matches are finished there is still an important match to be played between the champions and a team composed of the best players from the remaining schools. This is played at Tufnell Park, and last year resulted in a win for the "Rest" by 4 goals to 0.

This year the "Rest" were again victorious, after an interesting game, by 6 goals to 1.

Below are the full results for 1904–1905.

SENIOR.

	Pl.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Ag.	Pts.
Tollington	12	10	2	—	42	24	20
St. Aloysius	12	8	3	1	28	17	17
Owens	12	7	4	1	34	24	15
Haberdashers	12	6	4	2	32	23	14
Tottenham	12	6	6	—	27	20	12
Stationers	12	1	10	—	18	51	4
Wm. Ellis	12	1	11	—	13	35	2

JUNIOR.

	Pl.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	Ag.	Pts.
Owens	12	11	1	—	70	10	23
Stationers	12	8	4	—	50	39	16
Tollington	12	5	4	3	50	29	13
Haberdashers	12	6	6	—	44	36	12
St. Aloysius	12	5	6	1	60	36	11
Wm. Ellis	12	4	7	1	22	58	9
Tottenham	12	1	11	—	5	90	2

H. S. LIGHT.

Queer Things People Eat.

CHINESE.—Sea-slugs, birds' nests, unhatched chickens, dogs, cats, caterpillars boiled with onions.

GREENLANDERS.—Crowberries preserved in train oil, whaleskins.

HOTTENTOTS.—Giraffes, lions, locust-egg soup, grubs.

ESQUIMAUX.—Candles, rotten eggs, grease. Drink warm butter.

SIAMESE.—Ants' eggs and fat pork baked in green leaves.

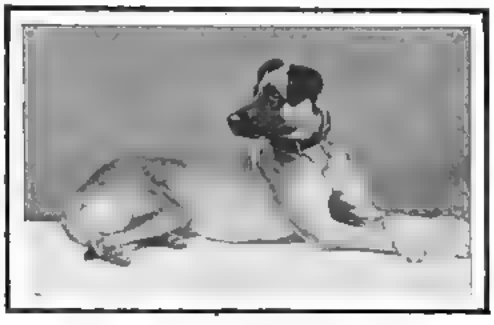
SINGHALESE.—Elephants' trunks, bees, anacondas.

AFRICANS.—Monkeys, locusts, grasshoppers.
AUSTRALIANS.—Snakes, kangaroos, wombats.
ABYSSINIANS.—Raw flesh, warm blood.
SPANIARDS.—Glue, boiled kid gloves.
ITALIANS.—Foxes, snake jelly.
POLYNESIANS.—Raw sharks' flesh.
FRENCH.—Frogs, horses.
BRAZILIANS.—Rats, alligators.
INDIANS.—Beavers, bats.
GERMANS.—Bears' paws.
DUTCH.—Porcupines.
ENGLISH.—Refreshment-room sandwiches.

P. L. DACRE.

THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE, LONDON.

Photo. by P. B. R.



"GELERT": A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Sent by A. F. W. Philpot.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"Sir," writes a correspondent who signs herself "From the Other Side," "no doubt you are inundated with letters *re* the Hickson question; but as an American girl who was at a mixed school in California for over eight years, I feel I must put my little oar in, though it won't make much splash. Compared with ours, your system of education seems to me to be deplorable. If every wretched little private school for girls over ten years old were extinguished you might begin to feel your feet. Of course, I know that decent girls' schools do exist in England, but they are in the minority. Girls are undeniably 'cute, and if they were educated with the boys, I have no doubt that the whole standard of school work would be raised. Immature, flirting, priggish girls, shy, uncomfortable boys, and 'anæmia' would disappear. During the whole eight years I was at a real 'Hickson's' I never once knew the system to be abused. For the sake of argument I will endorse your statement that your present system of education turns out the best type of man in the world. Well, sir, is that type above improvement? Or are you, a Britisher, suggesting that British boys would be unmanned or degenerated by freer intercourse with your British girls? I will not take up your time any longer, sir, except to congratulate you on the splendid atmosphere of the CAPTAIN in general, and of the 'Hickson' stories in particular."

A Boy's Opinion —"I hope" (writes "Sisterless") "that a letter from me on the Hickson question will not be in the way. I am very pleased that the best boys' magazine in Great Britain should have taken up this most interesting question of mixed schools. From what I have seen of girls, I should say that they would be much benefited by mixed schools. They are nervy (like Alice Blair), vain and pretty (like Florence Louise), and often unnecessarily weak and delicate. I do not wish to be hard on the fair sex, for whom I entertain an honest admiration, when they are decent. If only girls would be as nice as they *can* be—as splendid as Mary Baker, and as noble as Florence Louise turned out to be, then what an influence they would have over us boys!

"To return to mixed schools. It seems to me also that, from a school point of view, we fellows could not be injured by the arrangement, and the girls would, of course, gain a lot. I do not agree with your correspondent who says that boys and girls cannot be the same chums at seventeen as at ten. If mixed schools came in, is there any reason, if once started, why the spirit of innocence and good-comradeship that exists in the 'kindergarten' should not be preserved up to the sixth form? It seems to me that if we can't be educated with girls, we put ourselves in imagination somehow above them. Then we make ourselves ridiculous—both in the eyes of girls and wise men. Boys and girls have different natures and attributes which fit in with and balance one another. I am convinced that there are heaps of fellows whose *manliness* would be brought out much better by the aid of girls' company and influence, and heaps of girls who, if they mixed with boys more, would realise the power and sweetness of true *womanliness*.

"I am looking forward to next month's CAPTAIN to see your views and the views of fellow-Captainites on this question."

"The Companionship" (writes "Puella") "of the opposite sex is beneficial to both boy and girl—it makes a boy kinder and more thoughtful, it makes a girl unselfish, less vain, and much broader-minded. Until there are more happy places like 'Hickson's' boys and girls will continue to be strangers, and the proper sympathy and understanding which ought to exist between them will still be wanting." Turning from this letter I take up one emanating from an ex-pupil of Dollar Academy, who expresses himself as follows: "A better place than Dollar I never wish to find. *We* never dreamt of looking down on the girls, and the girls would back us up in everything. Ah! those *were* happy days! For myself, I have never seen happier boys and girls anywhere than those at Dollar Academy." Quite another view is taken by a big grammar school boy, hailing from the South of England, who asks: "Does the fellow who wrote about an English 'Hickson's' really mean what he says? And what is more to the point, does he really know the elements which exist in the boys of the modern schools? I can scarcely think that the mixing of boys and girls would have a desirable effect; on the contrary, I think that in many cases it would be almost demoralising. Besides, if we boys were brought into daily contact with the girls, as we are with our schoolfellows, should we retain that respect for them which most of us have? Would they still have the same healthy charm for us, which makes us look forward with pleasure to meeting them in the holidays? The fellows who have real friends amongst the girls will certainly acknowledge that they do not like the idea of bringing these friends down to the ordinary level of school-companions, but would rather continue to look up to them with their present sensible admiration."

These are the most representative opinions I have received. Personally, I think it would be interesting if a number of educational enthusiasts were to start a big mixed school near London on American lines. Most of the scholars would come from London, and would be enabled, owing to the proximity of their homes, to spend week-ends at home, and so the home influence would retain its hold firmly upon them. In the case of girls, particularly, I believe in having home near, so that the mother never really loses touch with her daughters. There is, no doubt, a certain type of boy who would be benefited and refined by close association with girls, *i.e.*, the boy who seeks a vent for his thoughts in low expressions, uttered loudly *in coram populo*. Such a boy (as "Plato," another of my correspondents, remarks) would suppress such talk "when in the hearing of females," and in time it would become a habit with him to keep a check on his tongue, and thus this boy, by a gradual and unconscious process, would grow into a more desirable member of society.

The present public school system will, I am certain, never give place to the Hicksonian one. We are not of a temperament, nationally, for that. But there is no doubt that there are many boys who are unsuited for public school life, and many of these boys would be better off at a Hickson establishment. A Hickson school, again, would be peculiarly suitable for a boy without sisters, and for a girl without brothers. It would mean, at any rate, that such boys and such girls would enjoy the society of the opposite sex far more than would otherwise be the case. They would live fuller lives and enjoy their lives more. It should be our aim to get as much enjoyment out of our lives as possible, and everything that tends to make life more enjoyable should be done. We should live our lives up to the hilt. Healthy enjoyment should be our aim—and in seeking it we should help others along the same path, for selfishness is a vice ever to be avoided.

But I think that boys and girls whose parents would like them to receive a "Hickson" education should be put to it in their early years. No good plunging them into it when they are fourteen or fifteen. Let them begin when they are ten or twelve. Thus they will grow up under a *régime* that comes quite natural to them, whatever their age.

A Record Indeed! Mr. Warner is good enough to forward me the following interesting item:

"At the Athletic Sports held recently by the Queen's Park Cricket Club, Trinidad, A. E. Harragin, the Captain of the Trinidad and West Indian Elevens, entered for nine events and won them all. These nine events were the 100 yards, the time being 10⅘ sec. on grass, putting the weight (38 ft. 6 in.), the hurdles, the high jump, the pole jump, the cricket ball (128 yd. 3 in.), the 220 yards flat race, the quarter-mile and the half-mile."

[Harragin's distance for the cricket ball was a great achievement, but it falls short by 12 yards of the world's record—Billy the Aboriginal's throw of 140 yards at Clermont, Australia, Dec. 19, 1872.—Ed. Captain.]

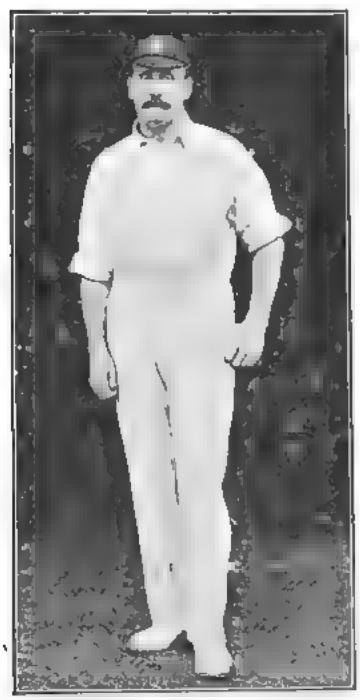
West Indian English.—Our Athletic Editor also encloses a cutting from a St. Vincent paper. The passage forms part of an account of the match between Lord Brackley's XI. and St. Vincent.

"In the eighth over of the game Ollivierre seemed to find a weak point in the British Skipper; the first ball of that over bumped. With remarkable dexterity his Lordship stopped it over the wicket, but he looked a bit queer. The bowler repeated the dose, bumping slightly higher, and it choked the batsman, and the ball falling from his willow created disorder in his timber yard. . . . Two uneventful overs having passed, Helon applied on Keck the force of a muscular arm combined with the hitting art, throwing him clean over the ropes into the premises of Mr. C. J. Simmons. The excitement thus created was intensified by the artful getting of short runs which seemed to worry the field."

P. F. WARNER.
Photo. by G. W. Beldam.

"This," adds Mr. Warner, "is quite the funniest thing I have ever read on cricket."

"The Empire's Cricketers" is quite the best series of cricket portraits I have seen. The series is published by the Fine Art Society, Ltd., 148 New Bond Street, London, W., and is to be completed in sixteen shilling parts. Part I. contains most striking and characteristic coloured crayon drawings of the Hon. F. S. Jackson, Mr. A. O. Jones, J. T. Hearne, and J. T. Tyldesley. Each portrait has for company a biographical note written by Mr. G. W. Beldam, the famous Middlesex amateur. The drawings in Part II. are of Dr. Grace, Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. G. MacGregor, and



LORD HAWKE.
Photo. by Newnes.

HON. F. S. JACKSON.
Photo. by T. G. Foster, Brighton.

J. A. DIXON.
Photo. by T. G. Foster, Brighton.

A. C. MACLAREN.
Photo. by T. G. Foster, Brighton.

THE MEN WHO SELECT THE TEAMS FOR THE TEST MATCHES.

W. Rhodes. These coloured plates should make admirable pictures for the walls of one's study, and are particularly interesting because each portrait represents the cricketer's most characteristic stroke. For instance, we have Mr. Jackson's "Finishing Off-drive," Mr. Jones' "On-side Push," Hearne's "Finish of Action, Bowling Off-break," and Tyldesley's "Finish of Cut Past Third Man." Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler is to be congratulated on his clever work.

A "Saturday" Club.—A master at the City of London School sends particulars of a Saturday Club which he has organised among the boys of his form. The members visit some interesting place every other Saturday afternoon during the autumn and winter months. On October 1, 1904, for instance, they investigated the nooks and glades of Epping Forest; October 15 found them at Kew Gardens and Hampton Court; on October 27 the *rendezvous* was Hayes Common and Keston—that happy hunting-ground of naturalists. Then, the weather growing murky, November 12 sees them at the British Museum. November 17 was commandeered as an "extra" for the Old Citizens' match against the Old Cholmleians, in the Dunn Cup competition. November 26 provided a large programme in the shape of St. Paul's and the Tower—Archdeacon Sinclair kindly acting as guide at the former edifice—and a better guide one could not have than this popular cleric, who is one of the most attractive talkers I have ever listened to. Other "fixtures" on the card were the National Gallery, Zoological Gardens, Westminster Abbey, and so forth. A good idea, this; such a form-master deserves much credit for taking his boys on such pleasant tours, acting the while as their guide, philosopher, and friend.

Schools that play Lacrosse.—In our May issue a Manchester Grammar School correspondent stated that there were only two important lacrosse-playing schools, *i.e.*, his own and the Leys, Cambridge. I have since been informed that lacrosse is also played by the following schools: St. Dunstan's College, Catford, which was the first school to play the game in England, and has turned out several internationals and many other distinguished exponents of the pastime; Hulme Grammar School, which won the North of England School flags for several years in succession; and the Methodist College, Belfast. There must, of course, be other schools which play lacrosse, and I will notify their names as I receive them. Three of the best-known schools for girls also play this game—St. Leonard's (St. Andrews, N.B.), Wycombe Abbey, and Roedean.

The Cover of "The Arrow."—In a recent issue Mr. Johnson raised a question as to the cover of the Owen's School (Islington) magazine. He presumed that some school tradition had suggested the design on the cover. The Editor of *The Arrow* now writes to inform me that the design owes its nature to the following circumstance. The Lady Owen, then a maiden gentlewoman, was, one day in the reign of Queen Mary, taking a walk in that part of Islington where Owen's School now stands, when she saw a woman milking a cow, and took it into her head to try her own skill at milking. As she withdrew from the cow, an arrow from the bow of an archer practising at the butts passed through the crown of her hat, which so startled Lady Owen that she declared that, if she lived to be a lady, she would erect something on that spot to commemorate the great mercy shown her by the Almighty. In course of years she kept her promise, Owen's School being the result.

This romantic story, I trust, may lead other CAPTAIN readers to send me similar anecdotes connected with their schools. Nearly every old school's history has quaint tales to tell, and I shall be glad to publish a little collection of such legends.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nocte.—Mr. Archibald Williams says: "Your question, 'What horse-power would be required to drive a launch twenty-five knots, What would be its weight, and how much would it cost?' is one that requires a lot of answering. Boat-construction is one of the most freakish things imaginable. A very trifling alteration of a curve will have quite unexpected results for better or worse; so that the

question of speed and power is inseparable from that of outline. When you propose a launch 30 ft. long by 10 ft. beam, to weigh 10 cwts., and do twenty-five knots on 10–12 horse-power you must either be very hopeful or have some patent anti-friction device up your sleeve for getting over the water resistance difficulty. Of course, a 10 cwt.-boat of these dimensions couldn't possibly stand the strain of twenty-five knots; and even if it could, you would need nearer 200 horse-power than 10 to drive it at that speed. As to cost, I fear that until your specification is very much more complete a price cannot be given. I would advise you to get hold of some really good treatise on scientific boat-building and study it hard. Then you may be in a position to ask further questions, which will mark you a 'P.' This meant kindly, you know."

P. H. B. (Cape Town) has secured us a new reader—his uncle, to wit—and really, there is no reason why thousands of other uncles shouldn't follow the example of this one. We cover a lot of interesting ground in our "corners"; our fiction is, I think all will grant, varied enough to suit most people, and it is our endeavour to make the CAPTAIN, as a whole, a monthly dose of bracing air. A large number of men read the CAPTAIN, and the following letter shows that there must be a good deal in the magazine that appeals to men. "A few months ago," writes P. H. B., "we had one of my uncles staying here who is a thorough sportsman and a jolly fellow. One afternoon after dinner he asked me for something to read. I handed him the CAPTAIN, and then went off to my own room to have a little nap. After a time I got up and went out on to the front 'stoep,' and there I came across my uncle, who seemed to be quite absorbed in the CAPTAIN. 'By Jove! Percy,' he exclaimed, 'this is not at all a bad magazine. Could you spare me this copy to take with me to-morrow?' The following day he left for Pretoria to resume his duties there, and has since written to me that he himself gets the CAPTAIN now."

H. O. B. R.—Nearly every profession gets its share of chaff in the Press. The Church, the Army, the Navy, the Bar, all have to put up with banter. Curates, I acknowledge, have always been the special prey of the comic artist, but I think you will admit that the demeanour of sundry curates *does* sometimes afford a permissible subject for jest. At the same time I agree with you that the clergy, as a class, are not "miserable, hungry-looking wretches." The average curate, as you say, is a jolly, manly fellow—just the sort of chap (may I add?) not to mind the jokes that are made at the expense of his cloth. Finally, you must remember that your comic artist must be allowed a certain licence for caricature. I do not think that sketch our Tame Artist made has given any offence to "the cloth," nor do I think that our Army readers will object to the appearance of *their* representative (as limned by our T. A.). You are right to take up the cudgels on behalf of your future profession, when such championing is needed, but I don't think you need feel aggrieved on account of our harmless little caricature of a literary curate.

Lord Weymouth's Grammar School (Warminster, Wilts).—While sending me the first number of his school magazine, "for my parental blessing," the head prefect of Lord Weymouth's Grammar School includes some particulars about his *alma mater*. Lord Weymouth's was founded by Bishop Ken, the Marquess of Bath being the present Patron. The famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby was educated there, as also were Mr. Broadley and the late Mr. Guy Boothby—novelists. The present headmaster (Mr. W. F. Blaxter, M.A.) was once the amateur champion at 100 yards, and played for Derby County football club.——I thank the head prefect for these particulars, which are certainly of interest. Brother-editors might make a note that exchange copies of their magazines will be welcomed at Lord Weymouth's.

H. Y. L.—The best results may be obtained by using for wash drawings any good "Artists' Black," medium or sepia. This is used either mixed with Chinese white, to form "body-colour," or alone, for pure wash. In every case a brown black is better than a blue black for reproduction. Almost any artists' board, of which many kinds are stocked by the leading artists' colourmen, will do; but most artists have a preference, and it is quite a matter of taste, anyway. Mr. Tom Browne, for instance, uses largely a tinted board, getting his lights by the use of Chinese white. Always remember, however, that good drawing goes one better than good drawing materials.

A Reader from the First.—I receive numbers of letters from fellows such as you who have been advised to procure work under healthier conditions than those which prevail in a City office, and, whilst sympathising with such cases, am unfortunately unable to give them any assistance worth having. Country vacancies are advertised in provincial papers, that stands to reason, so you should get friends in the country to send you their "local rags." At the same time ask them to keep their eyes open on your behalf. Enlist the aid, in fact, of all your friends, and don't be shy about "asking."

A Would-be Farmer.—You can make farming pay if you have good luck with your crops. But you will need plenty of capital, and you will have to spend quite five years learning your work first at an agricultural college and afterwards as a pupil to a good farmer. I believe Shropshire is one of the best counties for farming. As for my advising you on the point, how can I do that, my dear chap, knowing, as I do, so little of your capacity, character, or means? Your men friends of mature age are the best persons to seek counsel from.

S. H. V.—We published an article on the Indian Civil in the CAPTAIN for August 1900. This number is out of print, but you may be able to refer to the vol. (III.) containing it. If you can't get hold of the vol., you may call here and read the article. The I.C.S. exam. is held every August, and candidates must be between twenty-one and twenty-three years of age on January 1 of the year in which they compete. Most of the successful competitors are 'Varsity men who sit a few weeks after coming down at the end of their third year. If a "Selected Candidate" elects to spend his probationary term of one year at a university he receives an allowance of £100.

Mike.—If you send a shilling to the Manager of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* you can get a beautiful portrait of its editor on art paper, suitable for framing. Also portraits of many other notable athletes. For CAPTAIN binding-cases see foot of contents. A local binder would no doubt supply a binding for your copies at the rate of a shilling per volume.

Latissimus Dorsi.—I expressed my views on physical culture last month. Have you anything to urge showing that those views are unsound? I have a great objection to anything that

encourages faddism or the over-concentration of one's thoughts on one's self.

L. O. W., after reading my remarks on flowers, writes to say he would like me and all other Captainites to read Dumas' "Black Tulip." Parts of this romance, he thinks, will make a special appeal to flower-lovers.

Bul-Bul.—Again I fear I can say little that is favourable about your poetry. At 17½ you seem to write in too sombre a strain. Try something more lively, and study the art of punctuation. You are very weak in this quarter.

"Middy."—Send us some really good snaps of man-o'-war scenes—something odd and out-of-the-way, if you can. The two you enclose are not great productions. Glad you like "O. H. M. S." series.

S. B. W.—Over and over again I have explained what the Captain Club is. Look through back answers. You will see I am using your suggestion for a competition. Thanks.

R. O. M.—I congratulate you, young lady, on your happy school-life, and on the pleasant, contented way you speak of it. *Soyez-vous toujours si heureuse!*

G. Richardson.—You would have to undergo the usual full medical course to become eligible for an appointment as a surgeon in the Army or Navy.

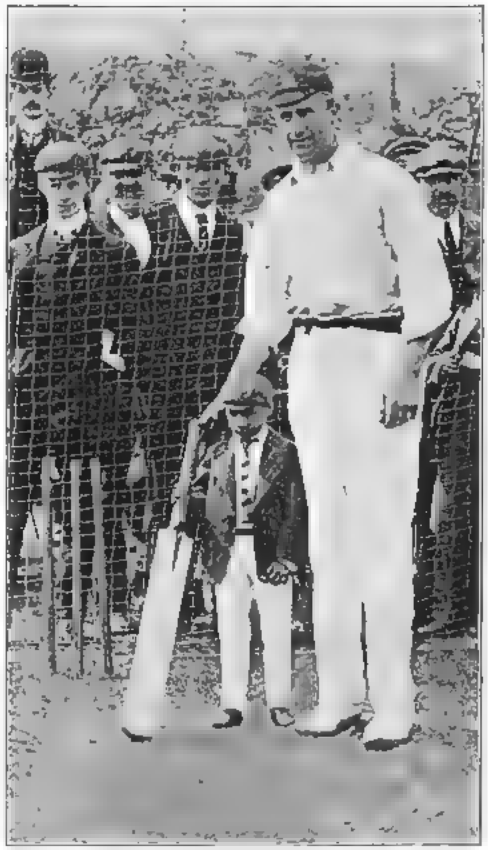
Cunctator.—If you will send your birthday book I'll do what I can towards getting the autographs you mention.

"Guillermo."—You must apply formally to the Home Secretary for any of the nominations in his gift. **Donald T. Middleton.**—(1) You will be able to obtain the CAPTAIN in British Guiana. See foot of "Contents" for rates. (2) Send a stamped envelope. **P. L. Dacre.**—You could order celluloid through any artists' colourman. **"Loughboro' Captainite."**—Get a set of fret-work tools from Hobbies, Ltd. **M. V. W.**—"Haileybury College" appeared in the CAPTAIN for August 1903—post free *8½d.* **Bedfordian.**—You may be able to purchase originals from the publishers of the magazines in which the drawings appear, or from the artists themselves. **Queenslander.**—A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, will send you "J. O. Jones," for *4s.* post free; and Geo. Newnes, Ltd. "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon" ("The Long 'Un") for the same money.

Lacrosse.—For particulars *re* lacrosse-playing schools my thanks are due to: "St. Leonardite," H. C. Withers, "A Present Hulmeian," "Methodist Collegian," "Dunstonian," J. Heron, E. N. Andrade.

School Sports.—"Gresham," C. L. Fisher (Uppingham), "Wellingtoniensis," and R. N. Flew (Christ's Hospital), are thanked for sending us the results of their respective school sports.

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: C. Fillan, J. L. Turner, Frank Browne, Gladys Hill, H. Blampied (New Zealand—very glad to hear from you again), "Actonian" (buy another badge, of course), "Youth" (much interested in your letter and your account of the snowball encounter; sorry design no use), "Guernsey," "Exhibitioner," R. Y. Little (no use to us, thanks), "London Girl," A. J. Lock, A. Leslie (as you will see, we are printing explanation sent by the editor), Chris Millar (glad to hear from you, but want something more out-of-the-way in photos than those you send), "G. M. R." (see reply to "S. H. V."),



M. A. NOBLE, THE COLONIAL VICE-CAPTAIN, AND SMAUN SING HPOO, THE SMALLEST CRICKETER IN THE WORLD.

(By permission of "The Illustrated Budget.")

W. G. Dowler (a charming letter, charmingly written!), "Old Etonian" (as the boy sitting on the table isn't intended to be an Eton boy, I'm afraid I can't have his trousers turned up), "C. S. P.," F. de Silva, J. Burt, "Pace," and a whole heap of other fellows who must wait till next month for a reply.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"A May Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "CENTURY" CRICKET BAT: Walter L. Dudley, The Rectory, Coleraine, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Bernard Weaver, B. Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, Dereham; Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Morris, Harold Scholfield, Leonard C. Whetham, Helen C. Stone, H. J. Hewitt, S. W. Bailey, Norman G. Nicholas, G. B. Hindmarsh, Herbert M. Vincent, J. J. R. H. Oldham, Edith O. Walford, George E. Russell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Alice Cox, 15 Priory Terrace, Cheltenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred W. Dobbin, Frankfort, Cork.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jas. McGregor, Inez Dicksee, Evelyn Palethorpe, John B. Craggs, Eric F. Stowell, J. Medley, Thomas Cooke, A. L. Cranfield, Arthur Scott, Ethel M. Taylor, David N. White, Arthur W. Fox, C. E. P. Brooks.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF GAMAGE CRICKET BAT: Bertie Barnes, 11 Brettenham Road, Walthamstow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joan Malvin, Geoffrey Nicholson, A. J. Goldring, Stewart W. B. Collins, John Brooksby, Clement Nicholls.

No. II.—"Twelve Representative Athletes of Great Britain."

(No age limit.)

WINNER OF NEW HUDSON, 1913, "TOURIST MODEL" BICYCLE: Charles V. Johnson, Franklynn Road, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: H. T. Brown, 5 Gunnersbury Lane, Acton, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Strike, W. F. Curtis, Cecil S. Bird, L. T. Hayward, J. R. Bird, Albert Albrow, G. H. Webber, W. C. Lewis, E. J. Barnard, Alex. Scott, L. E. Sheppherd, C. C. Kirk.

No. III.—"Missing Landscape Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maida Vale Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jennie Foster, Frieda E. Myers, W. Freer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Roy Lyne, Ryecote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Patterson, Myfanwy Pryce, Laurence Backhouse.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Tom Cowell, High Street, Honiton, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Willie H. C. Fraustadt, Alexander Stevenson, E. C. Mortimer.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: T. Pape, Rydal Mount School, Colwyn Bay.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: The Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M.A., Lonsdale, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Watt, A. E. Radford, R. W. Copeman, Mrs. Herbert Bindley, G. Long, T. H. Jones, Mayne Reid, Rudo Reitz.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Alex. F. Simpson, 372 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alice M. Hambing, The Close, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Jones, Ronald C. Muirhead, Herbert P. Cole, Ernest Townsend, Lucy Haskins, E. Mason-Hayes, S. H. Mattock, William George Briggs.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Cedric J. Burrell, Neville Cottage, Clifton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edwin G. Bowers, 5 Northbank Terrace, Kelvinside, N. Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Cotton, V. E. Goodman, J. H. Tallis, Percy Mackenzie Bell, F. Torromé, T. R. Burrell, Colin Cullis, B. E. Kenworthy Browne, A. A. Catley, G. Holzapfel, A. R. Courtenay, James H. Hassall.

No. V.—"Derivations."

(No age limit.)

WINNER OF "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Colin Tremaine Wright, 57 Gladstone Avenue, Wood Green, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Esther M. Bell, 8 Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells; Gwendolen Roupell, 29 Compton Avenue, Brighton; James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. W. Stafford, Arthur R. Jones, J. Edwin Kennedy, C. Grizel Barclay, Mary McDonald, John G. Pearson, Sidney B. Wood, Jean B. Montgomery, F. L. Platt, A. S. Jeffenes, Claude Bloom.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(April.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. N. Brierly, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Digby Gordon Harris (India).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Eric Brownlee, Alexandra Road, King Williams Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. W. Melville (Jamaica), Margery Hutson (Barbadoes), H. Morris (Trinidad), S. Westmore James (Trinidad).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: W. R. Gilbert, 43 Constitution Hill, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Barraclough (Cape Town), A. Pearce (British Guiana), Noel Silvera (Jamaica), Alfred Keen (Canada), Allan M. Petry (Canada), H. Goodbrand (Natal).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Miss H. N. Hannan, 24 Rae Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Stanley Hanson (Canada), Margery Hutson, Stanley Murray (Canada), Leslie Lacy-Langley (India), Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the May Competitions.

No. I.—The favourite subjects chosen for Essays were: The Restoration, The Indian Mutiny, The Death of Joan of Arc, The Death of Napoleon, The Birth of Queen Victoria, and the Birth of Florence Nightingale. As usual, a large number of interesting essays were submitted in Classes I. and II., but we should like to receive a larger number in Class III. We were sorry to notice that two competitors were dishonest enough to copy a well-known description of the Death of Joan of Arc and send it up as their own composition. Fortunately, instances of this kind are extremely rare.

No. II.—The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows: 1. C. B. Fry. 2. A. Shrubb. 3. M. Holbein. 4. H. L. Doherty. 5. R. E. Foster. 6. J. E. Raphael. 7. P. F. Warner. 8. H. Vardon. 9. L. Meredith. 10. G. O. Smith. 11. J. A. Jarvis. 12. A. O. Jones.

The winner of the New Hudson Bicycle has our hearty congratulations—his list was the best in every way.

No. III.—A large number of drawings were received, but it was an easy matter to pick out the best. Competitors are urged to spare no pains in giving all possible "finish" to their work.

No. IV.—Similarly here, there were rather few good photographs in proportion to the number submitted.

No. V.—The novelty of this Competition proved a decided attraction, and a large number of excellent answers were sent in. As we naturally could not accept the words which we ourselves had suggested as examples, several otherwise good attempts were spoilt by the inclusion of "sandwich" and "sybarite."

No. VI.—The result of the "Naturalists' Competition" will be announced next month.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S SPORTS AND NOVELTIES.

WATER WINGS.
Price 1/3, Post Free, 1/6.
Superior Quality, 2/6;
Post Free, 2/8

SAILING BOATS.
Prices, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, and 2/6

CUTTERS AND SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down, nicely finished.
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14in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 7/6; 17 in. Do., Price 9/6; 19in. Do. with 3 Sails, Price 15/6. 23in. Cutter, with Mainsail, Foresail, Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders, Price 21/-.
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Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fife, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3.
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Strong Bamboo and Cane Fishing Rods, 6d. and 1/- each. Post free, 10d. and 1/4. A large assortment, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6 each. Postage extra on all.
Floats, 3d., 4d., 6d., 8d. each. Furnishing Lines, 9d., 1/-, 1/3 and 2/6; Postage 3d. extra.
Wynches, 9d., 1/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each; Postage 3d. extra.

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Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and go in any water or bath. Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3. 1/6, post free, 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free, 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guineas upwards.

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The Celebrated American Box Kite.

They can be folded up in a small roll, and when opened form the shape of a box; it affords endless amusement to adults.
Made in Paper, 1/-; post free, 1/4.
Made in Linen, 20 in. by 10 in., 2/6, post free, 3/-; 36 in. by 24 in., 4/-; post free, 4/9. 48 in. by 36 in., 6/6; packing 6d. extra; 84 in. by 48 in., 15/-; packing 6d. extra.

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These Kites are splendid flyers, and have the advantage of being very portable, being so made that they all fold up and go into a case that can be carried in the hand like a stick; they are made of calico, and can be put together in less than a minute.
Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each.
Postage and packing extra.

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These are also made portable, and when opened are in the shape of a bird; they fly well and are much used for sporting purposes.
Price 2/6, 3/6 and 5/- each.
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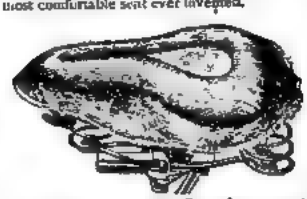

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Illustrated Booklet on Application

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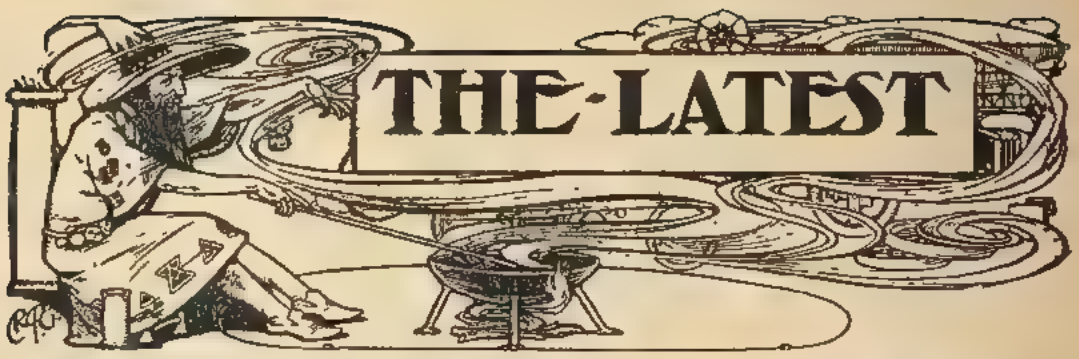
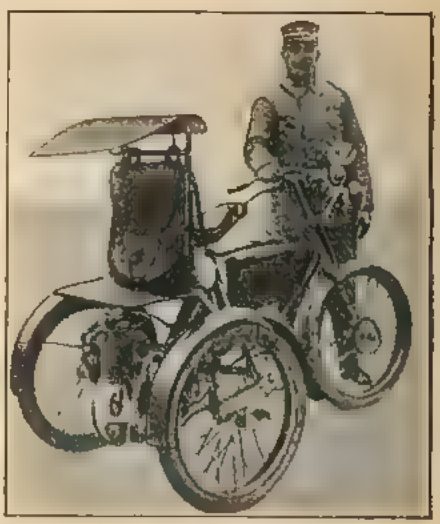


Motor-Cycles for Austrian Postmen.

THE Austrian Minister of Posts and Telegraphs has recently stated that he has found motor-cycles for postal work a great success both as to time and money saving The motor-cycle shown in our illustration has a hood to protect the mail bag from the weather, and as it is in tricycle form it is easily managed by one man. The machines cost about £78 each The postmen are expected to clean their machines, but any repairs required are done by skilled men retained for that work by the postal department



MOTOR-POSTAL CYCLE AS USED IN AUSTRIA.

A Wireless Typewriter.

THE latest development of wireless telegraphy is a wireless typewriter, which is the invention of a Mr. Kamm. The inventor is here shown sending a message from one part of his works to another. The transmitting machine is exactly the same as the receiver, and is used as such. By typing a message on one machine an exact facsimile is obtained on the other, placed anywhere within a radius of many miles

Photo. by THE WIRELESS TYPEWRITER. [C. H. Park.

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PRICE ONLY 13/6 WITH SLUGS AND DARTS COMPLETE

HEAVY WEIGHT 15/6 COMPLETE

We also stock the Militia Air Guns, 21/-, 25/- and 35/-. The "Musketeer," 35/- each. Target Air Guns, 15/- each. The Daisy Air Rifle, 9/12. Postage 6d. extra. If you are requiring anything in Air or Saloon Guns, Slugs, Darts, Cartridges, &c., drop us a postcard, and we will forward Catalogue (No. 20) per return, post free. We also supply Model Engines, Fittings, Motors, Dynamos, and all the Latest Novelties. Catalogue (No. 21), post free.

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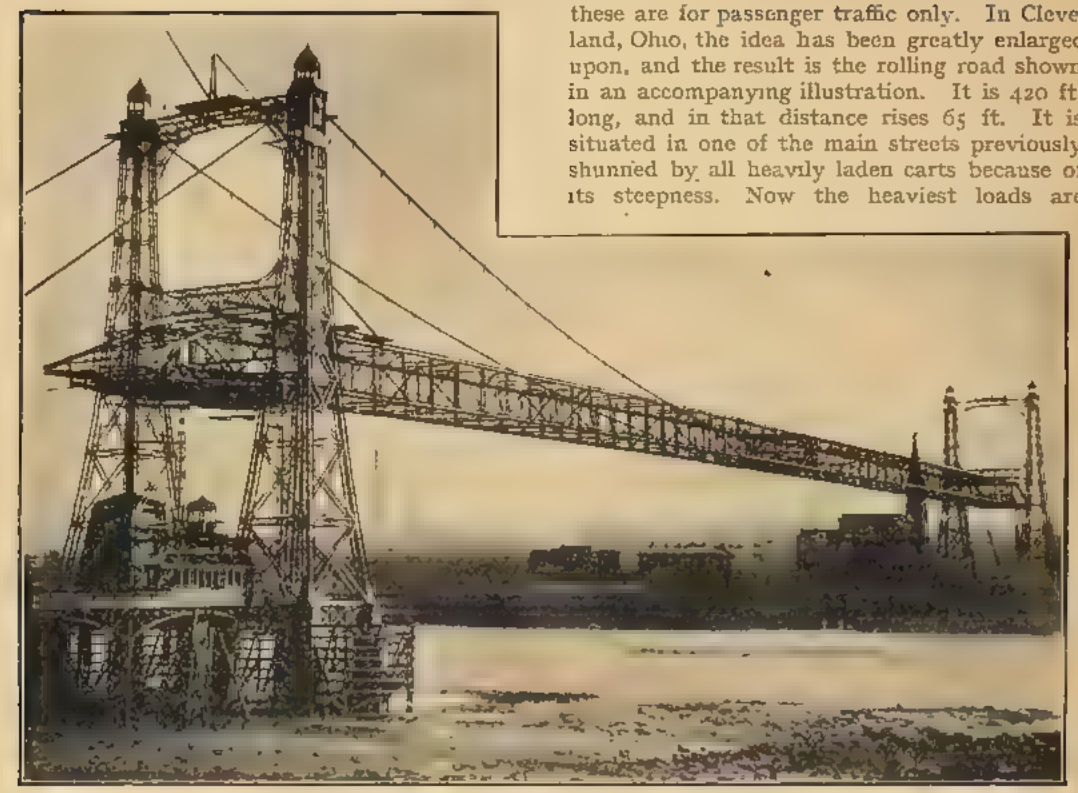

THE RUNCORN TRANSPORTER BRIDGE.

A Transporter Bridge.

A SKETCH of a transporter bridge was published in a previous issue of the CAPTAIN. The accompanying photograph shows the new transporter bridge at Runcorn—the first of its kind to be completed in England A car, suspended to the span of the bridge, conveys passengers and vehicles from side to side. This is propelled by two powerful electric motors. A transporter bridge has two great advantages over ordinary bridges—it leaves a clear way for ships and, as no costly road approaches are needed, it is economical to build. The Runcorn Bridge, which crosses both the River Mersey and the Manchester Ship Canal, has a clear span of 1000 ft.

A Rolling Road.

A MOVING roadway ascending a steep hill at the rate of four miles an hour, and bearing with it heavily laden vehicles of all kinds, is a sight which now greets the astonished visitor to Cleveland, Ohio. In this country, in certain big stores, and at several seaside resorts, we are accustomed to moving stairways, but these are for passenger traffic only. In Cleveland, Ohio, the idea has been greatly enlarged upon, and the result is the rolling road shown in an accompanying illustration. It is 420 ft. long, and in that distance rises 65 ft. It is situated in one of the main streets previously shunned by all heavily laden carts because of its steepness. Now the heaviest loads are driven on to the rolling road at its lower end, the huge belt is set in motion, and in three minutes the cart or waggon has reached the top of the hill without any effort on the part of the horses. Some 600 vehicles a day are carried up in this fashion.

The "rolling roadway" consists of a long, moving platform, eight feet wide, composed of heavy boards arranged crosswise and divided into trucks of two boards each so as to give pliability to the structure The roadway turns upon a drum at each end, rotated by means of chains and sprockets.

ROLLING ROADWAY.

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It is our mark of good faith.

It marks the best bicycle that money can buy

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It marks the highest bicycle on the market, the bicycle that is the easiest to drive and the easiest to buy.

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70 Models

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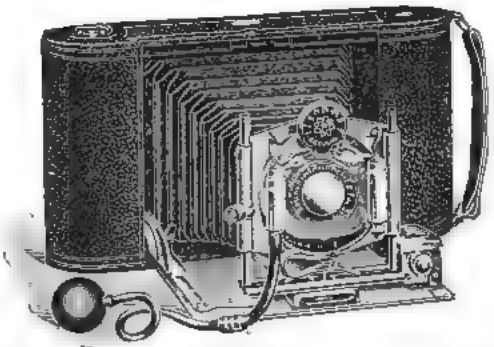

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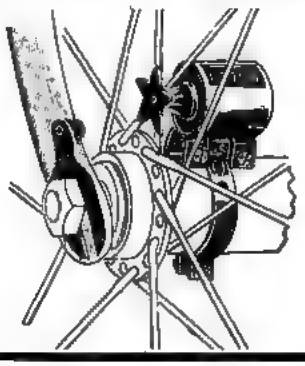

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A CYCLOMETER

is on the hub of the wheel—out of harm's way. One Cyclometer fits in the right place. It registers accurately 10,000 miles and then repeats. Fits any wheel. It costs **3/6** from any good cycle agent, and its name is

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"SECURITY" CYCLOMETER

Ask for 1905 "New Departure" Catalogue from

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Another Fire Extinguisher.

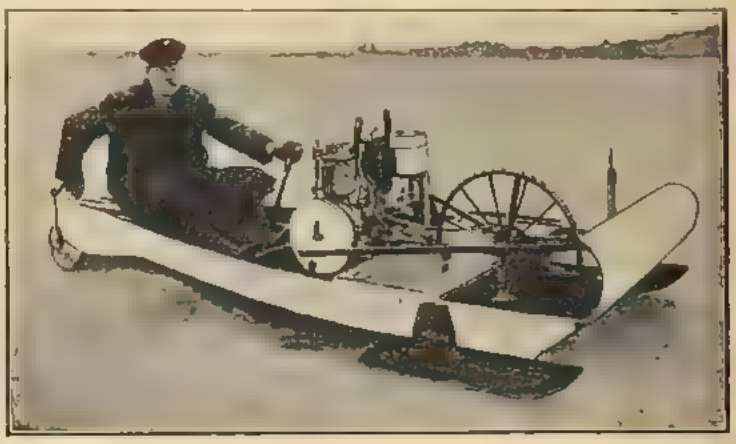
WHERE gasoline is used in any great quantity there is always danger of fire. From the ceiling over the tank containing the gasoline hangs, by a string or fusible link, a fragile bottle containing about a gallon of ammonia. Should the gasoline take fire the bottle will fall and be broken, releasing the ammonia and putting out the burning gasoline

A Motor Ice-boat.

ICE yachting is a favourite sport during the winter on some of the rivers and lakes of Canada. Very high speeds are often attained by ice boats fitted with sails. It seems, however, that the motor ice-boat is to go one better. Our illustration shows the wonderful motor ice-boat invented by Mr F. M Underwood, of Toledo. A speed of fifty miles an hour was easily attained, and still better results are expected next winter. The motor-boat was completed too late last winter for a lengthy test.

A Radium Clock.

THE Hon. H. G. Strutt has invented a clock which, it is hoped, will run for thirty thousand years without further attention. If it doesn't, none of us will be any the wiser. One twelfth of a grain of radium is suspended over a small electroscope, consisting of two thin strips of silver. These, being charged with electricity from the radium, move apart till they touch the sides of the vacuum tube in which they are fixed. Then they communicate their charge to an aluminium wire which rings a bell and being discharged, fall together again to repeat the process for thirty thousand years. To the unscientific this seems quite a fair approach to perpetual motion



THE LATEST ICE MOTOR

New Diamond Field.

DR. AMI, of the Canadian Geological Survey, is of opinion that a great wealth of diamonds is hidden in that part of Canada between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay. Who will be the first to find them?

A STEEL chimney 230 ft. high and 8 ft. in diameter has just been completed, and will be erected in Mexico.

THE THREE-LEGGED RACE AT SANDHURST SPORTS, 1904

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ARE WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

ELEGANT & DURABLE. STRONG & RELIABLE.

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Boys are just as much entitled to the same careful planning and making as men. Boys wearing SANDON SUITS are the equivalent of a West End tailor-made man.

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2/9, 3/6, 4/3, 5/6, pair.
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2/6, 3/-, 4/11, 6/9.
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4/-, 4/11, 5/9, 6/11, pair.
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NEW SEASON'S ILLUSTRATED LIST OF CRICKET TENNIS, CROQUET, ARCHERY, GOLF, &c. &c.
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JULY 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of the CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

ADELAIDE.—South Australia. On March 16, 1905, this branch held a debate against the Lutheran Literary Society on the question, "Is it Through the General Use of Machinery that there are so Many Unemployed?" Mr. W. H. Weiss, the Hon. Sec. of the B.E.L. Branch, led his party, taking the negative side of the debate, and Mr. W. Fenn championed the cause of the Lutherans for the affirmative. The debate was well maintained on both sides before a large and appreciative audience, and was decided in favour of the B.E.L. Society.

I have received a long letter from Mr. Weiss, which is published in No. 3 of the *B.E.L. Gazette*, dealing with many matters of interest to members, on which I shall be glad to have the opinion of CAPTAIN readers. Mr. Weiss is one of the oldest and most esteemed B.E.L. members "down under," and has earned our grateful thanks by his indefatigable efforts to further the League's aims and objects throughout Australia.

VICTORIA.—On March 30 Mr. Henry Crawford delivered an interesting lecture before the members and friends of the local Club, entitled "A Plea for Humanity." Musical items occupied the remainder of an enjoyable evening.

MALTA.—This branch continues to progress steadily, and its doings are watched with great interest by every section of the public in the island. We heartily congratulate Mr. Borg, the Hon. Sec., and his comrades on the continued success of their excellently organised Club. Judging from the programme arranged for Empire Day it would appear that all previous demonstrations have been surpassed, and we await with interest the mail which will bring the report of the day's festivities.

BROMSGROVE, Greenock, Kidderminster, Bo'ness, York, Lewisham, North Walsham, Putney, Hull, &c.—I have to thank the secretaries of all these branches for their encouraging reports, which will be more fully dealt with in the *Gazette*.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Every week the importance of this section becomes more apparent and extensive. CAPTAIN readers can now be put in communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire. I should like to obtain more correspondents in Japan, and I hope when the protracted war has ceased I shall be able to arrange regular communications between home members and those in the Far East.

For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to the above address.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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LAWS OF LAWN TENNIS. With Particulars How to Easily Measure a Court and other Items of Interest.

LAWS OF CROQUET. With Regulations for Prize Meetings, &c.

Laws of Lawn Bowls, Quoits, Golf, and Bicycle Polo. Order of Going in Cards (the only original kind used by all the chief clubs). **Laws of Cricket, 1905:** for hanging in Club Rooms, Pavilions, &c.

Send for List of Rare Cricket Literature and Old Oil Paintings.

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H. R. PETHER,

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All repairs done personally. Every trial gives satisfaction. New Bats made to order.

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Set, one of each size up to 5-in., 10/6.

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Plain Navy.

1/- each, 11/- per dozen.
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All sizes ready for wear.

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No. 1. Boy's Ash Rod, winch fitted, polished reel, and furnished lines, &c. passage 6d. 4/6
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